FLORILEGIO DI CANTI TOSCANI

FOLK SONGS OF THE TUSCAN HILLS

Presented to the
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
from the Estate
of
PROFESSOR BEATRICE
M. CORRIGAN

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/florilegiodicant00warruoft

FLORILEGIO DI CANTI TOSCANI
FOLK SONGS OF THE TUSCAN HILLS

W. Holman Hunt. pinxt. — Swan Electric Engraving Co. sc.

The Tuscan Straw Plaiter.

By Permission of
The Autotype Fine Art Company, Limited
74 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

FLORILEGIO DI CANTI TOSCANI: FOLK SONGS OF THE TUSCAN HILLS

With English Renderings

BY

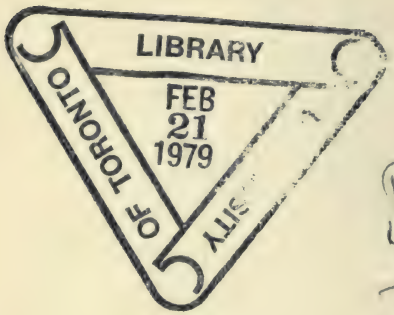
GRACE WARRACK

Editor of *Revelations of Divine Love*
(recorded by Julian of Norwich, 1373)
and of *Little Flowers of a Childhood*

"Augelletto selvaggio per stagione
Dolci versetti canta con bel modo."

The little wild bird in the time of Spring
Sweet canticles with pleasant art doth sing.

LONDON: ALEXANDER MORING LTD.
THE DE LA MORE PRESS, 32 GEORGE
STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W. 1914



PQ
4218
T8W37

SONETTO

Però ch' Amore non si può vedere,
E non si tratta corporalemente;
Manti ne son di sì folle sapere,
Che credono ch' Amore sia niente.

Ma po' ch' Amore si face sentere
Dentro dal signoreggiar la gente,
Molto maggiore pregio de' avere,
Che se 'l vedesse visibilemente.

Per la virtute della calamita
Como lo ferro attrae, non si vede,
Ma sì lo tira signorevolmente.

E questa cosa a credere m' invita
Che Amore sia; e dammi grande fede,
Che tuttor sia creduto fra la gente.

PIERO DELLE VIGNE of Capua (*d.* 1249).

Since Love may not be seen of mortal eyes,
Nor can in terms corporeal be taught,
Many are found of lore so foolish wise,
That in their reckoning Love is deemed as naught.

Albeit, since Within doth Love devise
That men must feel him, through his potence wrought,
Far more should he be hailed their Very Prize,
Than were he seen in outward semblance brought.

We have no sight that virtue to perceive
Whereby the loadstone doth the iron lure,
None less it draweth, sovran to constrain.

Which thing doth well invite me to believe
That Love is truly; yea, doth faith assure
That ever 'mongst the folk shall this obtain.

To Three Lovers of Italy

ARE DEDICATED THESE SONGS AS RENDERED HERE:

FRANCESCA ALEXANDER

of New England and Florence,
Poet of Roadside Saints,
Beloved by the Poor;

MARY S. TALBOT

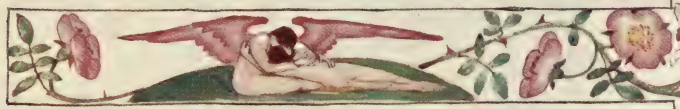
of Clifton, Bristol;

PHŒBE ANNA TRAQUAIR

of Ireland and Edinburgh,
Painter of the Cathedral Song-School and the
Mortuary Chapel of the Children.

Lily-flower white.
Seer thou art, and holdest for our sight
On Earth the vision of the Heavenly light.

Flower of the rose.
Thy heart the secret of the ages knows
And, opening, Love Immortal doth disclose.



Flower of woodbine
Thou beckonest pilgrims on by Beauty's Sign:
Through Pain to God! they sing, in joy divine.

AP 1913

PREFACE

IN the making of this book I have been very greatly helped by the kindness of Italian scholars who have allowed me to borrow freely from their Collections and their Histories of Folk Song. The publishers of these works have shown me a like courtesy.

To Professor Alessandro D'Ancona (*Senatore del Regno*) I desire to give special thanks for his according me "ample liberty" to draw upon his *Storia della Poesia Popolare Italiana* for my Introduction. I have taken advantage of this most generous grant, and have quoted from the book frequently and at length. The edition that I had to translate from was the First (1878), but now having had the Second Edition (1906) sent to me by the kindness of its publisher, Signor Raffaello Giusti, Livorno, (to whom I am much obliged), I have numbered my footnote references according to its pages, although once or twice the later edition differs a little in wording or in fulness from the one which I used.

To Dr. Giuseppe Pitrè (Palermo) I would here express my grateful appreciation of the encouraging letter in which he not only allowed me to take the passage that I desired to have from the "Studio Critico" which forms an Introduction to his *Canti Popolari Siciliani* (Palermo: Luigi Pedone-Lauriel, 1870), but also gave me, of his own accord, freedom to quote at any time from his various collections of Folk Song and Folk Lore.

To Professor Giovanni Giannini I send my very particular thanks, both for his making me welcome to take any number of songs from his Collections and for the interest that from the first he has shown in this book. From his *Canti Popolari Toscani* many songs are quoted and many others are used for translation: indeed, almost every one of the "Songs of Various Forms," such as Lullabies, Children's Songs, Riddles, have been taken from that book, as well as several *Rispetti* and *Stornelli*. I am greatly indebted to Signor G. Barbèra, Florence, who in 1902 published that *Florilegium* in his *Collezione Diamante* for his confirming Professor Giannini's permission to quote from it; and I thank him also for my extracts from the late Professor Ermolao Rubieri's *Storia della Poesia Popolare Italiana*, published by him in 1877.

Another of those unknown correspondents in Italy who have aided me in a very gracious and cordial manner is Professor Francesco Torraca, from whose *Manuale della Letteratura Italiana*, vol. i., I have quoted freely, using the Third Edition (Firenze: G. C. Sansoni, 1874).

For some beautiful songs from other parts of Italy than Tuscany I have to thank Professor Eugenia Levi and the publishers of her *Fiorita di Canti Tradizionali* (Firenze: R. Bemporad e Figlio, 1895). This little treasury of the songs of all the Regions of Italy, with music, gives in its notes invaluable help to readers unfamiliar with the various dialects.[1]

A few songs have been taken from the late Professor Giambattista Giuliani's *Delizio del Parlare Toscano* (Firenze: Successori Le Monnier, 1880), and for these my thanks are due to the publishers.

I desire to acknowledge my quotations from a small *Raccolta di Stornelli e Rispetti* (Napoli: Stab. Tipog. Bideri, 1908); some sentences from the late Professor Adolfo Bartoli's *Crestomazia delle Poesie Italiane* (Torino: Ermanno Loescher, 1882); a short extract from *Filologia e Letteratura Siciliana: Studii di Vincenzo di Giovanni* (Palermo: L. Pedone-Lauriel, 1871); another from Professor A. D'Ancona's *Studii sulla Letteratura de' Primi Secoli* (Milano: Fratelli Treves); also a Sacred Legend from Professor G. Giannini's *Canti Popolari della Montagna Lucchese* (Torino: E. Loescher, 1889).

By far the greater number of the Rispetti and Stornelli in this book are taken from a work no longer in print, *Canti Popolari Toscani: Raccolti e annotati da Giuseppe Tigri* (First Edition, Firenze: Barbèra, Bianchi e Comp., 1856). There is with this no question of copyright, but I wish to say here that nearly all my footnotes of literary or linguistic bearing are chosen from amongst Tigri's many notes, although I have not given them marks of quotation. I regret that I have not been able to obtain either the Second or the Third Edition, as I understand that there are some mistakes in the First, and I cannot myself venture to judge even as to misprints in Italian.

The Rispetti and Stornelli musical airs that are here I owe to the kindness of Mrs. Ross, of Settignano. For those which along with some explanatory notes are taken from her *Italian Sketches* I have to thank both her and the publishers of that book, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. (London, 1887), and for the others I am equally grateful.

For quotations from the late Professor Émile Gebhart's *L'Italie Mystique* (Paris: La Librairie Hachette et Cie.), I thank the inheritor of his copyright and the publisher. A few passages have also been taken from *Everybody's Saint Francis*, by Mr. Maurice F. Egan (London: Fisher Unwin, 1912), and I thank the author and the publisher of that narrative study.

Of the encouragement received from Miss Francesca Alexander in the translation of Tuscan Folk Songs I have written in the Introduction to this

[1] Miss R. H. Busk, in her well-known book *The Folk Songs of Italy*, gives "Specimens with Translations and Notes from each Province, and Prefatory Treatise."

volume of my little gatherings of various years, but now I desire to thank both her and the publisher of her books in England for some sentences that I have taken over from her Preface to *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* ("Translated and Illustrated by Francesca Alexander and Edited by John Ruskin, LL.D." Published in 1885 by Mr. George Allen, now of London.)[1]

As to the pictures, there are amongst them two gifts, and I should like to record in this place, with my remembering gratitude, the names of the givers. Long ago I received the portrait of "Edwige" from her grand-daughter, my little friend Emma Borgini, a young Florentine girl of gently earnest and dutiful and happy disposition, a student of great ability who afterwards became a teacher in Rome. I used to admire in every way her English letters, and I learnt that she was a true poet—though I did not know of this power until after the closing of her brief but well-filled day. Of the four pencil-drawings by that gifted painter, Miss Hannah Preston Macgoun, the small one was chosen by me from a little sketch-book that she always kept by her and had filled in moments of those recent years when the practise of her art had given place so greatly to prior claims. It was difficult to choose, for those pages had so many other lovely things, of dream and of sight, from one who seemed always, by whatever road she went, to be finding and opening little gates that led to visions of the Mother and the Child. There was a question whether this small picture could be well reproduced in its own size, and I may quote from the reply: "I could draw the Mother again; but there is something in the look of the Child that I *might not* capture—the dreamful eyes, as if they saw into the future, and yet he stretches out his hand to it and the world." The "Lullaby" and the "Children Playing" were drawn for this book by my request last spring; but the picture of the "Child Praying" was a thought of her own, inspired by the words of the little hymn that took hold of her—*Gesù Nazareno*—and this she gave to me for the book that had gained so much of her interest through the parts that she had seen.

In the Third Appendix several ancient Gaelic Religious Poems, with translations and two or three descriptive notes, have been quoted from the late Dr. Alexander Carmichael's *Carmina Gadelica*,[2] and I desire to express

[1] These poems and illustrations, with others added, but without the prose narratives and letters, were published as *Tuscan Songs* in America by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in 1897.

[2] *Carmina Gadelica:* Hymns and Incantations, with Illustrations, Notes on Words, Rites, and Customs, Dying and Obsolete: Orally Collected in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and Translated into English, by Alexander Carmichael (2 vols., Edinburgh: printed by T. & A. Constable, 1900).

my gratitude to Mrs. Carmichael for her great generosity in allowing me to draw so many of those poems "of my love," as the Gaelic idiom has it, from that book of which she owns the copyright.

For the ancient Gaelic *Croon* at the end—translation, music and editorial notes—I offer most appreciative thanks to Mrs. Kennedy Fraser and to the Rev. Kenneth Macleod, who have given it for use in this book from their joint volume of *Songs of the Hebrides*.[1] I must add my particular thanks to Mr. Macleod for two translations of Gaelic "Runes" not as yet published by him (although I hope that they may be in a book that he is now preparing);[2] also for some information sent by letter on the subject of Repetition in Gaelic poetry and music.[3]

GRACE WARRACK,
Aros,
Edinburgh.

1 *Songs of the Hebrides* and other Celtic Songs from the Highlands of Scotland: Some Collected and all Arranged by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser. Gaelic Editor, Kenneth Macleod. (Boosey & Co., London and New York.) Copyright by Mrs. Marjory Kennedy-Fraser in 1909.

2 These are printed separately, and can be had from the "Scottish Home Industries," Edinburgh.

3 As it is possible that readers in Italy, or elsewhere, may kindly desire to direct me to other Italian Folk Songs, to some, perhaps, that are not to be found in the great collections, my full address is given here:

Miss G. H. Warrack,
Aros,
St. Margaret's Road, Edinburgh.

It is my hope that in some other year I may be able to make a book of translations that will be a companion volume for this one.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION: *page*

Tuscan Folk Songs, their Names, Forms, and Music . . i
Languages of Mediæval Literature in Italy xi
Rise of Italian Poetry, S. Francis, Jacopone da Todi . . xiv
Italian Literary Poetry in the Thirteenth Century . . xxii
Theories of Italian Scholars as to Origins of Tuscan Folk Song xxvii
Indications of Source in particular Songs xxxiii
Sicilian Songs xxxv
Characteristics of Folk Song and of Country Life in Tuscany xxxviii
The Practise of Improvising xliv
The May-Song, Dance-Songs, Rhyming Letters . . . xlvi
Relations of Literary and Popular Poetry in Italy . . . xlviii
Religious Folk Songs, Lullabies lv
Old Hymns (*Laudi Spirituali*) lix
Ballads lxii
Dramas: Biblical, Epical, Historical (*Giostre*) . . . lxvii
Plan of this Selection of Songs lxviii
Remembrances of Tuscany lxxi
Italian Song in the North and the South . . . lxxvi-ix

MUSICAL AIRS . . . . . lxxxi-ii

FOLK SONGS OF TUSCANY IN ITALIAN AND ENGLISH:

SERIES I. Respectful Songs of Love. Rispetti e Stornelli dell' Amore 1
SERIES II. Lovers' Songs of Diverse Emotions. Rispetti e Stornelli di Guerra e di Pace 127
SERIES III. Lullabies. Ninne Nanne 210
SERIES IV. Children's Songs and Prayers. Canti e Preghiere di Fanciulli 214
SERIES V. Songs of Sacred Story. Canzoni Sacre Narrative 222
SERIES VI. Songs of the Soul. Canti Religiosi . . . 228

A PORTION OF THE CANZONE AMOR DE CARITADE by Il Beato Jacopone da Todi 233

TABLE OF CONTENTS

APPENDIX I: *page*

Translations of Tuscan Songs of Village Life . . . 237

APPENDIX II:

Various Translated Songs, with Some in the Original Italian: Narratives, Children's Games, Rhymes and Riddles. Canti Varii, Cantilene, Indovinelli 277

Two Old Hymns. Due Laudi Spirituali . . . 288

APPENDIX III:

The Use of Repetition in Tuscan and in Gaelic Traditional Poetry 295

Music: A Gaelic *Croon* 305

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN PHOTOGRAVURE: *facing page*

1. "The Tuscan Straw-plaiter." *Una Fanciulla di Fiesole.* From a painting by the late W. Holman Hunt, O.M., D.C.L. Printed from a photogravure plate specially made for the late Mr. Holman Hunt's *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood* (Macmillan) and kindly lent by Mrs. Holman Hunt . . . *Frontispiece*
2. "The Grandmother" ('Edwige'). *La Nonna.* From a photograph of the late Signora Eduvige Gualtieri, by Montabone, Florence . . . (Introduction) lxxiv

IN COLOUR:

3. Border for Verses. *Versi Miniati.* From a miniature painting by Mrs. Traquair, Edinburgh . . . . .
4. "The Angel of Love and the Pilgrim." *La Via e l' Amore.* From a small painting by Mrs. Traquair . . .
5. A Mountain of Carrara, with a natural arch. *Monte Forato.* Painted at Barga by John Duncan, A.R.S.A., Edinburgh 58
6. "The Tryst." *Alla Cima.* Painted by Robert Rose, Edinburgh 122
7. "Distaff and Spindle." *Fiore di Mela.* From a painting in water-colour by Miss Estella Canziani, London . . 176
8. A Flowery Avenue. "*In Toscana Gentile.*" Painted near Florence by Miss Harriet G. Warrack, St. Andrews, Scotland 208
9. A Little Mountain Town. Barga (Montagna Lucchese). Painted by John Duncan, A.R.S.A. 237
10. Hills of the Outer Hebrides as seen from Kilmuir, Isle of Skye. *Fra le Isole Occidentali della Scozia* (La Casa del Tessitore). From a sketch by Miss May Watson, Edinburgh 293

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN BLACK AND WHITE: *facing page*

11. At the Well. *La Brocca.* From a sketch by M. L. Harper (Mrs. Leslie Milne) 251
12. On Monte Morello, North of Florence. *Una Villa.* From a photograph xiv

FROM PENCIL DRAWINGS by the late Miss Hannah C. Preston Macgoun, Edinburgh:

13. "Lullaby." *Una Madre Canta* 210
14. A Little Child's Prayer. "*Vi dono il Core*" 218
15. Children Playing. *Bambini* 279
16. Christ the Babe. "*L' Agnello Puro*" 287

FROM A PENCIL DRAWING by Robert T. Rose, Edinburgh:

17. "Corn of Wheat." *Il Grano* 286

INTRODUCTION

SOMETHING in the way of introduction to these little songs of the Tuscan peasantry would perhaps be of service for readers not already familiar with Italian Traditional Poetry and the literature that has grown up around it; yet to enter on this ground where scholarship is concerned with differing theories of a history somewhat obscure, seems a rash and perilous adventure for a far-away islander who has no very intimate experience of the life of the Appenines, nor any extensive acquaintance with its study as matter of folk lore.

So I think that for much of the necessary aid I had better fall back on the simple account given by an early collector, Giuseppe Tigri, from whose *Canti Popolari Toscani* most of my examples have been chosen. His Preface of 1856, if not on all points authoritative, has still for us its particular value of feeling and aspect, touched as these are by the early light of that day when Italy arose for the winning of her torn and divided inheritance. The political enthusiasm of the time may indeed be reckoned as marking a stage in the literary history of the nation's Song, a revival of interest which led to study of a more serious kind than had ever been given to rustic poetry by its learned admirers and imitators. One can fancy that patriots such as Silvio Giannini, Tommaseo, Tigri, Giuliani, might perhaps be wakened by their country's mortal conflict for freedom and national life, to a new and proud regard for all the humble and exquisite possessions of her people on those mountains and plains so dearly redeemed. Here, at any rate, beyond the primary and more immediate gains of war, there lay opportunity for her further service in season of peace by some of those who were mindful of the largeness of Italy's Trust from the centuries past, and provident for the wealth of the younger years. But, however that may have been, as time went on, one and another turned to the task of gathering together out of their quiet country abodes the phrase, the story, the song which preserved in a fresh and homely guise that ancient sweetness of language, that wholesome virtue of life and of love, which belonged to Italy's illustrious treasure of "the Gentle Heart."

Tigri gives us picturesque glimpses of mountain life in the parts about Pistoia, with explanatory statements as to Tuscan Traditional Song; and from him I am borrowing several passages, more or less freely translated. But with these I should like to set some notes, of wider import, chosen

from the comprehensive "Studies" of those great authorities on Italian Folk Poetry, Rubieri, D'Ancona, and Pitrè; also a brief account of the early and cognate literary poetry as given in Torraca's Manual and in the preface to Bartoli's Book of Extracts. Still further, kindly help may be had from personal impressions recorded by dwellers in Tuscan parts who have come to these fields of song as strangers.

Genuinely Tuscan Folk Poetry consists almost entirely of *Rispetti* and *Stornelli*, little songs of which it may be said that in their thousands they have love, the love of young man and maid, for motive and theme, various as they are in mood and character.

The name *Rispetto* is derived from *rispettoso* = "respectful," *rispetti* being, primarily, respectful salutations made to the beloved, the chosen one. It is used as covering in a general way almost all of the Tuscan songs of love that are not *stornelli*. A few of these songs consist of the four-lined verse which, with differing arrangements of rhyme, prevails as the normal type in various parts of Italy; but the Tuscan *Rispetto* of characteristic form is a verse of four lines alternately rhyming, followed by the *ripresa*. The true *ripresa* is more than a mere *coda* ("tail"), although some of the rispetti have this simple continuation of an added couplet, or of two. The *ripresa*, as Professor D'Ancona says, "is not arbitrary and independent, it does not contain other ideas, but it takes up some conception or fancy, some word or phrase contained in the third or fourth line of the preceding quatrain, and draws it out and develops it, or even merely repeats it with some new arrangement of grammatical structure, as a rhyming couplet. Nor is this repetition often confined to one single return: there are generally two of these couplets, and sometimes three."[1] It seems indeed, sometimes, as if the Tuscan poet became enchanted with his words and could not leave them, but kept turning them backwards and forwards, playing with them caressingly.[2] Here is an example of the six-lined Rispetto:

"Vedo chi vedo, e non vedo chi voglio;
Vedo la foglia per l' aria volare;
E l' amor mio che l' ha passato il poggio,
Arrieto non lo vedo ritornare;
Arrieto non lo vedo far ritorno:
L' ha passato il poggio quel bel viso adorno."

1 v. D'Ancona: *La Poesia Popolare Italiana* (2nd ed. Livorno: Raffaello Giusti, 1906), p. 342.
2 v. Appendix III.

I see but whom I see, not whom I will;
I see the leaf that on the breeze doth fly;
But my beloved who passed beyond the hill,
Not him again I see returning nigh;
Not him again I see returning there:
Beyond the hill has passed that visage fair.

Here again is an example with a second couplet, which, as usual, is merely an inversion of the first:

"Voi siete quel fiorin che fa sull' alpe,
Dove l' aria produce tante stelle:
Voi siete nata tra le rose bianche,
E ricamata tra l' oro e le perle.
Voi siete nata di gentil lavoro,
Fatta di perle, ricamata d' oro.
E di gentil lavoro siete nata,
Fatta di perle, d' oro ricamata."

Thou art that little flower whose home's the height,
Where mountain air brings forth so many a star:
Thou birth hast found amid the roses white,
And o'er thee gold and pearls embroidered are.
Thou birth from gentle handicraft dost hold,
Art made of pearls, embroidered round with gold.
And thou from gentle handcraft birth hast found,
Art made of pearls, with gold embroidered round.

Amongst the Tuscan Rispetti there are a good many poems that are in construction *ottave*, like the *ottave rime* of Italian literature—that is: octaves composed of six alternately rhyming lines followed by a rhyming couplet. This structural form would be familiar to the people both through the recital amongst them of passages from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, and Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and through the ballads of Scriptural, saintly and romantic narrative and legend which were sung by the *cantastorie* (wandering minstrels), circulated at the fairs as chapbooks, and repeated from memory by the people themselves at their festal gatherings or round the family hearth on winter nights. These long rhyming stories—*ottave*, as they are called—though popular with the peasants of Tuscany as elsewhere throughout Italy, are not by origin folk songs, and though interesting as to subject and feeling, they are seldom, I suppose, of strikingly poetic

merit, unless in lines here and there. There is also, or at least there used to be, a good deal of improvising of *ottave* in connection with special events of social life, but occasional verse of this kind would seldom be kept in memory.

The isolated *lyrical ottave* of Folk Song are much more elaborately wrought, and many of them have something of the beauty that is common amongst the typical Rispetti, although, as a rule, they have not the simplicity and passion of the finest of these poems. Professor D'Ancona remarks that "often they have a literary savour" ("sanno di letterario"). An example of this form will be found further on: "*Quando sentirai dir.*"

Occasionally a poem which would have been complete as an octave of this "perfect" or literary type, has received from the Tuscan singer an additional couplet, giving to it the beloved *ripresa* of the true Rispetto. Indeed, in one noted case the *ripresa* has been added to two *ottave* of a favourite narrative poem, *Paris and Vienna*, and these stanzas have been inadvertently introduced by Tigri amongst the real *Rispetti*. The style of such romances may be seen in stanza 38:

"Parisse poi volendosi partire,
E' corse Vienna ad abbracciarlo stretto,
Dicendo: come mai potrò soffrire
Tanto dolor che si m' affligge il petto!
Meglio che adesso non potrei morire,
Che mi ritrovo in braccio al mio diletto.
Forse che, sposo, non ti vedrò piue.
Morte, fammi morir; che aspetti tue?
Forse che, sposo, non ti vedrò presto:
Morte, fammi morir, che aspetti adesso?"

Paris, then, seeking on his road to hie,
Vienna to embrace him strait did haste,
Saying: How e'er such pain endure shall I
As this which now my bosom sad doth waste!
Better it were that I at once should die,
While in the arms of my delight embraced.
Perhaps, dear spouse, I shall not see thee more.—
Death, make me die; what art thou waiting for?—
Perhaps, dear spouse, no more I'll see thee now.—
Death, make me die; for what then waitest thou?

INTRODUCTION

Of the verse-form which belongs to the Sicilian equivalent of the *Rispetto*, the *Canzona* or *Strambotto*, an octave of lines alternately rhyming, there is said to be only one example amongst the Tuscan poems. There are some ten-lined poems, however, which might be held to consist of this Sicilian octave with the addition of a rhyming couplet, not necessarily in *ripresa* style; and of the few twelve-lined poems, while some are literary octaves with two couplets, others are Sicilian octaves with two couplets. One example of these last is the poem *Morirò, morirò, sarai contenta* = "I'll die, I'll die, thou shalt be pleased at last," which has some similarity to the beautiful octave *Morirò, morirò;—che n' averai?* = "Yes, I shall die;—what will it profit thee?"[1]

Tigri notes that the octave poems amongst the *Rispetti* are sometimes also in the Pistoian mountains called *Strambotti* (a word derived, it is supposed, from *strani motti* = "strange words, quaint conceits"); some writers give this name to the Sententious Rispetti, a small class of verses that begin or end with a proverb, or quote parental or other counsel.

Sometimes verses in the *Rispetto* form express anger, disdain, or light ridicule, and these are more fitly called *Dispetti* = "songs of despite."

As to the Tuscan *Stornello*, it is "in substance," as Professor D'Ancona says, "most frequently nothing else than a Rispetto in brief (*compendiato*)." "Of its rhythmical forms," he continues, "the simplest is the distich with kissing rhymes" (the rhyming couplet); intermediary is the imperfect triplet, composed of a line of five syllables (which usually contains the invocation of a flower), and of two other lines, each of eleven syllables; lastly, there is the perfect triplet, which is of three lines, each with eleven syllables. In the two latter forms, the first and the third lines rhyme, while the "second line is, as a rule, bound to the others by *consonanza atona*"[2] (a correspondence in consonants, but with a different vowel where rhyme might be expected).

All the four hundred and twenty-five ordinary Stornelli in Tigri's First Edition are triplets, with the exception of half a dozen where the flower-invocation is followed by three lines, instead of by two; amongst his forty Sententious Stornelli, however, there are eight couplets. (In my translations each line loses a syllable through the Italian double rhymes not being given; although in many cases I have tried to make the second line in its relation to the others have something like the *consonanza atona*, I have very often let it rhyme in the ordinary way, however roughly. I may add here

[1] v. p. 82 and p. 180. [2] v. D'Ancona, pp. 353, 354.

that in the *Rispetti*, as in our own folk songs, there is a frequent use of assonance, in which the vowels alone give the rhyme-resemblance—*viole* and *core*, for instance—but as here there is no rule or custom except convenience, I have kept in the translations to rhyme, often imperfect enough in other ways, but no less admissible, I suppose, in the rendering of folk-songs.)

The following *Stornelli* show the perfect and the imperfect triplets:

"Io benedisco lo fiore d' amore.
Rubato avete le perle allo mare,
Agli alberi le fronde, a me lo core."

I bless love's flower beyond all flowers that be.
Sweet, thou hast stol'n the pearls from out the sea,
The foliage from the trees, the heart from me.

"Fiore di grano.
Giovanottini, canzonate meno;
L' arte del canzonar tutti l' abbiamo."

Barley I bless.
Young folk, I pray you, sing a little less;
The art of making songs we all possess.

The name *Stornello* has by some writers been considered an equivalent to *ritornello*, as it were a returning of the third line on the rhyme of the first. In Rome and throughout Latium the many folk-songs which correspond with the Tuscan *Stornelli* are called *Ritornelli*, but according to Professor D'Ancona this is owing to "confusion with the true *Ritornelli* (French, *refrain*)." The other derivation given by Tigri is generally accepted as the true one—namely, that *Stornelli* are so called because they are sung *a storno*, that is, with *sendings-back* or exchangings "between one hill and another, it might be—one voice of shepherd or shepherdess and another," or perhaps in singing at the *Veglia*, an evening gathering for song and story, which is akin to the *Ceilidh* of our Highland people.

Sometimes between two or more singers there is held a "kind of contest or rivalry of song, like that of Virgil's shepherds."[1] Indeed, to this day, both in country and town, Stornelli are improvised in all sorts of circumstances, sometimes as an outlet for feeling, sometimes as a mere pastime.

[1] *Eclogue* III.

INTRODUCTION

One of the Sententious Stornelli is a warning from some elderly person to the village maidens to "heed not the young men of to-day," for though according to old custom they "sing the girls," it is merely *a gara*—for rivalry with each other as in a singing-match.

"When anyone begins to sing stornelli," says Mrs. Ross, of Settignano, in her "Italian Sketches," "he generally starts with an invitation or defiance, to induce his companion to reply to his song. In the old time the accepted term was *Ecce*, and the answer, *Cominci* (begin). . . . The singer often improvises a polite defiance suitable to his company," and there are stornelli in common use for the purpose, such as this one:

"Se vuoi venir con meco a stornellare,
Piglia la sedia e mettiti a sedere:
Di quante stelle è in cielo e pesci in mare."

If you would sing stornelli now with me,
Pray take up yonder chair and seated be:
They crowd, as stars the sky, as fish the sea.

Stornellare is the verb formed to denote this alternate singing. In and round about the towns, especially, it does not invariably convey an interchange of compliments.

In some parts of the mountains Stornelli have the name of *Romanzetti*. "It has often been asserted," says Professor D'Ancona, "that the Stornello with its invocation of flowers belonged to a kind of poetry common to several peoples, especially to the Neo-latins. Arbaud, in his *Chansons populaires de la Provence*, following Fauriel, goes still farther, finding its origin amongst the ancient Greeks in those popular poems called *antèmi*," poems that would come to South-western Europe with Greek colonies. "But, in the *Flouretas*, not only is the flower-name invoked, but the flower is presented, often with symbolic intention, to the beloved: *Belo, vous represente*, etc." "The flower of the stornello has seldom significance." (A poem more after the *Floureta* type is given at the end of this volume.) "The flouretas," says Professor D'Ancona, "resemble rather that brief *scherzo* in rhyme which from early times till recently was customary at *Veglie* and Balls in the country—a four-lined song beginning: *Voi siete un bel fiore;* to which comes answer: *Che fiore?*" "Thou art a very lovely flower."—"Which flower?" (Some flower is named, and there follows a line that rhymes with it.)

In the singing of *stornelli* the second line is always repeated, and it is now customary after the second line, or the third, or after both, to *sing* a refrain

representing the little interlude which used to be played by the violin, and which was called the *rifiorita*, or *passa gallo*.[1] Of these numerous refrains, particular ones are held to be the most suitable for certain *stornelli*, without there being any original or necessary connection between them. Here are two common favourites:

"O biondina, come va?
Oggi va ben, ma diman chi lo sa?"

O little fair one, how do things go?
Well for to-day, but the next who can know?

"L' albero secco le foglie non ha;
Con lo mi' amore le paci vo' fà."

No leaf has the dry tree beneath or above;
I'm fain to make peace with him who's my love.

As to the music of Rispetti and Stornelli, these songs may be sung to one or another of the many tunes that like the words are learned in childhood and are floating about in the people's remembrance. Some of these, no doubt, are very old, and for the most part they seem to be curious little wandering airs, often with unexpected intervals. A few are more gay and commonplace, without the charm of the others. None of them perhaps have any great beauty, yet they have a wild and rustic sweetness when one hears them ringing through the high clear atmosphere of the mountains or about the vineyards of the plains. Mrs. Ross, who has made a collection of these airs and also of more modern and passing songs, writes in her chapter on "The Popular Songs of Tuscany,"[2] with special reference to the *rispetti*: "The music is melancholy, often in the minor key, and some of the old airs are like a recitative, the end notes being drawn out as long as possible; some of them sound very like Eastern airs. . . . They are difficult to catch, and still more difficult to note." ("They remind me of Arabian music," she writes elsewhere.) By her kind permission I have copied for this book two or three of the airs given in her *Italian Sketches* and in her small publications of *stornelli*. That one with the words "*M' è stata regalata una bella viola*" recalls a Gregorian tone.

[1] "Cock's Walk." (Sp. pasacalle—a Spanish country-dance.)
[2] v. *Italian Sketches*.

Such are the *Rispetti* and the *Stornelli* of Tuscany in their general and outward characteristics: we come now to questions of origin, as these are discussed by Italian writers. And here I feel that the ways are dangerous, and that one who is not "*pratica*" in these matters should not adventure far. However, as to the *Stornello*, all seem to hold the opinion that it is native in Tuscany, though perhaps in some adjacent parts also. Examples indeed are found elsewhere, but neither in the South nor in the North are stornelli held in estimation. Professor D'Ancona says: "Considering the stornello with the flower-invocation as the most perfect form of the genus, one may pronounce it to be almost certainly a native of that

'dolce paese
Di Toscana gentile
Dove il bel fior si vede d'ogni mese.'[1]

Certainly Tuscany and the Roman territory are the regions where chiefly the Stornello is rooted, and the only places between which there could ever be contention as to source. In all other parts of Italy where stornelli are used they bear the impress of alien origin—Etruscan or Latian, as one may call it, but perhaps with greater truth simply Etruscan." (p. 361.)

As to the beginnings of the *Rispetto*, there is more difference of opinion amongst Italian writers. Tigri and others make claim for the *Rispetti* in general a Tuscan origin, although they note that to this there are exceptions; Professor D'Ancona and others of the later students of Italian folk song are in favour of a Sicilian derivation for the earliest love-songs of Tuscany (with the exception of the Stornelli); although they in their turn admit that some have sprung up there indigenously from time to time.

What makes the difficulty is that while every one of the "Regions" of Italy has its folk song of characteristic form and spirit, and each, no doubt, has many examples that belong to itself alone, yet in nearly all there are great numbers of songs that are found also in other parts, though differing in dialect, sometimes in structure of verse, sometimes in particulars of feeling and fancy. It seems, therefore, that there must have been over nearly all the land a passage or passages of songs, as if the downy seeds of certain flowers had been wafted from place to place, and sprung to life, developing little variations in their new abodes; or as if there had been from long ago onwards the weaving of a great web in which certain figures appear again and again haphazard, while others are to be found perhaps only in one single part.

[1] From Cino da Pistoia (*d.* 1336).

The similarity of these songs is often so entire as to give proof that it is not a matter of mere chance identity of circumstance and emotion causing poetical expressions of like nature to arise separately in one part of the country and in another, but that it must be owing to one original song having spread from the place of its source to other places. There is, however, also to be considered the general likeness that exists amongst nearly all the short lyrical folk songs of Italy. Indeed, one can hardly enter on the subject of the origin of any special form of song that is characteristic of one Region, such as the Rispetto of Tuscany, without meeting a preliminary question as to where and when lyrical Italian Folk Song, taken in general, first began to flourish in something of the same form and character by which it is now in its great abundance distinguished.

Students of this great body of Folk Song go back to Classical and Mediæval records for examples of popular Latin verses, a few of political reference and of incantation having been preserved. Rubieri, after citing Cato, Pliny, and others in this connection, sums up the matter in this way: "From all that we have said it may be concluded that as the Roman husbandman composed verses in that country dialect of which Cato has fortunately preserved a specimen,[1] so the Roman soldiers must have composed verses in their soldiers' dialect, and the Roman plebeian in their vulgar tongue. For although the writers who have referred to songs of the soldiers and of the common people have not, like Cato, preserved for us also specimens of the dialects in which these songs were composed, it is certain that these dialects were spoken. Of that there is proof not only in the isolated words and forms mentioned here and there by these same writers and others, but also by the definitely marked co-existence, to which we find them frequently testifying, of a plebeian language (*inconditus*), of a soldiers' (*castrensis*), of a countrymen's (*rusticus*), and of many secondary divisions (*oppidanus*, *vicanus*, *municipalis*, *castellanus*). And if in all these idioms the various orders of the people spoke, with greater reason we may say that in them they must have sung, popular poetry being the most fervid and genuine and spontaneous expression of popular life."[2] After referring to various occasions on which popular music and song was customary in Rome, and other cities, Rubieri adds: "But even outside the cities, amongst multitudes

[1] Cato, *De re rustica*. "*Huat hanat huat*" begins a three-lined incantation, which Rubieri interprets as in Latin: *Cœat, canna, cœat!* and as in Italian *Chiuda, canna, chiuda!* See also Varro, *Hist. nat.* XXVI, 9.

[2] "The small ancient Roman" had his nurse's lullaby:

Lalla, lalla, lalla,
Aut dormi, aut lacta.

still uncultivated and in the most lowly occupations, frequent traces are met of Roman popular poetry. We have seen how from time immemorial it lived amongst the *contadini*. These sang in the harvest-time; in the vintage they sang; they sang while feeding their beasts; and Virgil, belonging to the last century of the old era and the beginning of the new, represents for us two shepherds engaged in one of those contests in alternate song, which are kept up amongst the *contadini* of our days:

'Incipe Damoeta; tu deinde sequere, Menalca.
Alternis dicetis; amant alterna Camenae.'" [1]

"Nor is there wanting," continues Rubieri, "testimony, though slight, amongst the records of the Middle Ages, that the common people sang not in Latin, but in dialects." An example is given in a ten-lined anonymous song sung by the people of Salerno in praise of Landolfo, their prince, about the year 980, "Eja, fratres, decantemus Carmina dulcissima." This song, which is very rough as to rhythm, gives the third line a rhyme with the first ("felicissima"), and ends with a rhyming couplet:

"Sicut navigator desiderat ad portum venire,
Ita Scriptor Librum desiderat finire." [2]

These brief notes may serve to indicate the existence of Popular Songs of much earlier date than such as form part of the Folk Song of Italy as we know it now; and doubtless the newer Song has roots, as it were, in that ancient past of the People. But in the times of the early rising of this newer Song, about the Twelfth Century and later, its relations with Literary Poetry were so intimate that in any study of its growth one must turn to the contemporaneous history of the Vernacular Poetry of Early Italian Literature. The following short account of this history has been gathered chiefly from Professor Torraca's *Manuale della Letteratura Italiana*.

By the earlier half of the Thirteenth Century the vernacular dialects, not only in Sicily and in Tuscany, but in Umbria and in some parts of the North, were rapidly gaining over the literature of Italy from the three strongholds in which it had been held, and were setting it free for a new

[1] *Eclogue* III, 85, tr. by Dryden:

"The challenge to Damœtas shall belong,
Menalcas shall sustain his under-song,
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring:
By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing."

See also Livy, *Hist.* ed. an. 391; Horace *Satire* VII, i.

[2] Rubieri: *Storia della Poesia Popolare Italiana* (Firenze: A. Barbèra, 1887) chapters i, ii, iii.

and more splendid life under the chosen mastership of the noblest of their number, that Tuscan tongue from which Guido Guinizelli of Bologna eventually prepared for Dante and his circle of poets "*il dolce stil novo*."

Up till about this time the languages of literature in Italy had been Latin, Provençal, and French.

(1) The Latin Literature of the Middle Ages began properly in the Seventh Century. In it there were composed throughout Italy (as elsewhere), and with increasing activity in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries, chronicles, hymns such as the *Dies Iræ* and the *Veni Creator*, poems (often satirical), treatises on Natural History and Theology; in it were written religious and other legends, tales, old and new.

This Latin was, of course, "far removed from classical purity," for, after the coming of the Northern invaders, the language even as used for writing lost its ancient character, while as used in speech it altered more and more till it became in the various parts of Italy the various dialects of that land, all having more or less in common as to simplified grammatical structure, though in vocabulary some remained nearer to their source than others. "Of the existence of the new language in Italy there is proof as far back as the Tenth Century; but words and phrases in the vulgar tongue are already to be met with in documents that date even so far back as several centuries before this." Amongst the earliest examples of its literary use is an inscription of the Cathedral of Ferrara, which was dedicated to S. George in 1135:

> "Il mile cento trenta cenque nato,
> fo questo tempio a S. Gogio donato
> da Glelmo ciptadin per so amore,
> et mea fo l' opra: Nicolao scolptore."

(2) Before the end of the Twelfth Century poetry in the *lingua d' oc* was brought to the various courts of Italy by Provençal troubadours who travelled or settled there, and these poets were followed both in style and in language by Italian *trovatori*, such as Sordello of Mantua.

(3) Of ancient French literature a large part consists of the poems of the Carolingean Epic (*chansons de geste* composed by troubadours in the *lingua d' oil* out of the old Germanic tales that centre round the legendary history of Charlemagne), and these were early circulated in Italy, especially in the North, by *jongleurs* or wandering gleemen. The oldest extant example is the *Chanson de Roland*, which was composed in Norman dialect in the second half of the Eleventh Century. "In Venetia these *chansons*

were repeated and transcribed in a hybrid language of French and Venetian mixed. The tales of the Cycle of Arthur, which had their origin amongst the Celtic peoples of Great Britain, were carried to France in the Twelfth Century, and from thence reached Italy, where they were pretty widely diffused, though only amongst the cultivated classes. The Italians had also from France the Cycle of Antiquity, *le Roman de Renard*, *le Roman de la Rose*, *Les Fabliaux*, etc., and later on they translated, imitated, and summarised these tales."[1] When once translated, these importations would, no doubt, spread amongst the people, and they may be taken account of as part of the background of life in many of the homes of Folk Song.

Here it may be noted as to the first of these languages of literature that in the Tuscan folk songs *il latino* is equivalent to *the finest speech*. One of the Serenades begins:

"Chi vi volesse alquanto salutare,
Bisogneria sapere il Calepino;
Essere stato alla scuola a imparare
Di leggere e di scrivere il latino;—"

Whoe'er a fitting verse for you would turn,
To know all Calepino well would need;
He'd need to have been at the school to learn
The Latin language both to write and read.

(Calepino in the Seventeenth Century compiled a Latin dictionary with interpretation in different languages; the phrase referring to this work means simply: "would need to be learned and apt in excellent words and phrases.") Not to be taken literally is a final *ripresa* compliment to the young peasant girl whose grace of speech is, as usual, reckoned by the lover as one of her charms:

"La vostra bocca una viola pare
Quando la lingua scioglie il bel parlare:
La vostra bocca pare un gelsumino
Quando la lingua scioglie il bel latino."

Your little mouth doth seem a jessamine
Whene'er the tongue lets forth the Latin fine.

In Tigri's note to this rispetto he refers to a similar use by Dante of the name *latino* for language that is pure and finely constructed.

[1] F. Torraca: *Manuale della Letterature Italiana* (3rd ed. Firenze: Sansoni).

Apart from the tradition of classical use, there is, of course, also a certain familiarity with the ancient language kept up amongst the unlearned people by the Offices and hymns of the Church. I remember "Alduina," an elderly widow, whose presence had something of the gentle dignity of her character, standing on the *aja* or threshing-court on the terraced ground of the "villa" near Florence where she kept house, and talking with us of the ceremony in which the mechanical dove is sent from the Cathedral on Holy Saturday. "*That* is only for children!" she said; "*this* is what *I* like." And then with quiet and simple devoutness she repeated some verses of the beautiful hymn:

"Veni, Sancte Spiritus
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ radium.
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

"Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium;
In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu, solatium." . . .

This hymn is said by some to have been composed by King Robert III of France early in the Eleventh Century, but by others the Thirteenth Century is given as its date. It was in the beginning of that century that S. Francis of Assisi (born in 1182) composed those songs of his heart which caught up the language of the people for the awakened spirit, the New Life of love and joy that was spreading through Umbria and the ways beyond. "Francis loved his fellows because Christ loved them. For this sole reason he began to speak to the people in the language of his country. In the beginning of his mission he had used the Provençal, his mother's tongue. . . . But . . . he must speak to the people; he must reach their hearts by the living word, and so he sung his hymns to them in the language of their homes. . . . In prose to his brothers in the world he wrote in Latin when he wrote at all—'ad universo Christi fideles'—but he sang now in the speech of Umbria, and he seldom preached without singing."[1] The friars, it is said, were in the habit of prefacing their

[1] *Everybody's Saint Francis*, by Maurice F. Egan (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1912).

sermons with a hymn, often impromptu, in the speech of the common people, and perhaps sometimes they may for this purpose have taken up some verse or proverbial rhyme from the people themselves. Rubieri, in maintaining that the poetry of the people had an existence anterior to that of Provençal poetry and independent of it, notes that in 1224 S. Francis, preaching at Montefeltro, took for his text two lines that were wholly Italian in idiom :

" Tanto è il ben ch' io aspetto,
Ch' ogni pena mi è diletto."

(So great's the good I have in sight, that every pain's to me delight.)

It was in 1224, two years before his death, that Francis composed his great poem, the " Canticle of the Creatures "—" of the Sun and all created things," dictating it to Brother Leo. Afterwards, having in his Order a poet, Gulielmo Divini, who had been crowned with laurels in Rome, Francis entrusted his song to this " Brother Pacifico " for revision and formal correction. The second verse will show the language :

" Laudato sie, mi Signore, cum tucte le tue creature,
Spetialmente messor lo frate sole,
Lo qual jorna, et allumini per lui ;
Et ellu è bellu e radiante cum grande splendore ;
Di te Altissimo, signification."

" Praise be to Thee, my Lord, with all Thy creatures !
Especially for Messer Sun, our brother,
Who gives us light in the day ;
And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendour.
Of Thee, Most High, he is the sign." [1]

To S. Francis also was formerly ascribed that mystical *Laude* or Spiritual Song, *L' Amor de Caritade*, which came from the passionate soul of his successor, Jacopone da Todi. From the latter part of this long poem I have taken for the end of this *Florilegium* two verses. They may seem to be far away from the Folk Songs of Tuscany, but I remember how dear were some of these lines to a young girl of the people in Florence, as is told by her friend in the story of her life and death.[2] Of this *laude*, with others, Professor Emile Gebhart writes in his *L' Italie Mystique :* " La *laude*

1 The English is from *Everybody's Saint Francis*, p. 182.
2 *The Story of Ida*, by Francesca Alexander (George Allen).

de Jacopone est un chant plébéien, et ne doit rien a l'imitation des hymnes ecclesiastiques."[1] The turbulent soul of Jacopone, "jongleur de Dieu," brings us indeed amongst the people. After suffering long imprisonment at the hands of his enemy, Boniface VIII, from whom he had come at last to beg—though in vain—that he might "see again the sunlight and sing the Hosanna of the little children"—

"Messer, ch' io riveggia la luce!
Ch' io possa cantar a voce
Quello osanna puerile,"

he was released by Benedict XI, and the old man had three peaceful years in a monastery. As he lay dying on the night of Christmas, 1306, he began, "with a joyful countenance and in 'fervour of spirit,' to intone and perhaps to improvise the *Laude:*

'Anima benedetta
Dall' alto Creatore,
Risguarda il tuo Signore
Che confitto t' aspetta.' . . .

(Soul blessed by the high Creator, look upon thy Lord, who, pierced with the nails, awaits thee.) . . . After he had had the sacraments, his inner gladness broke forth in a new song:

'Jesù, nostra fidanza,
Del cor somma speranza'

(Jesu, our confidence, highest hope of the heart), and then he rendered his soul to God in that same midnight hour when in the cottages and huts of Umbria there resounded, as for long after that there would resound, those songs of his in the common tongue for the salutation of the Infant Christ and His Mother."[2]

Gebhart relates how the religious enthusiasm of the people was stirred by the death of Fra Jacopone as it had been by the death of S. Francis: "Il avait souffert la persécution, exalté la religion des pauvres e des humbles: c'était assez pour qu' il fût compté parmi les meilleurs amis de Dieu. On vénérait en lui non seulement l'ascète et le martyr, mais le poète. Les satires et les chants de guerre par lesquels l'ermite de Todi

[1] Émile Gebhart, *L'Italie Mystique* (Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie, 1895).
[2] From *Studj Sulla Letteratura Italiana de' Primi Secoli*, per A. D'Ancona (Milano: Fratelli Treves, 1891), p. 86.

avait souffleté Boniface VIII furent sans doute vite oubliés; mais ses *laudes*, en langue vulgaire, e ses hymnes latines avaient été recueillies pieusement dans le cœur des foules. Ces compositions toutes souriantes de tendresse, pleines de l'amour de Jésus, repondaient à merveille au mysticisme naïf des bonnes gens. On les chantait dans les eglises, afin d'égayer l'austérité de la liturgie; on les chantait tout du long des processions de pelerins, a travers champs, au soleil, afin de soulager la lassitude du chemin."

In his account of the life and works of Jacopone,[1] A. F. Ozanam,[2] after speaking of his poems in Latin, tells of his adoption of the common speech. "But that tongue of the learned and of the literary," he says, "did not accord with the humility of the convert; and as he had refused Holy Orders to remain a Lay Brother, so he let go Latin, and set himself to write, not even in the Italian tongue, that tongue which Dante designated as 'of the Courts,' but in the dialect of the mountains of Umbria, precisely as it was spoken by the lowliest of the labourers or of the shepherds. Then only did the spring of his power well up, and having found, so to say, its natural channel, it spread itself abundantly over many themes, touching from time to time the most subtle points of the Christian Metaphysic, treating now of the troubles that were disturbing the Church, now of the Mysteries that console her. The collection of Jacopone's poems contains in the text two hundred and eleven; these are divided into seven books; we, however, may arrange them under three principal headings: Theological Poems, Satires, and Little Compositions made to spread amongst the people some holy thought, or to celebrate some festival."

With Jacopone as with Francis, we see that the choice of the people's language was the choice of the Disciple and the Evangelist, the choice of following those paths that our Wyclif was to take, those paths that went out to the world from Galilee, where "the common people heard Him gladly." Philosophy too, like the learned languages, this ardent convert would fain have left behind—what were the intricacies of scholastic definitions and disputes on that brief and certain flight of the soul to its Source and End? So he sang in that hasty and boldly-pleading *Laude:*

To purchase Love, I've giv'n—and do not grieve—
This world and all my being's self away;
If all created things were mine, I'd leave
The whole for Love, and nought of bargaining say. . . .

[1] Ser Jacomo Benedetti, called Jacopone da Todi, and after death, *il Beeto Jacopone.*

[2] I quote from the Italian translation of the work of this French writer: *I Poeti Francescani in Italia nel Secolo Decimoterzo* (Prato, 1854).

Love, I would give Thee more, if more I could;
But how to do it doth my heart not know;
More than myself to give—howe'er I would—
Is past my power; that needs no proof to show.
All have I giv'n to gain my Chiefest Good,
This Lover High who doth such life bestow.
Beauty—old, new—may go,
THEE found, O Infinite,
O Fair, O Primal Light,
Of softly shining grace![1]

"How came it," asks Ozanam, "that from the soul of a saint there was suddenly developed the imagination of a poet?" and his answer speaks of that opening of the soul which disentanglement from worldly affairs would bring to the brilliant Doctor of Laws when, captured by the power of the Evangel, he entered into the bareness of the cloistered life—an opening of the soul to that "ideal beauty, present, though as under a veil, in all created things."

"Quanto è nel mondo mi 'nvita ad amare;
Bestie et uccelli et pesci dentro il mare;
Ciò ch' è sotto all' abisso et sopra all' are
Tutti fan versi davante al mio amore."[2]

(Everything in the world invites me to love Him: beasts, and birds, and fish within the sea; that which is beneath in the abyss and above in the air, all are making verses before my Beloved.) "A soul," says Ozanam, "which hears these songs of the creatures does not wait long to repeat them: rhythm is born of itself on those impassioned lips." "Moreover, when Jacopone entered the cloister he would find it still resounding with the songs of S. Bonaventura and S. Francis"—"these, his two masters, offered him each an example for choice, S. Francis the Italian songs, S. Bonaventura the Latin sequences." (With his Latin hymns we have nothing here to do: "It is doubtful," says Gebhart, "whether he was the author of the *Stabat Mater* of the Cross, ascribed to him by San Bernardino of Siena, or even of the charming *Stabat* of the Cradle: *Stabat Mater speciosa*.") The Latin Sequence he may have practised, but it was into the Italian Song that he poured out the fulness of his spirit. In his hymns of

[1] Amor de Caritade: vv. 4 and 10.
[2] *Poesie Spirituali*, Cantico XXXIV, Libro VI.

rapture there is something of the language of the most ardent of the Folk Songs—in another verse of that one last quoted, the line "Tu se 'l mio Bene, e l' Amor mio perfetto," might have supplied such phrases as the frequent "mio Bene" and "il mio perfetto amore" of the Rispetti. But it is these written poems, colloquial as they often are, rather than the Folk Songs, that sound improvised. One can understand how the simpler of the hymns, in their varied measures and their gentle strength of beat, would be popular as marches, and how the words would uplift the pilgrims' hearts:

"Christo mio per lo tuo amore
Dhe ti prendi lo mio core,
Fammiti amoroso amare.
Amar te per cortesia
Fammi, Iesu vita mia:
Prendi 'l core in to balia;
Falli di te meditare.
. . . . . .
Portar te amor giocondo,
Et parlarne in cor abondo,
Christo soave et giocondo
Di te fàcci dilettare.
Dilettare di te gioa
Già non posso per mia noia;
Troppo mia mente oiia;
Christo amor falla mutare.
Muta la mia mente vana,
Di assaggiarti assai lontana;
Del tuo amor la satia e sfama,
Non la far più digiunare.
Digiunare tu mi fai
Amor se non mi ti dai;
Ben ch' io nol ti dica il sai,
Vieni amore, et non tardare."[1]

O my Christ, for love of Thine
Take to Thee this heart of mine,
Make me love Thee in love's way.

[1] "Le *Poesie Spirituali*, del Beato Iacopone da Todi, Frate Minore" (In Venetia, Appresso Nicolò Misserini. MDCXVII). Libro VI, Cantico XXXIII.

Make me love in courteous part,
Jesu, life of mine who art,
In Thy wardship take my heart;
Make it muse on Thee for aye.

. . . . . .

Thee to bring glad love I seek,
Of it in my heart I'd speak,
Make us, Christ, the Glad and Meek,
To delight in Thee alway.
In Thy joy delight I'd fain,
Yet I cannot, to my pain;
All too slow my mind, and vain;
Change it, Christ, High Love, to-day.
Change my vain mind to Thy will,
Far from tasting Thee 'tis still,
With Thy love its hunger fill,
Do not let it fasting stay.
Fasting, Love, Thou mak'st me be
If Thyself Thou give not me;
This I need not tell to Thee:
Come, then, Love, make no delay. . . .

This is the voice of the "troubadour of Christ" whose mintrelsy was gladly heard and followed by the people. But Jacopone has other styles, as one can see even looking only at a few of his religious poems in the vernacular. In his work there is to be found at its earliest flowering the high "illustrious" form of Italian literature, and in this form his utterance is vital and various. In the midst of the *Amor de Caritate*, falling like a heavenly silence that meets the outcries and the circling raptures of the soul "invaded" by Divine Love, comes the brief answer of Christ, the High Reason, setting a rule of harmonious restraint:

"Ordina questo amore, o tu che m' ami:
Non è virtù senza ordine trovata:
Poi che trovare tanto m' abrami,
Che mente con virtute è rinovata;
A me amare, voglio che tu chiami
La caritate, qual sia ordinata.

Arbore si è provata
Per l' ordine del frutto,
Il qual dimostra tutto
D' ogni cosa il valore.

"Tutte le cose, quali haggio create,
Si son fatte con numero et misura;
Et allor[1] fine son tutte ordinate;
Conservansi per ordin in valura:
Et molto più ancora caritate
Si è ordinata nella sua natura.
Or come per calura
Alma tu se' empazita?
For d' orden tu se' uscita;
Non t' è freno el fervore?"

Dower love with Order, thou that lovest Me:
No virtue lacking Order shalt thou find:
Since thou art so athirst my face to see,
Let virtue's plenitude renew thy mind.
I will that thou as My love call to thee
True CHARITY; and *that* shall Order bind.
The tree doth prove its kind
By fruit of Order grown:
Yea, Order maketh known
Of each the worth and place.

For all my creatures,—look thou near and far,—
I made with Order and with Measure meet,
And toward the end assigned they ordered are:
They keep their course in Order's bands discreet.
And far more Charity than flower or star
Is held by Order in her essence sweet.
Then wherefore, soul, should heat
Drive thee thus frenzied round?
Thou'rt gone from Order's bound;
May zeal not curb thy pace?[2]

[1] For *al lor*.

[2] *Poesie Spirituali* del B. Jacopone da Todi, Frate Minore (Venetia, 1617). Libro VI, Cantico XVI.

And yet, in some of its words, of a beauty more tender is the answer that is drawn by this challenge to "the young man running"—the answer of the soul that will not be stayed on that quest for Love, whereon it has been "led" by Love Itself that "called"—by Love descending to be Itself the Companion and the Way: *Amore, amor Iesu, son giunto a porto.*[1]

In summing up his account of these poems, Ozanam[2] writes thus: "As a theological poet, Jacopone, first amongst moderns, drew from the Christian Metaphysic, not merely truth to instruct, but beauties to transport; not merely readings, but songs. . . . As a satirical poet, earlier than Dante, he censures his time and his country. . . . Finally, as popular poet, Jacopone sang, as we have heard him singing, in the dialect of Umbria; and from this has its origin the wonderful variety of his style, into which he carries, now the inspirations of the Bible, now the formulæ of the Schools, elsewhere the charming grace (*'la gentilezza'*) of the troubadours, but more often the roughness of the shepherds and the woodcutters. From this, also, have their origin those novelties of language, those constructions and those figures which a poet belonging to a people more highly civilised and less simple would not ever have dreamt of. It might be said that going over his poems is like going over the fair hills where he dwelt; we tread on thorny plants, which, however, bruised beneath our feet, send forth an aroma most fragrant, unknown to the dwellers in the plain."

In other parts of Italy the rise and development of literary vernacular poetry was on other characteristic lines. Professor Bartoli, in the Preface to his *Crestomazia della Poesia Italiana*,[3] tells first of all of the primitive poems of the North, in the dialects of Verona, Bergamo and Milan, "these first expansions, rough but sincere, of which the themes are for the most part taken from sacred story and religious doctrine." "At Genoa," he says, "we find other rhymes of a kind more varied, religious, satiric, historical." Then he goes on to relate how in Sicily about the same time, from 1250 and thereafter, this phenomenon of rise and expansion repeated itself, though there the chief theme was a presentation of love. Of this poetry, the earliest example was the *Contrasto* of Ciullo d' Alcamo (Cielo dal Camo) *Rosa fresca aulentissima c' apar inver la state* ("Rose, fresh and most fragrant, that appearest towards the summer"), a long Dialogue

1 v. p. 232.

2 *I Poeti Francescani:* Opera di A. F. Ozanam Recata in Italiano da Pietro Fanfani (Prato: Tipog. F. Alberghetti e Ci., 1854).

3 (Torino: E. Loescher, 1882.)

"which is written in the Sicilian dialect, and draws its character from that people of sudden and fiery passions," "amongst whom the Arabs had left so many memories." But in Sicily also, and at the same period, there arose a very different kind of poetry. "Taking for model the troubadours of Provence who had passed through Italy, first to the little feudal courts of the Lords of the North, then to the court of the Emperor, the Suabian Frederick II, in Palermo, these Sicilian versifiers continued to dwell on the subject of Chivalrous love, with the same conceits and the same phrases as had been used by their predecessors of the *Lingua d' oc*. They took for the foundation of their poetry the native dialect; but as they were men of letters they did not reproduce it faithfully, but tried to correct it, to soften it, to render it more 'genteel' (*più signorile*) by the aid of two literary languages, the Latin and the Provençal. . . . The Sicilian School, which counted amongst its members the Emperor and his Minister, Piero delle Vigne, had nothing in it of originality." (All the poets writing in the manner of this noted School were called *Sicilians*, though not all of them belonged by birth or residence to Sicily.)

Wearisome as many of these early poems may be, there are, however, to be found amongst them, as Professor Torraca says in his *Manuale*, "several of more lively colour, which show more genuine inspiration, and a tone that is throughout spontaneous and of the people." Amongst others mentioned are the poems of Ser Giacomino Pugliese, often called the "Knight of Prato," who flourished about 1250. I think, indeed, that the most lovely of all the early Italian *Canzoni* is his "Lament on the Death of his Lady," with its exquisite picture of a gracious woman of that day. In its elements this picture is the same image as appears in many of the Folk Songs; but, taken by itself, the whole poem of sixty-three lines in spirit and language exhibits the *fine fleur* of the Song of Chivalry:

"Morte, perchè m' ai fatta si gran guerra,
Che m' ai tolta Madonna, ond' io mi doglio?
La fior de le bellezze mort' ài in terra;
Perchè lo mondo non amo nè voglio.
Villana morte, che non à pietanza, ...

"Ov' è Madonna e lo suo insegnamento?
La sua bellezza e la gran canoscienza?
Lo dolze riso e lo bel parlamento?
Gli occhi e la bocca e la bella sembianza,

Lo su' adornamento e la sua cortesia,
La nobil gentilia?
Madonna, per cui stava tuttavia
In alegranza,
Or no' la vegio nè notte nè dia;
E non m' abella, sì come solìa,
In sua sembianza.

. . . . . .

" Se fosse al mio voler, Donna, di voi,
Diceste a Dio sovran che tutto facie,
Che giorno e notte istessimo ambonduoi:
Or sia il voler di Dio, dac' a lui piace.
Membro e ricordo quando era co' mico,
Sovente m' appellava dolze amico,
Ed or nol facie,
Poi Dio la prese e menolla con sico.
La sua vertute sia, bella, con tico,
E la sua pacie."

Death, why hast thou such war against me made
That thou hast ta'en my Lady from my sight?
The flower of fair things dead in earth hast laid,
Wherefore the world I hold in all despite.
O churlish Death! . . .

Where is my Lady with her thoughts that teach,
Her beauty which high wisdom doth enhance,
Her tender smile, the music of her speech,
Her eyes, her mouth, her lovely countenance;
Her garments fine, her courtesy most fair,
Her gentle, queenly air,—
My Lady, who did always, everywhere,
With joy entrance?
Nor day nor night I see her now, and ne'er
She sets on me the grace I used to bear,
Her shining glance.

. . . . . .

Dear Heart, if I with thee might have my way,
I'd ask from sovran God, who all decrees,

That we might be together night and day;
But now God's will be done as Him shall please.
My heart records how while He still did lend
Her here, she often called me her Sweet Friend,
And now doth cease
Because God took her by His ways to wend.
His grace be with thee, Dear One, without end,
Also His peace.

"*Membro e ricordo,*"—"*sia il voler di Dio*": here was the human path, and here with love and death was poetry. I remember and record.

"In the heart of Italy," continues Professor Bartoli in his short account of the "origins" of Italian literature, "there must have been, and in great richness, a poetry of the people, but the remains of it are very scarce. Probably it was stifled by the conditions of the country itself, which was destined to make itself the centre of literature by reason of its idiom. The Tuscan dialect, as compared with other dialects of the north and of the south, came nearer to Latin both in form and sound. . . . Those fragments of popular poetry which have been preserved are much infiltrated by literary forms, hence it is difficult now to separate in them the two elements of which they seem to be composed. Leaving, therefore, aside the poetry of the people (of the pre-existence of which to the literary poetry we may, however, be certain), we find in Tuscany a school which models itself on the Provençal poets and on the 'Sicilians': the school of Meo Abbracciava and others. But very soon there began a notable movement. Fra Guittone, of Arezzo, tried to substitute for the staleness of the Provençal manner an art less alien to the genius of the nation; he approached again more nearly to Latin style, and from his earlier poems of chivalrous love he went on to themes of moral intention. He was unable, indeed, to avoid the defects inherent to his own reforms; but, at any rate, he opened the field for Guinicelli, of Bologna, who initiated a new lyric poetry in which love is understood as the principle of virtue, of nobility and of wisdom."

Guido Guinicelli or Guinizelli was born in 1276. His most famous poem, perhaps, is the long Canzone of "Love and the Gentle Heart": *Al cor gentil ripara sempre Amore*—

Love to the Gentle Heart seeks evermore,
As seeks the woodland bird the leafy green;—

but here may be more appropriately given as an example of that early literary poetry of Tuscany to which historical questions about the Folk Songs have taken us back (as often the Songs themselves will take us by word or phrase) one of this Master's sonnets:

"Voglio del ver la mia donna laudare
Et assembrargli la rosa e lo geglio,
Come la stella diana splende e pare
Et ciò ch' è lassu bello a lei assomiglio.
Verde rivera a lei rassembro et l'aire,
Tutt 'i colori e fior giallo e vermiglio;
Oro e azzurro e ricche gioi' per dare
Medesimo Amor per lei raffina meglio.
Passa per via adorna e si gentile,
Ch' abbassa orgoglio a cui dona salute,
E fa 'l di nostra fè', se non la crede;
E non si pò appressar omo ch' è vile;
Ancor vi dico ch' a maggior virtute;
Null' om pò mal pensar fin che la vede."[1]

I would with truth my Lady's praise declare,
Likening to her the lily and the rose.
More than the morning star she shineth fair,
The beauty of the skies her semblance shows.
Green meadows are like her, all colours, air,
The blossom white and red in Spring that blows.[2]
Gold, azure, precious stones Love's self doth bear
And these, more purified, on her bestows.
She passes so adorned in gentle grace
That pride in whom she greets is broken down,
And unbelievers to our Faith are brought;
And no man can approach her who is base;
Yea, I shall tell her potent virtue's crown:
None having seen her can allow ill thought.

The Tuscan School of "the sweet new style" "followed the way that had been opened by Guinicelli, but conjoined with his tendency to philosophic profundity a charming ingenuineness of inspiration and sentiment, while with

[1] This is the version quoted in the *Manuale: Cod. Chig.*
[2] Literally: "The flower that yellow and vermilion blows."

regard to form they approached more nearly to the spontaneity of popular poetry."[1] Dante as lyric poet belonged to this group; in a Sonnet of the *Vita Nuova* he speaks of Guinicelli as "the Sage," and in the *Purgatorio* refers to him as "the father of me, and of others my betters; who ever used sweet and graceful rhymes of love." It is probably of this Guido and of Guido Cavalcante, who died in 1300, and whom Dante calls his *primo amico*, that in the *Purgatorio* Oderisi, the miniature painter of Gubbio, is made to say: "Cimabue thought to hold the field in painting, and now Giotto hath the cry, so that the fame of the other is obscured. Even so one Guido hath taken from the other the glory of our tongue; and perchance one is born who shall chase both from the nest":[2]

"Cosi ha tolto l' uno all' altro Guido
la gloria della lingua; e forse è nato
chi l' uno e l' altro caccerà di nido."

In the opening words of his Preface Tigri speaks of the pleasure that it may afford to philologists to see from the Rispetti and Stornelli "how much of the language, and particularly of the poetry, of the Thirteenth Century still lives in its primitive freshness on the mouth of our country people." "For although in the end of the next century the Italian idiom may have begun to lose something of its 'precious quality' (*pregio*) in literary works, yet our Tuscan people preserved that idiom in its virgin purity, as is shown by their writings, and by certain of their traditional stories and songs, and also by that ever living and natural mode of speech, which had been received from their fathers (the one relic, perhaps, rescued out of the midst of so many invasions) and which they themselves religiously preserved and sent down to the new generations."

With reference to the question as to where and when the Tuscan songs as we know them now first arose, and to the fact that many of them resemble those of other Italian Provinces—especially, he says, the provinces of the confines of Tuscany—Tigri goes on to give his reasons for believing that these songs, with some exceptions, were of Tuscan origin. Through commerce Tuscany had always much intercourse with Liguria, with the Romagna and with Umbria, and there was continuous transmigration of Tuscan colonies into the lands of Rome to assist the people in rural works

[1] F. Torraca: *Manuale della Letteratura Italiana* (Firenze: Sansoni).
[2] *Purg.* XI. From the edition, Italian and English, published by Dent (London).

of all kinds. As to the time when songs in this manner began to be sung, he indicates the Thirteenth Century—the time of "the first flowering of our language." "For they seem to me," he says, "to be signed with the internal seal—*segnate dell' interna stampa*"—(to bear the same impress of feeling) "and also to be in that *dolce stil nuovo* which Dante noted. Furthermore, these Tuscan songs, differing from many other forms of rhyme, preserve a resemblance to the early *ballata* or dance-song." (But of this comparison of Tigri's I have not noticed any support in other writers.) "Like the *ballate*, they maintain the language of love in a mode that is highly passionate and chivalrous; the woman beloved is the *dama*, the 'lady,' and he whose heart has been taken is 'servant of love.'" An example of the *ballate* of the Thirteenth Century is given: "*Donna, se i raggi*"—it has one charming line: *Ne' be' costumi e donnesca favella*—"In lovely manners and womanly modes of speech"—but here is a more beautiful one from the end of the next century, by Sachetti:

"Amor, dagli occhi vaghi d' esta donna
Tanto valor discende,
Che chi gli mira ogni virtù comprende.
Ne' primi dì d' amar, mia gioventute
Fedel si fece alla lor signoria:
Da' quali in lei vide venir salute
Che volse al ben la viziosa via.
Questa regina della mente mia
Sempre a servir m' accende:
E quanto servo a lei, men mal mi offende."

Love, from this woman's gentle shining eyes
Such grace doth downward go,
That they who look on them all virtues know.
In earliest days of love I brought my youth
Beneath their lordship faithfully to stay:
Since there I saw in her salvation's truth
That turned unto the good, the evil way.
This queen who o'er my reverent mind hath sway
To serve for ever I am flaming still:
And as I serve her, less assaults me ill.

Tigri notes that the first three lines of the *ballata* generally contain a single conception, and are independent of the following verse, or verses, of seven lines. He compares this triplet with the Tuscan Stornello.

The claim to a native origin of the body of Tuscan Song is set forth also, but with less disposition to recognise literary influence, by the later writer, Ermolao Rubieri, in his long and very interesting History of the Popular Poetry of Italy, which is even more than a history, a treatise on certain characteristics rooted in the nature of Folk Song in general, and others springing from the spirit and circumstances of the various Italian peoples in particular. I gather from passages here that in his view the Folk Songs of the different regions of Italy are not derived from one particular part of the Kingdom, each district having its own chief native growth of song, besides some adopted songs that have come from other districts and suffered changes in conformity with the ways of feeling and fancy, as well as with the rhythmical form, belonging to the new home.

It would be impossible in this introduction to give with any fulness the arguments by which Professor D'Ancona upholds the theory that Sicily, in the latter half of the Thirteenth Century, shortly after the rise of vernacular literature, became the birthplace of the majority of those songs which are now found also in most of the other parts of the Kingdom. (The songs of Friuli in the far North and of Sardinia are considered to be indigenous.) According to this theory, the Sicilian Songs found their way to Tuscany, where they had a second home, and from whence they spread to other parts of the Peninsula. It is granted that there are Tuscan Songs that have no correspondence in Sicily, or in any parts unless those adjacent, such as Umbria; also that there are Songs elsewhere that have no correspondence in Tuscany; but these, it is held, form the minor part of the whole. "The question that has to be settled is as to the very great numbers that are found diffused in every region of Italy, that have taken form in nearly every dialect, and of which the differences are nothing more than modifications naturally produced by the passage from mouth to mouth and from province to province. Now we have seen that in the majority of cases Sicily brings forward its Songs, to which all the others conform directly or indirectly, and that nearly always the Song of Sicily is not only devoid of those imperfections of rhyme that are found elsewhere, but is better evolved and better united in its parts. . . ." As to the date of the earliest migration, Professor D'Ancona says, "Bronzino's *Serenata* (a poem made up of a number of popular songs current in Tuscany) shows that some Sicilian songs had arrived in Tuscany before the middle of the Sixteenth Century, while, a hundred years before that, imitations by Poliziano and others witness to a similar form of poetry already largely diffused amongst the people. We believe, therefore, that we must go still farther back and

conjoin this migration of popular song with that other migration of poetry from the Island to the Peninsula when the poems of the Thirteenth Century *Siciliani* were received with enthusiasm in Tuscany. There these literary poems, in the dialect of the people of the south, were transcribed from the first years of the Fourteenth Century, and as they were meant to be sung and read they became gradually 'Tuscanised' in language. A like process in the case of the popular songs already diffused through Tuscany took place, no doubt, at the same time or shortly afterwards, so that the transmutation of the Sicilian dialect of these songs into Tuscan cannot have been later than the beginning of the Fifteenth Century."

With a view to showing the various ways by which these Songs might be carried from place to place, Professor D'Ancona tells how, from the Thirteenth Century to the Sixteenth, travel was continuous amongst nearly all classes in Italy. The great poets, the men in public offices, University professors, students, pilgrims, soldiers, great merchants, and artizans whom they took with them to set up industries of silk and wool—these and others were all on the move. "Not only Florentines, but Genovese and Venetians were going about all over Italy, and indeed over the world; and everywhere were disseminated the people of the province of Lucca." "They went by sea or by land, on foot or on horseback, slowly on mules or with the speed of mounted knights, but in one way or other they travelled. Individuals, families, whole populations, changed about, crossed each other's ways, met and mixed. They learnt thus the various idioms, and while that of Tuscany spread itself with the *prestige* of the literary examples, the particular forms of the other dialects were learnt by residence in the districts to which they belonged. The Tuscan who sojourned in Sicily would bring back these songs to his country as a memory of his younger years; the Sicilian who left his native island bore them with him as the precious and dear appurtenances of his home; the wandering singer would spread them through all the cities, singing them on the central *piazze*. But even if this had not been, they would have been borne beyond the Pharos by a puff of the wind, seeding themselves like the spelt wherever they might fall."[1]

But now, leaving that spirited vision of the past, which nearly wins one over to the theory, one is brought face to face with the varied structural forms of the Folk Songs prevalent in different provinces, and with the question as to how these arose—if the songs came originally all from one place,

[1] v. D'Ancona: *La Poesia Popolare Italiana* (from the 1st ed., pp. 296-8), v. 2nd ed., p. 334.

in one form. "Putting aside minor differences," says D'Ancona, "we find that there are three essential types, the Sicilian, the Tuscan, and that of North Italy. With the first are conjoined the most usual forms of the Southern provinces; with the second, those of Umbria and the Marches; with the third, those of the Emilia, Venetia, Lombardy, Piemonte, and Liguria. The popular poetry of Lazio presents equally the Sicilian and the Tuscan types. The Sicilian type is the strophe of eight lines that rhyme alternately: the quatrain with more or less of an addition gives its character to Tuscan poetry; and the simple quatrain does the same for the third region. The other forms are various combinations of these three. Exceptions to this general distribution are the 'perfect' octaves found in Tuscan Folk Song, and the quatrain with a *coda* in Tuscan manner, found in Venetia and Lombardy. The Tuscan *ripresa* never appears in the Sicilian Folk Song,[1] and rarely in the Neapolitan, although the latter makes use of various forms promiscuously. But if the passage of the songs has been as before described, must it be said that the Sicilian octave arrived perfect in Tuscany, and there was docked at the end of its first quatrain, the *coda* (*ripresa*) being substituted for the second; and that then, passing into the North, it became in turn deprived of the fatal adjunct, becoming again a simple quatrain? To tell the truth, this business of decomposition and recomposition seems to us a little complicated." And if so great a scholar recognises that the theory of Sicilian derivation may naturally lead to a suggestion like this, a mere translator who has somehow become enmeshed in these questions of origin may very well feel that the whole subject is growing too difficult. It seems also rather as if the songs themselves had gone out of sight during these searchings into their past: indeed, as regards the Tuscan Rispetto, *coda* and all, there comes back to memory, and with some allurement to cease from further wanderings, the Shepherdess of our own Nursery Folk Song:

"Little Bo-Peep hast lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them.—
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Bringing their tails behind them."

Yet, having set out on this adventure, and having such skilled guidance, one is bound, perhaps, to follow a little farther in search for the realities hidden in the far-away times.

[1] As to the Sicilian Lullabies, however, Professor Pitrè says that "in their form they resemble the Tuscan Rispetti, . . . even one would say, sometimes, that they had been made after their pattern" (*Studio Crilico*, p. 93).

For Professor D'Ancona has a theory which he sets forth as giving a way out of this difficulty: "Might it not be," he says, "that when Sicilian Song first arrived in Tuscany it had not yet taken its present and normal form, but was contained in four lines? This primitive quatrain would later on in Tuscany receive the ornament and finishing of the rhyming couplet, while in its native Sicily it would receive the addition of the second quatrain. . . . We know that any system of popular metre has more exceptions than rules, but all the same we firmly believe that there must have been a rudimentary and very simple form to which the many varieties may without violence be led back. This simple and primitive form is, in our opinion, the four-lined strophe, or tetrastich" (which may be a quatrain —*i.e.*, have four lines rhyming alternately, or may rhyme in some other way). "The tetrastich is found also, though with a different measure of the line, in the *villotte* of Friuli, songs that have had their birth in that little corner of Italy in the Carnic Alps, and which have lived there unique and solitary," and "in a fertility similar to that of Sicily." "This four-lined stanza is enough both for the development of the poems and for the satisfaction of the singers amongst the populations of Carnia, of the valley of the Po, of the Lagoon, of all sub-alpine Italy. We have seen that in the most thoroughly Tuscan songs the *ripresa* is nothing more than a development of the quatrain; and if the structure of the Sicilian *Strambotto* be examined, it will be found that not seldom the last four lines are only an amplification of the fundamental quatrain. . . . Even when the junction of the two quatrains is perfect, at the end of the fourth line there is, as it were, a repose of the voice and of the thought, so that at the fifth, one might say, both start again with new vigour. To sum up: We are of opinion (with Nigra and Schuchardt) that Popular Song in its first form was only a tetrastich, that in this form it spread forth from the Island and arrived in Tuscany, and from Tuscany (still in this form) passed to other regions. But this early migration of the tetrastich from Sicily to Tuscany, and thence to the North, would not prevent that in subsequent migrations, in other swarms of songs, the Sicilian strophes should arrive in their (later) complete form (of the *ottava*). There is evidence that they did so, because sometimes the resemblances between them and the Tuscan variants go beyond the fourth line, and sometimes the new composition is put together with lines freely chosen from the whole Sicilian octave. In like manner neither is the hypothesis excluded that at later times there arrived in the North, Tuscan songs with the *ripresa*." [1]

[1] D'Ancona: v. *La Poesia Popolare Italiana* (2nd ed., 1906), pp. 346-53.

All this of the primitive quatrain, reproduced here briefly and very inadequately, is, I suppose, a matter of hypothesis, and it may be that many hold the theory of the Sicilian derivation of Italian Folk Song in general, without adopting precisely this solution for its difficulties. Professor D'Ancona's *Poesia Popolare* was published in 1878, and was already finished and half in print when Rubieri's *Storia* appeared. While as to many points these two independent Studies are in agreement, their theories as to the chief source of the various groups of Italian Folk Song are, as we have seen, decidedly different. In his Foreword as to the publication of the unseen book by his friend, Professor D'Ancona, after touching on the value, in matters of agreement, of the double testimony from independent researches, and referring also to the fact of differences of opinion, concludes with these words: "I leave it to the studious of these matters to balance the two writings by confuting or confirming the one through the aid of the other." I have not acquired any knowledge as to the opinions held now by the other Italian scholars, but from references in English books I gather that the theory of a Sicilian origin is largely adopted. Yet it seems that Professor Giuseppe Pitrè, the renowned Sicilian authority on Folk Lore, does not, at any rate in his early *Studio Critico*, make any declaration on the subject. After all it is only a question of number—a question whether the love-poetry of Tuscany, for instance (exclusive of the *Stornelli*), consists mostly of native songs or mostly of those that are Sicilian in origin.

Before we leave this subject, it may be of interest to note some methods by which students may come to a decision as to which is the original version of a song that has one or more variants. Some imperfection of rhyme found in one version may be absent from another—no doubt the original. For instance, a very widely spread poem begins in its Tuscan form: *Bella ragazza vi chiamate Anna*, and to the word *Anna* the *banda* of the third line gives simply assonance or rhyming of the vowel. It is the same in the version of Venice, where there are found only the first four lines of the poem:

"Tuti me dise che ti à nome Ana:
E cossa che mi piase il tuo bel nome!
Ti porti do garofoli a la banda,
E in mezo al peto ti à do fresche rose."

The Istrian version, as is usual with Istrian songs, has much resemblance to the Tuscan, though it lacks the final couplet:—

"A me xi deîto che ti none Ana:
O Deîo, quanto me piase, el tu' biel nome!
Ti puorti dui garufuli a la banda,
E in miezo al pito dui freschite viule.
E se qualcoûn per suorte te dumanda:
Dov' astu priso quile frische viule?
L'ô prise in nel giardeîn de la Diana,
Duve che la miteîna liva el sule."

(It is told to me that thou art called Anna—Oh! how it pleases me thy beautiful name! Thou carriest at one side two clove-carnations, And in the midst at thy breast two fresh stock-gillyflowers. And if someone by chance ask thee: Whence hast thou gathered these fresh gillyflowers? [Say] I have gathered them in the garden of the morning star, Where in the matin hour the sun ariseth.) Amongst the various Sicilian versions Professor D'Ancona chooses one in wh ch the original rhyme for Anna is found by the dialect word for *banda*, "*banna*."

Again, a poem may have a puzzling phrase, or word, on which light is thrown by the version of another district, the district, no doubt, of its origin. A song of Lucca begins:

"Quattro colonne che reggono il mondo,
E voi state in quel mezzo a comandare."

(There are four columns which rule the world, And you stand in the midst to give command.) "The Tuscan countryman himself," says Rubieri, "does not understand these columns. Sometimes he substitutes 'columns of gold,' but the absurdity increases; or 'three crowns of gold,' and we are no better. . . . The explanation is given by a *strambotto* of Palermo:

'Bedda, a tutto Palermu hai datu onuri,
Culonna di li Quattru Cantuneri.'

(Fair maid thou hast given honour to all Palermo; A column [thou art] of the *Quattru Cantuneri*). The poems are evidently one, but the poet of Palermo knows what he means when he compares the fair maiden to the columns that embellish the very graceful little *Piazza di lu Quattru Cantuneri*, either because she is as beautiful as these columns are, or because, like them, she is the heart of a whole city, that *piazetta* being exactly in the centre and heart of Palermo, and serving as a point of intersection for the two principal streets which divide the noble city into four quarters. . . .

There can be no doubt, therefore, as to the Sicilian derivation of this song, perhaps brought to Lucca by one of the travelling vendors of plaster figures, on his return to his native province." [1]

Rubieri remarks further that consideration of the habits and tendencies of a people may sometimes provide an index to the origin of a song. As example he cites a widely spread song in which the lover declares that if he is rejected he will become a sailor and go far away, carrying his lady's picture painted upon his sail. A similar song promises that a lover if accepted will do the same. The one song indicates an act of desperation, the other an act of rapturous joy: both of them mean to express an unusual course of action. Therefore the song is not likely to belong originally to Venice, or to Genoa, or anywhere on the coast: it will rather be a song from the mountains or some inland plain.

These lines of comparison, and the judgments arising from them, must be left for special students of Folk Song. But I think that perhaps even a mere translator may, through familiarity with the Tuscan songs, come to have about many of them, if not an opinion yet something of an impression, right or wrong, as to origin. A song may be felt as artificial, whether in coldness of feeling or exaggeration. A truly Tuscan Rispetto will by no means be a thing devoid of art if the poet by nature or effort can attain to it, but whether the song be simple and fine, or elaborate and far-fetched in fancies—even to absurdity—or quite prosaic, it will be, in its way, ingenuous. As to Sicilian love songs, however, I have an impression (perhaps ill-founded, for I do not know them well) that often they are wearisome owing to a want of freshness: theatrical, lurid they might sometimes perhaps be called, and in general they seem to lack the wholesome pleasantness of Tuscany. If there is anything of this kind in a Tuscan song one may very likely find that the form is that of the *Strambotto*, not of the *Rispetto*, and one may take it for granted, perhaps, in a provisional way, that the song is a wanderer, of the commoner sort, from the many thousands that have arisen in Sicily—a song, it may be, from one of the fraternity of blind men and others who there improvise and sing to earn their bread.

To show the character of the more beautiful of the Sicilian love-songs I give here one in the dialect, with two attempted translations, which, like all my translations from dialect, have, I fear, in the meantime, more or less of guess-work about them:

[1] Rubieri: *Storia della Poesia Popolare Italiana* (Firenze: G. Barbèra), p. 437.

"Arienti giardinu, ortu di fiori,
Fonti che vôli d' ognu ventu calma,
Rosa di odori, piaceri, tresori,
Quandu caminu tu lu mari calma.
O rasta di ciminu, amatu cori,
Scocca di gigghiu, curina di palma,
Apri stu pettu e ti pigghi lu cori,
Si non era di Diu ti dava l' alma."[1]

O Eastern Garden, flower-filled, apart,
Fount that in every wind flows peacefully,
Rose of sweet odours, gems, delights, thou art,
When thou art walking calm becomes the sea.
O jar of jasmine, well-beloved heart,
Stem of white lily, palm of noble tree,
Open this breast and take therefrom the heart;—
If 'twere not God's, my soul I'd give to thee.

"Mesta Assitata."

Weeping I left her when I left that day,
She sat in sorrow dark before the door,
And when within my hand her white hand lay,
Colder than any corpse the chill it bore.
She said: *And art thou truly going? Nay!*
Who now my heart shall comfort and restore?
Who knows when thou returnest!—long the way!
Dead am I now, I shall not see thee more.

In the Sicilian songs, and in some others of the South, there is sometimes a gloom of death, a kind of ghastliness, that has no place in the songs of Tuscany. It is quite different from the Tuscan lover's warning that if his love be not accepted he will die, or from the wail of the maiden who looks to death for comfort. A few of the songs of Tuscany have certainly this strength of ghastliness, but I have found that they are of known Sicilian origin. Amongst these are the old and widely-spread songs: "Son stata all' inferno, e son tornata"—though this has not so much of death as of the woman's passion that will drag the lover from hell itself; "*Vado di notte*" (*Seek not*, said Death, to me: *I've buried him*); "I wish for guests a

[1] Vigo: *Canti Popolari Siciliani* (2nd ed. Cantania: Tipog. Galatola, 1870-4), No. 832.

table to prepare" (*la tavola sarà la morte scura*); all of which, with many others of Sicilian origin, are in the Second Series of this book.

But out of my too hasty survey of Vigo's *Canti Popolari Siciliani*, of which the numbers run to over five thousand, I would choose, I think, this *canzone* as one of the highest beauty; it is of interest also as preserving the early use of the word "point" for the smallest imaginable portion of anything, as an instant of time [1]

"Aspetta, aspetta, e mai nun veni l' ura
Tantu aspittata di vidiri a tia,
E lu cori trimannu di paura
Ti chiama, e dici, veni anima mia;
Tu, si ti stimulassi pir vintura
La gintilizza tua, la curtisia,
Veni, e ecchiù nun ci mettiri dimura,
Chi un puntu è middi seculi pir mia." [2]

It waits, and waits! and ne'er the hour is here,
Waited so long, when I may see thy face;
And this my heart, a-tremble with its fear,
Doth call thee, saying: *Come, my Soul, apace!*
If thou perchance be movëd to appear
By thy sweet gentleness and courteous grace,
Come! and no more delay thy drawing near,—
One instant hath for me an æon's space.

Doubtless there are many such *Canzoni* to reward the reader of Sicilian Folk Song. Indeed it is quite possible that some people, familiar with Sicily and possessing special understanding and power of appreciation for these songs of more Southern and oriental feeling, may find in the best of them greater qualities of natural vivacity and verve than in those of the tenderer Tuscan type, with their instinctive moderation. But all must feel that there is a

[1] "The 'point' of geometry is immeasureable, and therefore the Schoolmen and Dante used the term to represent the Deity." An early English mystic, Julian of Norwich, gives as the essence of the Third of her Sixteen *Revelations of Divine Love*: "In mine understanding I saw God in a point, by which sight I saw that He is in all things," and she uses the word frequently, both in theological and more general senses: "He is the Mid-point"; "the blessed Point from which nature came"; "Where is now any point of thy pain?" "abiding unto the last point." (v. *The Banquet of Dante Alighieri* (tr. by K. Hillard), B. II, XIV, 12.)

[2] Vigo: No. 2811.

difference between these two great bodies of poetry. And for us of North-Western countries I think that in the Tuscan abstention from violence, the gentle veiling of Tuscan reticence, the softness of the Tuscan sky, there is more of high and lasting beauty than in the untempered rays of a more brilliant and fiercely shining sun.

The surpassing beauty of the speech of Tuscany must have something to do, one would think, with racial qualities of temperament and with habitual ways of life. Giambattista Giuliani, in his two volumes on *Le Delizie del Parlare Toscano*, fills his letters on that "Living Language"—*Il Vivente Linguaggio*—not only with charming phrases and ancient words gathered from the talk of peasants in the mountain region about Pistoia, but with the *substance* of that talk, and with accounts of the experiences of the speakers themselves. Here we have glimpses of character: of patience and industry and contentment; of kindness and gentle courtesy; of the love and faith and cheerful endurance of simple souls. Not, of course, that these virtues of nature and of Christian culture belong to Tuscany and its confines alone—but perhaps they are more characteristic of the mountain dwellers in these parts than of the mixed races in the more Southern plains.

Professor D'Ancona, speaking of certain of the popular songs which seem in one line or another to have been retouched by a collector, says that it seems to be clear that he who was the scribe of these particular lines had "little sense of Tuscan idiom"—"*ben poco senso di toscanità*"—and I think in regard to the general tone of these poems that perhaps even without any knowledge of the finer usages of the Tuscan speech, one may acquire a "sense" of the finer graces of that "gentle heart" in which is stored the material of Tuscan poetry. To me, at least, *toscanità* in these songs means at its finest something that in love is passionately pure and deep, in imagination is swiftly piercing; whilst on more ordinary levels it means clearness and strength and sincerity, delicate charm of ingenuousness, humour and mother-wit; colour and fragrance of flowers, freshness of the mountains.

Many of the songs given in this book (especially those in Series II) have not, I think, the Tuscan character and quality, and several of these, as well as some others that show little or no difference from the Tuscan type, are definitely known to be variants of Sicilian originals. "*Amore, amore, che m' hai fatto fare?*" (O love, O love, what hast thou made me do?); "*Amor, che passi la notte cantando*" (O love, who singing, passest nightly by); "*M' è stato dato un pomo lavorato*" (One gave me late an apple wrought with care)—all of them songs of beauty—are, with others already mentioned, amongst the more evidently Sicilian examples. Sometimes, as in the first of these three,

there is hardly a change from the original, except as to dialect; sometimes, as in the third, misunderstanding and confusion have arisen, and the variant suffers in sense. But sometimes the wandered song has been in the home of its reception dressed in fairer robes than those in which it arrived. This seems to me to be the case with the song of *The Flower of Anna*, already quoted. The Sicilian version has certainly nothing of the confusion into which the Tuscan leads us: it goes on from line to line naturally enough in a tumult of sentiment which seems in its self-conscious and uncontrolled expression to be at any rate but common-place. The "beautiful name" of the other versions is to this Sicilian lover "sweet" and a "name of love"; the bearer of the carnation brings it *to him*,—"from a hundred miles I feel the fragrance of it." "If some one should pass and ask 'Who has given thee this fragrant flower?' 'I answer,' says the poet, 'with a voice of love: *I have gathered it from the breast of Anna, where the radiant sphere of the sun arises*'" (*Unni affaccia la spera di lu suli*). In the Tuscan version this song, too little "respectful" for its new singer, becomes dissolved and elevated—though confused, no doubt, in the process—into an exquisite vision of the maid who, as in some garden walk between borders, approaches carrying her gathered flowers: carrying, from one side, the red carnation that symbolizes perhaps her love, carrying from the other "a jasmine of love," the little white starry flower that the poet may see as the symbol of his own humble heart. The Tuscan lover does not take the flower from his beloved—only at the close he breaks into the prayer, "Turn thee towards me, thou red rose!" she herself being the *vermiglia rosa*. (A "rose" in these songs, as in the older English use, may mean a lovely flower of any kind.) The imagined question will come, therefore, not to him, but to herself: "Where hast thou gathered this flower?" (which of the flowers it is hard to tell); and the poet instructs her to answer: *I gathered it in the fair garden of Love, where the radiant-sphere of the Sun doth arise, and where it doth rest.* In one of the Sicilian versions the question to the lover is put by the maiden's mother: here in this Tuscan version the one who enquires is *il vostro amore*, "your love" or "lover," a designation that might in a newly improvised song be applied to some rival or rejected wooer, but that here in this re-composed poem, in celebration of an Anna of long ago, and perhaps now sung chiefly for the pleasure of its poetry, was probably invented merely as a more musical equivalent of *qualcheduno* (some one). In another and more beautiful Tuscan version, set in this book as *Prelude* to "A Mountain Pathway," the name of *Anna* has been left out, and there would be little to connect it with the Sicilian original if it were not for the intermediary poem.

Here the flowers are not carried at all, but are growing on either side, as it were, of a garden walk. In visionary manner the poet lover is contemplating these two flowers—a carnation (red, or it may be white) and a flower that is only called *generoso*—noble and strong. I am not sure, but I take it that he sees his own love as a red carnation, and the maiden's as this "generous flower," which I think of as white, seeing that in the *ripresa* once and again he prays his beloved: "Turn thee towards me, white rose: Turn thee towards me, white flower!" Here again the passer by, *il vostro amore*, puts to the chosen lover that question which comes into many of the folk songs in one form or other: "Who hath given to you this lovely flower?" "I answer," says the lover, with a brevity in his *Rispondo* that takes one back to Dante: *It sprang* (*its birth has been*) *in the garden of the soul, Where the Radiant-Sphere of the Sun ariseth*: *Where it ariseth, and where it doth rest.* Far, far away has the visionary poet been led from that flower that once was borne on Anna's breast, where, as the compliment of her lover has it in some Sicilian versions, "the sun and the moon both dwell."

This visionariness, this apartness and abstention, this setting of the beloved as it were in some "garden enclosed," this beholding of love itself as born from above, is a quality innate, I think, in Tuscan poetry at its highest. It is found in simple fashion amongst the native *rispetti* and the transformed *ottave* too; and though it may be "a far cry" from these little wayside songs to the *Canzoni* and the *Ballate* and the Sonnets of literature, it is perhaps not too extravagant to say that such of them as possess this quality have kinship with the spirit of the *Vita Nuova*, and are even on line with the Platonic vision of Michelangelo.

This one instance is enough to show how songs that arrived in Tuscany from Sicily might be transformed by those who received them. And even if it were known for certain that the majority of Tuscany's Rispetti were derived from the Island, it would in this and other directions be true that the Tuscan people had their own distinguished part in the formation of that great concourse of songs that is now truly Tuscan. They had made the language, and their singers transformed into its clarity and melodious sweetness the dialect of the South. They invented the *ripresa;* they discarded the monotonous Sicilian *ottava* for the perfect *ottava* of literature. But apart from these definite achievements, Tuscany must have made these songs her own by a selective instinct in adopting some and refusing others. For if the majority of her songs came up from the island in the South, prolific in every kind, both good and bad, yet with her amongst her mountains in the North are found to-day, not all of the former indeed, yet none of the

latter. "The Gates of Tuscany," the gates of this Tuscan Folk Song at least, seem to have been so far like the Gates of the Heavenly City in that nothing that could make for evil might enter in.

Professor Pitrè, as Introduction to one of his many collections of popular songs and legends, *Canti Popolari Siciliani*, gives a "Critical Study" of the folk songs of the various regions of Italy, and in comparing those of Tuscany with those of the Island, he says: "Love in these songs is not so vehement (*gagliardo*) as in the Sicilian, and its misfortune is placed only in the obstacles put in its way by neighbours and relatives, redoubled by the unyieldingness of the fair maiden herself. The *corruci* (songs of wrath which form a part by themselves in Sicilian collections) "do not seem at all worthy of this name, and if they were to be set beside ours, it would have to be said that they were something quite other than *corrucci*. In Tuscany, as everything reinvests itself with simplicity, so everything takes that colour of gentleness which mitigates and disarms even its own anger, which is far from opening a portal to hatred, and much less to rancour."[1]

In a chapter on some characteristics of popular poetry in different parts of Italy, and on the ethical superiority of that of the country to that of the towns, Rubieri says of Tuscany: "In no country district does there predominate a poetry more gentle, modest, affectionate, because in none does there predominate a country life more diffused, complete and unmixed. This life of the Tuscan *contadini* is the true creator of their poetry. Or if the character of the individuals has also some share of the merit, that may happen, not because in Tuscany there is a privilege of intellect and heart, but because a greater culture and activity of the heart and of the intellect is here favoured by circumstances. . . . There cannot be a country life thus widely diffused and unmixed except where there is the system of *mezzeria*" (in which the peasant shares profits from the land in certain proportions with the proprietor), "nor is this system so connatural to any place as to Tuscany. . . . According as the population goes heaping itself up in large centres, descending from the farm-house to the village, to the little town, to the city, to the metropolis, there is certainly effected with greater ease the discovery, the propagation, the perfecting of useful notions, but at the same time there is greater contagion of bad habits. The isolated little house of the husbandman (*casetta colonica*), on the contrary, surrounded by its *podere*" (that part of the general property that is apportioned, with a

[1] v. Pitrè's "Studio Critico" in his *Canti Popolari Siciliani* (Palermo: Pedone-Lauriel, 1870).

house, to a peasant family, and that has sometimes been connected with that family for several generations) "surrounded by its fields as by a pacific bastion, is, as it were, a sanctuary of domestic affections, closed equally to the benefit and to the poison of civic societies. There the children grow up under the continual regard of the parents. . . . To these, devoid of ambition and greed, it is enough that an honest character and industry should be possessed by the husband who takes one of their daughters to his family house, or by the wife who comes into their own house to share with their son the cares of hearth and field. . . . That marriage is for the Tuscan peasant the great end to which his youth is given, appears as one of the most conspicuous facts in his poetry. And certainly a poetry that is simply the interpretation of a love so honest, respectful, trustworthy, sincere, should in turn be pure, gentle, affectionate, ingenuous: for otherwise it could not attain to its own aim. This, however, does not make it impossible that, when the stirring of passions requires it, the people's poetry should assume exactly opposite merits—namely, that vivacity, wit, and *snap* which render it so efficacious in the *Dispetti*. And even to these latter characteristics the influences of the *mezzeria* tenure are not extraneous, for that system, while it produces the good manners (*costumatezza*) of the Tuscan peasant, also sharpens his wits through his having to manage rural affairs depending in great part upon himself, and not only upon the proprietor or his agents or his tenants, as in other systems of cultivation.

"Moreover, the very topographical conditions produced by this system contribute to the inspiration and the sustenance of poetry that is sincere and decorous. In Tuscany the ground is not extremely fertile, but it is rendered smiling and animated by the assiduous work and the stir of a population by no means thin or scattered. Here there is no open, sunny place from whence a house may not be discerned, and round about every house are others. . . . And all these houses form, as it were, the knots of an immense net by the threads of which there is kept up, from one to the other, that mysterious fluid which is called country song. The distance between the houses and their inhabitants is not so great as to cause interruption of this fluid, but it is sufficient to prevent its corruption." "The stranger who for study or for pleasure gives himself to the reading of Sicilian songs, and of Tuscan, experiences that same diversity of impression that is produced by opening on a beautiful morning of spring a window which from a majestic palace projects over a city street, and one which from a pleasant "villa" dominates an open country. . . . From the latter is seen an immense space

of earth and of sky; and on the earth there is freshness of verdure and dew; and in the sky there is serenity of azure and of light; and everywhere there is vivacity, smiling, calm, decorous. . . . Such in its forms and its essence is Tuscan poetry."[1]

Tigri, in speaking of the general lack of patriotic subjects in the traditional songs of Italy, ascribes this not only to the natural transience of songs referring to current events (of which there were great numbers made and sung in the enthusiasm of the Italian Revolution), but also to the troublous state of the people in and round about the cities of Italy during long periods of their history. "The conflicts of the various little republics, the feuds of the old families, foreign invasions, pestilence, scarcity, told hardly upon them, and were not what would make them sing. Yet notwithstanding these unhappy conditions their inborn love of song doubtless survived and brought them solace.

'S' io canto tutto il giorno, il pan mi manca,
E se non canto, mi manca a ogni mode.'

(If all the day I sing, bread lacks to me, But if I do not sing, every kind of thing lacks to me.) This special song, however, like others expressing nearly the same feeling, is derived from the country people. It is they, and more especially the inhabitants of the mountains, who feel the desire for song, being filled with greater enthusiasm amongst so many beauties and varieties of nature, breathing a pure air, under a sky so blue and so full of gentle and mitigated rays of light. For in Tuscany who would not call enchanting, and in the highest degree poetical, the valleys opening out gradually in the midst of the mountains of the Apennine range? . . .

"So from the mountains and the hills there rises continually this hymn of love. . . . One event only brings something of variety to the matter of these songs. Towards the end of autumn nearly all the men go down to the *Maremme*, the marshy plains by the sea." "They push on as far as Elba, Corsica and Sardinia, where they are employed as miners, wood cutters, charcoal burners and road makers. But the love they bear to their Apennines never waxes dim, and they generally keep together in bands from the same village or district. In spring they return with their carefully hoarded earnings to their families. This yearly wandering has given rise to many of their songs."

[1] Rubieri, pp. 660-4.

Some of the most beautiful of the rispetti and stornelli from women are those composed in the lover's absence; some of those at parting are also, on both sides, of great tenderness, the woman being represented as "nobile e cortese," and showing a concern that has something in it of the Mother's care. In none of these leave-takings, it may be noticed, nor in any Rispetto in Tigri's book, is there such a line as Burns's "Ae fond kiss, and then we sever": in the Tuscan songs of emotion the kiss is that of the Mother to her child. According to Rubieri the same reserve characterises more or less all the songs of Central Italy.

"In the mountains, as on the plains, the peasant sings at every age and at every hour. Accompanied by song labours seem lighter, whether they be those of the house or those of the field. Even the elderly goodwife of the farm sings whilst she weaves her thread or stands about the fireplace; and from her those songs, seasoned always with some good proverbial sayings, are learnt by her children and her nephews and nieces. . . . Not only," continues Tigri, "are these songs received by tradition from family to family, but men and women compose new ones even now. Here is one of the rispetti composed by Maria, a young girl of the hamlet of Stazzana:

'E dalla Vergin s' è partito un giglio,
Mezzo Stazzana ha fatto la fermata.
Gente vicina, datemi un consiglio
Se questo è un giglio di poterlo amare.
È questo un giglio pieno d' allegrezza;
Bello, non mi lassar per poverezza.'"

From Vergine a lily's gone away,
And to Stazzana it has made remove.
O neighbour folk, give me your counsel, pray,
If this a lily is that one may love.
This is a lily full of cheer and glad;
Then leave me not for poverty, fair lad.

(To this Tigri appends a note: "*Poverezza* for *povertà;* not common, but sometimes used by the early writers. Brunetto Latini: *Che già uom per larghezza—Non venne in poverezza.* Certes, no man by giving free—Came ever into poverty.") "This young girl told me that she has not read any book of poetry, but she knows by heart an innumerable quantity of these little songs."

Next we hear of a young shepherdess, known in the same parts, Cherubina, who had written certain verses on the Passion of our Lord: "and without other aid than that of nature and two little Church-books from which she drew the subject, and which she carried with her every day as she went with her flock. But when I asked her if she would say some Rispetti to me she excused herself, saying: 'Oh sir, I say so many of them when I sing them! but now . . . . it would be necessary to have them all in sight—*in visione*—otherwise they really do not come.' So true it is that they do not conceive of poetry without song. And indeed they never speak of improvising, but of singing poetry."

Afterwards follows a description of the famous *improvvisatrice* of the Pistoian Apennines, Beatrice Bernardi of Pian degli Ontani. (Giuliani also gives an interesting account of her life, with its experiences of sorrow.) She was born in 1802, the daughter of a stone-mason of Melo, a hamlet that stands amongst its apple-trees high up on the mountain slope above and beyond Cutigliano. Her mother had died in Beatrice's infancy, and the little girl became "from early childhood," as Miss Alexander relates in her account of her friend,[1] "the companion and assistant of her father, accompanying him to his winter labours in the Maremma, and, as she grew larger, helping him at his work by bringing him stones for the walls and bridges which he built, carrying them balanced on her head. She had no education in the common sense of the word, never learning even the alphabet, but she had a wonderful memory, and could sing or recite long pieces of poetry. As a girl, she used in summer to follow the sheep, with her distaff at her waist; and would fill up her hours of solitude by singing such ballads as 'The War of St. Michael and the Dragon, the Creation of the World and the Fall of Man,' or 'The History of San Pellegrino, son of Romano, King of Scotland'; and now, in her old age, she knows nearly all the New Testament history, and much of the Old, in poetical form." At the age of twenty she was married to Matteo Bernardi, the owner of a farm at Pian degli Ontani, some miles up the mountains, near l'Abetone, and it was after the return from church on her wedding day that she first began her improvising. "According to the old custom of the country, one or two poets improvised verses suitable to the occasion, and, as she listened to them, suddenly she felt in herself a new power, and began to sing the poetry which was then born in her mind, and having once begun, found it impossible to stop, and kept on singing a great while, so that all were

[1] v. the Author's Preface to *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (London: George Allen).

astonished. . . . From that time forth she was the great poetess of all that part of the country, and was sent for to sing at weddings and other festivals for many miles round. . . ." Tommaseo, writing about 1841 the preface to his *Canti Popolari*, tells of Beatrice, how in "the contests of song" she would become "inflamed" by the answering song of her companion, and would take up any ideas given to her by it, always starting with the rhyme of the closing couplet. "Not being a Tuscan born," says Tigri, "Tommaseo marvelled to hear from an unlettered mountain woman words and phrases belonging to the early poets—*sedio, viso adorno, vertudioso*"—and others. He adds that during the Italian risings of 1848 she was often called to Cutigliano by young men who wished her to improvise at their meetings. "She would ask the story of the events about which they wished to have her song—for she herself had no knowledge of political matters—and, as it were, scarcely had she heard it when, in the midst of a circle of these people of her district, she would set to and sing a series of fine *ottave*."[1]

Amongst the lesser forms of Tuscan Folk Song, *Il Maggio*, the Song for the bringing in of May, is common to mountain and plain. This is sung by bands of young men who, on their return from the Maremma, go round from house to house, still in some places carrying a leafy tree adorned with fresh flowers and lemons, also baskets of posies for their sweethearts, while in others they take only their musical instruments. The contributions that they receive in money, and the value of those given in kind, are now, in the Pistoian mountains at any rate, expended on Masses for the dead.

The "dance-song" is mentioned also by Tigri as still kept up in some mountain villages. "The dancers sing two lines of the song, the musician then plays the *ricordino*, a sort of quick *refrain*, generally in the minor key, while the young people dance round him in couples, and so on through the song. One of these dances is called *La Veneziana*, and its song begins 'Viva Venezia, e viva i Veneziani, viva Sante Maria della Salute!'

"Finally," says Tigri, "there is in use amongst these people a form of song which is called *Foletta*, I think as a diminutive of *fola* (fables, tales)—as it were a jesting play, a little diversion or 'folly' of love. 'And this goes in song, in speech one cannot say it,' remarked one of them who gave me

[1] The improvising of ottave is, it seems, now very rare in Tuscany, although in Sicily, where it was always common, it is still carried on.

as an example *O Rosina, Rosinella.*" A prettier one is added, and I have put it near the end of this book: *Pastorella gentil.*

The letters written in *ottave* by absent lovers are not exactly folk songs, but verses that evidently belong to them have become traditional and are sung amongst the people, and occasionally, it is said, an old letter is used, with suitable alterations by a lover of to-day. Sometimes they are written by special Scribes—"Salute for me your Scribe," says one *damo* to his *dama* (v. *Village Life*); but the four letters given by Tigri are all, he thinks, composed by lovers who have left their mountains for winter work in the marshy plains. Here is the beginning of one of them dated "Roma, dicembre, 1846":

"Parti, foglio gentil, dal supo fondo
Delle Maremme e va in parti novelle.
Trapasserai Pistoglia, oggi secondo,
Vanne a ritrova' il bel castel di Celle.
Troverai di bellezze il fior del mondo,
Con tante ornate e nobile zittelle;
E la più bella, amabile e divina,
Per il nome chiamata Laurina."

(Depart, thou gentle page, from the deep hollow of the Maremme and go into new parts. Thou shalt pass by Pistoia, to-day the second (of the month?), go on to find the lovely hamlet of Celle. Thou shalt find the flower of the beauties of the world, with so many adorned and noble young maidens; and her the most beautiful, gracious and heavenly of all, who is called by the name of Laura.) *Zita*, "young maiden" (with *zitella* as still more endearing), is that ancient and pretty word that gave to the young Thirteenth Century servant and Saint of Lucca the only name by which she is known: *fior di bellezze* reminds one of the Knight of Prato's Lady; and is there not something in this picture of the many fair ones around the most fair and gracious that seems to belong to the far-away garden-country of the *Vita Nuova?* Throughout the five verses of this letter the last line of one offers the rhyme for the first line of the next; thus the second verse begins: "Io son vicino alla città Latina—Sulle sponde del Tebro a lavorare." The ending has the usual hyperboles of these lovers: "Of greetings I send you as many as you may be able to imagine; as many as the sighs that arise in my heart, and as many as the fish that are in the depths of the sea; as many as the flowers that grow for delight when thou shalt see the month of May sprouting forth; and as

many as the angels that the Most High governs. Farewell, city of eternal beauty."—"Quanti fiorini nascon per desio—Quando tu vedrai Maggio germogliare;—E quanti angioli il sommo Iddio governa.—Addio, città d' ogni bellezza eterna." ("Perhaps he wishes to compare her beauty to that of the city of Rome, near which he is staying.") The rest of the letter tells of the writer's anguish at hearing reports of a lover from Castelluccio, a hamlet near the home of his *dama*—"Dal Castelluccio un giovinetto adorno"—but expresses the hope that, "if God and all the saints be willing," he will "yet one day in the end have her for his consort." It may be noted here that as in this letter so in the folk poems generally, "you" and "thou" are often used in addressing the same person; sometimes a poem which begins with the more formal "you" passes suddenly to the affectionate "thou" of intimacy.

Rispetti and *Stornelli* with these minor forms of poetry make up, I suppose, the chief contents of Tuscan Folk Song, though there are also a few Lullabies (*Ninne Nanne*) and various songs for children, including "Rigmaroles" (*Filastrocche*). Before going on to notice some kinds of minor verse of a semi-literary character, works that are not exactly the output of the people, but are both by origin and use intimately connected with them, one should perhaps refer to the relations that have existed in Italy between Literary and Popular poetry.

As to that open and acknowledged copying of the style of the Tuscan *Rispetto* (or the *Strambotto*) to which Lorenzo the Magnificent and his Court betook themselves when they had grown tired of their labours in trying to reproduce the styles of Virgil, Catullus, and Petrarch, one example from Poliziano, the most successful of all the imitators, will be enough:

"Quando questi occhi chiusi mi vedrai
E 'l spirito salito all' altra vita,
Allora spero ben che piangerai
El duro fin dell' anima transita:
E poi se l' errore tuo conoscerai,
D' avermi ucciso ne sarai pentita.
Ma 'l tuo pentir fia tardo all' ultim' ora:
Però non aspettar, donna, ch' io mora."

When thou shalt see these eyes that death doth close,
To other life the spirit being sent,
Then, then, I hope that thou shalt weep the woes
Of that sad ending of the soul that went;

And after, if to thee thine error shows,
For having killed me thou wilt sure repent.
But penitence at that last hour were late:
So for my dying, lady, do not wait.

"In this is the same intonation," says Professor D'Ancona, "as is found in the following folk song, which is full of gentle melancholy":[1]

"Quando sentirai dir che sarò morta,
Ogni mattina alla messa verrai;
Arriverai a quell' oscura fossa,
E l' acqua benedetta mi darai.
E allor dirai: Eccole li quell' ossa
Di quell' amante che tanto straziai:
Allor dirai: Decco qui il mio bene;
E lui è morto, e a me morir conviene."

When thou shalt hear it told that I am dead,
Then every morning thou wilt go to Mass;
Thou wilt betake thee to that narrow bed,
And Blessed Water give me 'neath the grass.
And then thou'lt say: Lo, here the bones are laid
Of that sweet Friend whom I so grieved, alas!
Then shalt thou say: Lo, here my only love:
And he is dead, and death doth me behove.

To me the peasant's poem, with its finality and tender anguish, seems immeasurably more beautiful than the literary production with its lightly graceful and almost jesting appeal.

By and bye these studious imitations gave place to mere caricatures, and in course of time the poetry of the people was left to themselves. But when in recent times a new interest in these songs arose, and collection began, admiration was apt to lead to the composing of verses in the same style, and sometimes these spurious fabrications found their way to the people themselves and were sung amongst their songs. Hence, in the earlier collections at any rate, there are, no doubt, several cases of the admission of songs that have really been written by *dotti*—people of some literary culture, or *semi-dotti*—perhaps amongst them some of the village scribes. "The chief characteristic by which these may be recognised," says Professor D'Ancona,

[1] D'Ancona, 1st ed., p. 131 (v. 2nd ed., p. 154).

"is a tedious simplicity, an affected naturalness. . . . Certainly insipid enough in this way is the following Rispetto, which was gathered by Tigri, but which has not even in its metrical structure anything popular:

"Un verde praterello senza piante
È l' immagine bella del mio amante:
Un mandorlo fiorito all' acqua in riva
È dell' amante mio l' immagin viva;
Tutti i raggi del sole e delle stelle
Sono l' immagin di sue luci belle;
Il dolce olezzo di giovane fiore
È l' immagine vera del mio amore.
Amante, amante, amore, amore, amore!
Oh vieni vaccio a ricrearmi il cuore!"[1]

"Who knows how much the *poetuculo*—the little would-be poet—must have sweated over these lines to give them their antique impress, and who knows how joyful he must have been to have fished up that Guittonian *vaccio*!"—Poor little *poetuculo*, I think that after all with the "young flower" of his art he at any rate made something pretty, though the *giovane* itself might be tell-tale. Perhaps he had in his mind that sweet sonnet of Guinicelli's comparing all lovely sights to his lady, but the images that he has put together with only too great care are from the common stock of Tuscan poetry. Taking those meadowy things and setting them forth in that language of his inheritance, how could even a *poetuculo* fail of a vision of enchantment? And it is nice to think that the out-of-the-way word made him happy. Here is his poem in English:

A little meadow green—no bushes there—
This of my lover is the image fair;
A flowering almond where the water flows
The lively image of my lover shows.
All rays from forth the sun and from each star,
The image of his lights of beauty are;
The fragrance of young flowers springing sweet
Of my belovëd is the image meet.—
O love, O love, who all belovëd art,
Come with good speed and recreate my heart!

[1] D'Ancona, p. 367.

("Luci," "lights," in Italian poetry, is used with the meaning of "shining eyes.")

When the origin of a poem sung by the people is not known to be literary, doubt as to its style need not make it be cast aside as spurious, but in Tommaseo's Collection and in Tigri's First Edition (largely drawn from it) there are eleven Rispetti written by a good enthusiast, Stanislao Banciardi, which by mere misadventure became mixed with the songs that were gathered from the people, greatly to the disconcertment of their author, who hastened to set matters right, so far as that could be done. Some of his imitations might easily be taken for folk song. The best of them, perhaps, is this:

"Quando ti veddi per la prima volta,
Parse che mi s' aprisse il paradiso,
E venissano gli angioli a un per volta
Tutti ad apporsi sopra al tuo bel viso:
Tutti ad apporsi sopra al tuo bel volto;
M' incatenasti e non mi so' anco sciolto:
Tutti ad apporsi sopra al tuo bel seno;
M' incatenasti, e per te sola peno."

When first I saw thee, gentle maid, I dreamed
That on my sight there opened Paradise,
The angels came down one by one, it seemed,
And gathered all, above thy lovely eyes;
They gathered all, above thy face most fair,
Then was I bound, and still thy chain I bear;
They gathered all, above thy gracious breast;
Then was I bound: for thee is all my quest.

"Everything is here well reproduced," says Rubieri, "the dialect, the metre, the candour, the naïveté, the repetition of the same word instead of rhyme." Of this repetition there are certainly many instances in Italian Folk Song, but rhyme and assonance are by far more general. Banciardi had sprung from the people, and having become engaged in literary pursuits perhaps it was the simplicities of the old familiar songs that pleased him most, and that made him try to reproduce not only their beauty but their failings, as though the very poverty of garment were dear for the sake of the wearer. So perhaps he would tend to make much of the lack of literary skill, while the poetaster of the little country town would aim rather at the

antique excellence of *il dolce stil novo*, shown in so many of the genuinely popular poems.

One Rispetto of which Tigri himself was doubtful is, as I find, now known to have been written by Pietro Thouar, one of the early collectors. I have, however, left it in its place in my Series I (p. 100), because it suited so well with the mood of the others on that page, and is in itself of great beauty: "Quando ier ser tramontava il sole." Indeed it was because of its perfection throughout that Tigri had doubts as to its origin. For very often these Folk Songs—a *Rispetto* that has one or more lines of great beauty, an *ottava* that ends with a striking couplet—shows in some part a failure of poetical inspiration, and either sinks into the commonplace or strains after utterance for real sentiment or desired tribute by the heaping up of incongruous images. These exist ready to hand and useful for any improviser who is singing partly for pleasure and partly for custom, but not perhaps out of that passion of tenderness which gives a quality beyond the praise of "perfection" to the finest of the songs: those songs which oftenest come not from the wooing lover, but from the woman in sorrow.

Professor D'Ancona cites some folk songs, most of them Sicilian, that show similarity to certain poems existing in manuscripts of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, and he says that compositions of this kind must have been spread amongst readers belonging to the common people by little books of Selections which were printed for popular use and circulated throughout Italy. One Tuscan folk song he refers to as having at any rate the same beginning as one of those anonymous printed poems, "Chi v' amerà, ben mio, se non v' am' io?" (Series I, pp. 106 and 112). In the first two lines this is nearly the same as one of the printed poems, while a song of the Marches gives the half of the poem in its four lines:

"Bella, chi v' ha da amar, se non v' am' io?
Chi m' ha d' amar, se non m' amate voi?
Le chiavi del tuo core le tengo io,
E quelle dello mio l' avete voi."

The printed poem is as follows:

"Bella, chi t' amerà se non t' amo io!
Chi m' amerà, se non m' amate voi?
La chiave del tuo petto la tengo io,
Quella del core mio l' avete voi.

Dentro del tuo bel sen l' albergo ho io,
Dentro dell' alma mia ci siete voi.
Un amante fedel sarò sempre io,
L' unico oggetto mio sarete voi."[1]

(Fair maid, who is it that should love thee, if not I! Who is that should love me if thou love me not? The key of thy heart, I hold it, and that of mine is with thee. Within thy fair breast I have lodging (the inn), Within my soul art thou. A faithful lover shall I be always, The only-beloved shalt thou be for me.) "The Dantesque phrase of the *keys of the heart* recurs frequently in the popular songs of all the provinces of Italy." If this is a literary poem by origin, it seems strange that there should not be any real rhyme in it. Professor D'Ancona acknowledges the possibility that an anonymous printed poem which might seem to be the source of a folk song may, on the contrary, itself be a folk song that has been taken up by some literary person and slightly altered; but he thinks that in most cases the internal evidence points to some borrowing by the people of phrases and ideas found in literary poems, although, on the other hand, the writers of these poems have originally drawn their inspiration in a general way from Popular Song. It is interesting to find that a Sicilian folk song begins with the first line of one of Dante's *canzone*, only in the dialect of the Island: *Donni, ch' aviti 'ntellettu d' amuri.*[2] Vincenzo di Giovanni[3] quotes from the *Vita Nuova* the description of how, when the poet was walking along a path by a very clear stream, a great desire for the utterance of love came upon him, and he began to think how he should set about the making of a Song. . . . "Then, I say, that my tongue spake, almost as if moved by itself; and then I said a *canzone* which begins *Donne, ch' avete intelletto d' amore.* These words I laid up in my mind with great ioy, thinking to take them for my beginning. . . ." "Now, might not there arise thus spontaneously in the mind of a poet a line which he had heard in the songs of the people?" Vigo, annotating the Sicilian Strambotto, asks: "Did the people take this line from Dante, or did Dante take it from the people?" but D'Ancona is unhesitating in his verdict: "We have no doubt that the Song is on the mouth of the people: but that one of their poets should have been the first to find that invocation, and worse still that Dante should have appropriated it for himself, is a thing not to be admitted even for one moment" (p. 394).

[1] D'Ancona, p. 458. [2] Vigo, No. 980.
[3] v. *Filologia e Letteratura Siciliana* (Palermo: 1871), p. 207.

I must conclude this notice of relationships between Italian Folk Song and Literary Poetry with some sentences from *La Poesia Popolare Italiana:* "Popular Poetry," says Professor D'Ancona,[1] "is a name very easy to use; but it is difficult to define the kind of poetry to which it strictly belongs. Of the many characteristics that are usually enumerated as necessary, the poetry of Italy, if it has that of anonimity, cannot show that other of simplicity or want of artifice. Amongst other nations it may be possible to distinguish clearly between the artistic form and the vulgar; but in Italy the thing has proceeded otherwise. The poets of art have been pleased to make, as Tasso says, *the rustic pipes equal with the most instructed lyres,*[2] whilst popular poetry has ever looked to the poetry of literature as a desirable summit of perfection for itself. Of a people inheriting a very ancient civilisation, and risen again to new life in the name of its pristine memories, a people that has understood and that understands Dante, that has found and finds pleasure in the great combats and adventures of the Paladins, and weeps for the sad fortunes of Erminia, repeating the *ottave* of Berni, of Ariosto and of Tasso, a people in short which has the finest sense of poetry and of music—of such a people it may well be understood how, obeying an instinct of nature in the composition of its songs, it should yet strive to conform them to the model of art and to examples of exquisite beauty. . . . Hence it has come that our popular poetry in its lyrical expression, whether in the form of the Rispetto of Tuscany or in some of the other little Songs, has always shown, and shows still, a literary bent, and sometimes a carefully refined and artificial devising which is not met elsewhere in the poetic productions of the common people. There is in the structural composing a form so well designed, in the system of versification so searching a study of harmony, so much of industry in the choice of words and of alliteration, so much in the fancies of flashing light, that no one could say that these songs were the children of ignorance." In the last pages of the book this subject is summed up: "Following the tracts of the vicissitudes of Popular Song, we have seen that it has been continually joined, mixed, intersected, with artistic, studied poetry; and the cultivated poets on their side have, oftener than once, set themselves to imitate the poetic manner of the common people. From the earliest times the two have been as two rivers which proceed on parallel courses and often mix their waters, to separate again anew"—yet each retaining something of the other. "All the early Florentine School does nothing

[1] D'Ancona, p. 363.

[2] "Simili alle più dotte lire le rustiche zampogne" (Tasso, *Aminta*, Prologo).

else than refine the popular sentiments and conceits with the exquisite sense of art; and later, when the study of the antique classics seemed to have taken it from that field, it returns there again, seeking to reunite the two severed forms." However, it must be noted that "from Poliziano, Lorenzo, and the rest, nothing passed over to the common people of Tuscany — nothing of these literary imitations remains in their patrimony." Anything borrowed by Tuscan Folk Song from printed or written poems would come from those love-songs composed very much in the popular style, by such humble rhymers as two of the Sixteenth Century, Verino and Olimpo, whose little books of *Strambotti*, etc., for the use of *giovani innamorati*, were circulated amongst the people. "In Sicily, on the other hand, a large amount of that literary poetry which was sent out by the plebeian printing-press remains and perpetuates itself." Certainly the Songs of Sicily have far more of the character of literary poems than have the Songs of Tuscany; and as those of Sicily outnumber those of Tuscany by many thousands, it is they, no doubt, and some of their variants, in Tuscany and elsewhere, that do most in the way of giving that literary character to Italian Folk of which, in a general way, Professor D'Ancona is speaking in the closing words of his book. "In the body, therefore, of the Popular Italian Songs," he says, "there exist, and with equal right, the form that is more direct and spontaneous, and that other that is derived and literary; but in substance the diversity of the two forms is less than might appear at first sight. In any case, we would ask worshippers of studied and artificial forms not to disdain these Songs, where there is indeed so much of that which pleases them and seems to them the only thing that is of any worth: and as to those who exalt the Muse of the common people, because they think, with anticipated judgment, that their Songs must be drawn only from nature, let them be willing to recognise that, more or less, yet constantly, the Italian people has sought, as has been her destiny and her peculiar inheritance (*proprietà*) in every domain of life and of thought, to manifest a perceptible image of that norm of Beauty which is imprinted in her soul not only by Nature, but by History."[1]

If the Folk Song of Tuscany is supreme above others of Italy in its own special form, the love-song, yet as to variety of contents it is, I suppose, amongst the most limited.

[1] v. D'Ancona: *La Poesia Popolare Italiana*, pp. 394-474.

Its few lullabies and legends and religious Folk Songs are not to be compared with the exquisite poems on these lines that belong to Sicily, Sardinia and some of the Southern and even the Northern parts of the Peninsula. Some of the religious songs of other parts are no doubt sung in Tuscany, and one of the most beautiful, a Lullaby of the Madonna, is in language Tuscan, though the little pamphlet from which I take it says that it is sung by the young girls of Lombardy; and elsewhere it is set down to Piemonte. (In a recent French book on the Folk Songs of Corsica it is quoted as a specimen.) Seeing that it is so widely spread, I may give a few verses of this *Pastorale* here, leaving the whole poem of sixteen verses, with its music, for another volume:—

(1) "Dormi, dormi, o bel bambin,
re divin,
dormi, dormi, o fantolin!
Fa' la nanna, o caro figlio,
re del ciel,
tanto bel, grazioso giglio.

(3) Perchè piangi, o bambinel?
Forse il gel
ti dà noia, o l' asinel?
Fa' la nanna, o paradiso
del mio cor.
Redentor, ti bacio il viso.

(4) Così presto vuoi provar
a penar,
a venir a sospirar.
Dormi, chè verrà quel giorno
di patir
e morir con tuo gran scorno.

(13) So ben io, so ben perchè,
o mio re,
or qui nudo miro te.
È per far che impari anch' io
a soffrir
e patir, se soffre un Dio.

(14) Io ti piglio nel mio sen,
ciel seren,
per baciarti, unico ben.
Fa' la nanna! e dopo morte
bacierò,
stringerò tue membra smorte. . . ."

Softly slumber, Babe of mine,
King Divine,
Softly closing eyes that shine.
Sleep, my little Son, this hour,
King of Heaven,
Newly given,—lily fair in flower.

Wherefore weep, my treasure dear?
'Tis freezing here?
The little ass doth push too near?—
Slumber soft! O Paradise
Of my heart!—
Thou Saviour art.—Lo, I kiss Thine eyes.

All so soon, Love, Thou art fain
To suffer pain,
Since Thou hast come to bear our bane.
Sleep, oh sleep! for swift the morn
Draweth nigh
When Thou shalt die, stark upheld to scorn. . . .

Well I know the reason why,
King most high,
Here I see Thee naked lie.
'Tis that Thou wouldst so teach us
To suffer ill
With patient will, since that God doth thus.

Now I take Thee in my breast,
Heavenly Rest,
Kiss thee so,—the ever blessed.
Slumber soft!—When Thou art dead,
Like to this
I shall kiss Thee on Face and Head. . . .

Touching and beautiful little folk songs of personal religious feeling and devotion abound in Sicily, but there are very few Tuscan songs of this kind—possibly not any that originally are Tuscan.

In those little songs of the Sicilian people there is expressed a great thirst, a great "compunction", a great joy. "How happy am I, how happy am I!" begins one; and another tells how the Lord was met upon the road, "and He smiled upon me and showed me the Five Wounds, and that one in His Side He opened for me." Here is a little song of the soul that must have been made by a nun or someone leading an enclosed life:

"La cammaredda mia si fabbricau
'Ntr lu custatu di l' eternu Diu,
Ccu setti firmaturi si firmau,
E cu una d' amuri si strinciu:
Non minni curu si mi carzarau,
Sacciu ca iu su' so, Gesuzzu è miu."[1]

My little cell was built for me to stay
In charge and keeping of the Lord Divine;
With seven sacred seals 'twas sealed that day,
And then 'twas closed with one of love, for sign.
I reck not if it prisoned me away:
I know that I am His, and Christ is mine.

Some sing of the Creation, many of the Cross, some of response to the unseen Love, and some of welcome to the Divine training: "I will, I will, O Lord, as Thou dost will, I am content, my God, with whatever Thou doest; Thy cross may (well) be a yoke, and I desire it, Behold I find me ready for all woes; Goad, hunt, assail according to Thy power, Change between blows and privations according to Thy knowledge; But do not fail me with (the visitings of) Thy graces, For my hope is in Thee that never shall I leave Thee."

"Vogghiu, vogghiu, Signuri, quantu vôi,
Su' cuntentu, miu Diu, di quantu fai,
La tua cruci sia jugu, ed iu lu voi,
Eccu mi trovu prontu a tutti guai;

[1] Vigo's *Canti Siciliani*, 3278.

Pungi, caccia, travagghia quantu pôi,
Muta flagelli e stenti quantu sai;
Non mi mancari di li grazzii toi,
Chi speru in tia non ti lassari mai."[1]

Surely there is here something that is akin to the vision of "The Hound of Heaven."[2]

Perhaps one reason why there is hardly any religious Folk Song belonging to Tuscany is that the "Lauds," the *Laudi Spirituali*, were by origin and fostering and use so intimately connected with the life of the common people, that these hymns were in general sufficient for the expression of religious feeling of a character simply and soberly pious and happy rather than sensitive, eager, or apt to be kindled by the *consuming* desire of the soul. There are *Laudi* that are highly literary, long poems by various writers, known and unknown; but those that were collected into such books as the *Corona di Sacre Canzoni* were made (or found, perhaps, in some cases) for the people's use, and were sung through the streets, especially in Florence, by bands of *laudisti*, who taught them also to gatherings in the churches of different parishes. Occasionally the words were modelled on those of favourite songs of the day, and a great number, if not all, of the tunes were already familiar as secular songs. The third edition of the *Corona* (1710) has for its four hundred and twenty-one hymns an index "Of the Airs, ancient and modern, described under the names well known to the people," and this is noted as "for the greater facility of those who do not understand musical notation, but who know how these Airs are sung." Then follows through eight pages a list of the songs, such as *La bella Lisa*, *Cara la mia Rosina;* dance-songs; songs that are evidently pastoral—*Dorino mio*, *La mia ninfa*, *Fillide mia;* others of various kinds of reference—*Marinesca Veneziana*, *Spagnoletta*, *Ruggieri*, *Aria dell' Ortolano*. Many such songs are known to us now only through the Collections of *Laudi*. Probably few, if any, of them belong to folk poetry, and certainly they have nothing to do with *Rispetti*. When, as occasionally in some of the older collections, the metre of a *Laude* agrees with that of the Rispetto, the direction as to tune is only general, "To be sung like the *Rispetti*"—that is, to one of the airs that are the common property of Rispetti. Rubieri quotes from *Laude facte et*

[1] Vigo, 3259

[2] Published separately, as well as in the *Selected Poems* of Francis Thomson, by Messrs. Burns & Oates, London.

composte da più persone (Firenze, 1485) this poem, headed *Cantasi come i Rispetti*:

"Chi non ascolta la mia voce, è sordo;
Chi non risguarda mie bellezze è cieco."

Who to my voice doth list not, deaf is he;
Who on my beauty looks not, he is blind;
Thou, if thou hear me not, in sin must be,
Thou, if thou choose me not, no peace dost find.
List to thy Lord, who gives thee of His love,
List unto me, who would thy pains remove;
Behold awhile the deeds that I have wrought,
And from thy tortures freed thou shalt be brought.

The very next Hymn in the book begins, *Vengoti a visitare, anima mia*, "I come to visit thee, my soul," and is adapted evidently from a Rispetto that exists in a manuscript of the first half of the Fifteenth Century, entitled *Rispetti a Tisbe; copiati*, a kind of *Serenata*, half literary, half popular:

"Vengoti a rivedere, anima mia,
E vengoti a vedere alla tua chasa:
Pongomi ginocchioni nella via,
Bacio la terra dove se' passata;
Baccio la terra et abraccio el terreno,
Se non mi aiuti, bella, mi vengo meno."

In the Sixteenth Century this first line again appears, being one of those single lines of popular poems incorporated by "Il Bronzino" (Angelo Allori) in his *Serenata*, "and to-day it lives almost intact on the lips of the Tuscan people":

"Ti vengo a visitare, alma regina,
Ti vengo a visitare alla tu' casa;
Inginocchioni per tutta la via,
Bacio la terra andù che sei passata.
Bacio la terra, e risguardo le mura
Dove se' passa, nobil creatura."

I come, O queenly soul, to visit thee,
To find thee in thy house I come at last:
And all along the way with bended knee
I kiss the ground where thou thyself hast passed.
I kiss the ground, upon the walls I gaze
Where thou hast passed, O creature high of praise.

The old version ends: "I kiss the earth, and I embrace the soil, If thou come not to mine aid, O fair one, I shall pine away."

From a small book, bound in vellum yellow with age, *Laudi Spirituali* (Florence, revised edition, 1612—without tunes), I have taken two hymns for the last pages of this volume, because such hymns are part of the inheritance of the people. The little Laude tune, copied on the second of the music pages, belongs to a hymn on S. Benedict in the *Corona di Sacre Canzoni* (second edition, 1689), but it seems to suit this *Pastorella* of gladness; I think it sounds like some old-world piping of a shepherd boy far up on the mountains.

There is a beautiful Christmas poem, *Tu scendi dalle Stelle*, which I have not seen in any of the *Laudi* books, but which does not seem to be nearly so like Folk Song as this *Pastorella* is. Miss Alexander gives it as sung at Fiumalbo, beyond l'Abetone, and I had it sent to me on a printed leaflet by the late Mrs. Ford, of La Striscia, at Montaione in Tuscany, who said that there it had for long been sung in the parish church, but not from any printed form. In this volume I shall give only one verse of the seven:

"Tu dormi, o dolce amor, ma intanto il cuore
Non dormi, nò, ma sveglia a tutte l' ore.
O mio bello e puro agnello,
A che pensi, dimmi Tu?—O amore immenso!
A morir per te, risponde, *io penso*."

Thou sleepest, O Belovëd, yet no sleep
Falls on thy heart, that still its watch doth keep.
O Lamb most mild, all undefiled,
What dreamest Thou?—Ah Love!—He answereth:
I dream how I for thee shall suffer death.

This hymn is of a different beauty from the Piemonte folk song of Christmas, and it seems as if it must be of literary origin.

INTRODUCTION

In his *Canti Popolari della Montagna Lucchese*, as also in his little *florilegium*, *Canti Popolari Toscani*, Professor Giovanni Giannini gives with the usual love-songs various other rhymes of the people: a few religious poems, narratives, lullabies, children's prayers and songs and games. But I suppose that many of these have not any specially Tuscan character. The little rhyming prayers are found all over Italy, and the narratives come from Piemonte and Lombardy, as their truncated rhyme-words proclaim, I understand.

Indeed, apart from language some of these songs have a Northern feeling about them: for instance, there is, perhaps, a far-away resemblance between the German folk song of the Hostess's daughter whom the three young travelling comrades find dead on her bier, and a narrative song accounted to be of Lombardian origin though it is sung in Tuscany and other parts: "The Soldier's Leave." In this the soldier lover, when but half way home, hears the bell tolling and meets the bearers of the dead, and finds his true-love on her bier, and calls to those eyes of hers "that will not look more," that mouth that will not speak again: "*Parlami, parlami, bocchin d' amore!*"—Speak to me, speak to me, little mouth of love!

Of a different character entirely from these songs are the old widely spread legendary ballads that may be heard in Tuscany as elsewhere, but that cannot be claimed as peculiarly Tuscan, even if a Tuscan variant exists. It is of special interest to read[1] of Professor D'Ancona hearing from a young singer of the country near Pisa this song:

"Dov' eri 'ersera a cena,
Caro mio figlio, savio e gentil?

. . . . .

Ero dalla mi' dama;
Mio core sta male,

. . . . .

Che ti dièmno da cena,
Caro mio figlio, savio e gentil?
Mi fai morire,
Ohime!

[1] v. D'Ancona's *La Poesia Popolare Italiana*, pp. 114-129. For the whole song see also Giannini: *Canti Pop. della Mont. Lucch.*, p. 199, L'Amante Avvelenato.

Che ti dièmno da cena
Gentile mio cavalier?—
Un' anguilletta arrosto
Cara mia madre;" etc.

Variants from Lombardy and other parts of Italy are mentioned and quoted, also three opening lines as given by a blind singer of Florence, Camillo, nicknamed "Il Bianchino," who had printed at Verona in 1629 a sort of rhyming catalogue of the repertory from which he could draw his ballads and other songs as he went on his rounds, or sang to the gathering crowds in the market square of some town. Of the Pisan version I give only enough to show its identity with our Scottish ballad of "Lord Ronald, my son," "O whare hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?" (in a longer variant "Lord Donald").

"Whare gat ye your dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?
Whare gat ye your dinner, my bonny young man?"
"I din'd wi' my true luve; mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick, and I'm weary, and fain wad lie down" (doun).

"What gat ye to dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?
What gat ye to dinner, my bonny young man?"
"I gat eels boil'd in broo; mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wad lie down."

Other versions of this ballad are found in England, and also in Germany and Sweden;—it would be interesting to compare the music of all of these with the melancholy and beautiful air so well known amongst Scottish people.[1] On referring to that delightful book *Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs* by the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco (whose translations are so fine), I learn that she has written with great fulness on the words of this ballad in an Essay on "The Diffusion of Ballads." She says "It should be noticed that the song travelled in song-shape, not simply as a popular tradition"; and she inclines to judging that the ballad of *L'Invelenato*—the Poisoned Knight—was the original of "Lord Ronald," supposing that one was directly derived from the other—as "in this case does not seem improbable." "The English ballad singers may have been as much on the look-out for a new orally communicated song from foreign parts as Chaucer was for a poem of Petrarch's or a tale of Boccaccio's." But further light on this subject may come; and it might come, as this writer suggests, from India.

[1] Known also in a later form as "Lochaber No More."

Before I leave this alluring byeway I should like merely to name a fascinating ancient ballad of Piedmont given by Nigra in his *Canti Populari del Piemonte—Moran de l' Inghiltera.* It begins: *La fia dèl Sultan,* and this beautiful daughter of the Sultan is given by her father in marriage to "Moran," a knight no doubt, "of England," where the lady follows and seeks and finds her spouse, and is received with joy to live with him happily on those great estates over which she had ridden in her search.

This is essentially the story of the Anglo-Scottish ballad "Young Beichan" (or "Bekie"), and the ballad of "Beichan" is given in fourteen variants by Child in his *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (v. II., p. 454). It is the chronicler's story of the parentage of S. Thomas of Canterbury. "This Becket was borne in London, his father hight Gilbert; but his mother was a Syrian born, and by religion a Saracen."

Reference has already been made to the sacred, legendary and romantic *ottave* that in Tuscany, as elsewhere, are sung by *cantastorie,* and by the people themselves. Numbers of them are printed in little penny books, with wonderful illustrations, and are sold not only at the country fairs, but in the smaller shops of Florence. One of these ballads is given by Miss Alexander in her *Roadside Songs,* the story of Santa Zita ("Saint Maid"), the young girl, servant at Lucca in the Thirteenth Century, whose life of simple charity and goodness so impressed the people of that city, that on her death they claimed her for their patron saint. "Thirty years after her death Dante seeks no more particular designation for a burgher of Lucca than 'one of Santa Zita's Elders.'" This rhymed Life of Santa Zita was written in 1616 by a certain Gaspero Casentini, whose name I find on a little chap-book, entitled *Vita di San Pellegrino, Cavalier di Cristo, e Figliuolo di Romano, Re di Scozia* ("Knight of Christ; son of Romano, King of Scotia"—that is, no doubt, of Ireland, the Isle of Saints, from which so many went forth over various countries of Europe.[1] San Pellegrino ("Saint Pilgrim"), a contemporary of Columban (Columbanus), visited first the Holy Places in the East, preaching there to the Sultan, and then found his way to Rome, from which he afterwards went to settle as a hermit in the mountain country on the borders of Lombardy and Tuscany. Still every August his body, preserved in his chapel on the mountain of San Pellegrino, is shown to the pilgrims, men and women, who

[1] An account of their work in Italy is given by Miss Stokes in her *Six Months in the Apennines.* Columban (c. 543-615) founded at Bobbio, Lombardy, a missionary monastery like that of Columba in Iona and that of Cuthbert on Lindisfarne.

wend their way upwards from l' Abetone and all parts around, singing old hymns as they go. One touch in the story comes home to us: the self-exiled pilgrim, ninety-seven years old, finding himself near death, wrote on the bark of the hollow beech-tree that formed his cell, "his journey and his name," "in order that great and small might know of whom he was the son when he first set out," and he prayed that "his words might be revealed." Another well-known ballad of the chap-books is entitled *The Gypsy Divines; from which one may know (about the time) when the Most Blessed Virgin, with the Infant Jesus and St. Joseph, fled into Egypt, and how they received from her lodging and food.* This rhymed narrative of ninety-five verses has no composer's name attached to it, and it is not in *ottave.*[1] The poor Gypsy ("Egyptian") woman meets the Holy Family as they enter Egypt, and salutes the Madonna, who responds, calling her *sorella mia*—"my sister"; and then the Gypsy offers her house, "unworthy though it be." The Madonna explains, as she descends from the ass (which the woman offers to put up for her), that they have come from Nazareth, are without "reception," and have arrived tired and worn out with the way. "La Zingarella" answers:

"A little stable I've down there,
Where the donkey well can fare;
There some straw and hay I'll set.—
Here reception all shall get."

After inviting them to rest, the Gypsy says to the Madonna:

"Se ti piace, stamattina
Tua ventura s' indovina;
Giacchè noi, Zingare care,
Possiam tutto indovinare."

This forenoon, so't please thee well,
I thy fortune true shall tell;
Since, good gypsy women, we
All that's destiny can see.

Then she tells the traditional story of the Virgin's early years, and goes on to Bethlehem, the Nativity, the angels, the shepherds (not to the Magi).

[1] A shorter version is given in Vigo's *Canti Popolari Siciliani.*

The Madonna, at her request, gives her the Infant to hold, taking Him from the arms of S. Joseph:

"This Redeemer, sister dear,
For the sinner's sake came here;"

The Gypsy, tenderly praising the Baby, says that this is the great Messiah, come to remove idolatry from Egypt, and exclaims to the Mother:

"Madre pure, Madre bella,
Esaudite mia favella:
Buona sorte fu la mia
D' incontrarvi per la via."

Mother pure, and Mother fair,
Listen to my speech of prayer:
Happy fate was mine to-day
You to meet upon the way.

Speaking kept my heart, behold!—
Me to go out now, it told;
For so destined God most good
That to you *divine* I should.

Then to the Child she says:

"Dammi, in grazia tua divina,
Dammi quà la tua manina;
Tutte quante tai parole
Mi si spiccano dal cuore."

Babe, of Thy sweet grace divine,
Lay Thy little hand in mine;
All these words that I'll impart,
Torn they are from out my heart.

After that follows an account of the Life and Passion of our Lord, but ending with the Entombment; only before beginning to predict the sufferings to come, the Gypsy breaks off into consideration of the difficulty there will be for the strangers in earning a living in Egypt. "It is difficult in these parts," she says, "to manage to get on by means of a trade." "*E difficile in tal parte Di poter campar con l' arte.*" "Although *thou* do carpentery work, you all shall suffer from hunger!" "*Perocchè cotesta gente Il lavor voglion*

per niente." "For this people want to get labour for nothing; but there is one thing that I now teach you: To have a loom set up. Then, with also the axe, the chisel, a saw and a hammer, a gimlet and some tacks for you poor pilgrims, you will be able to manage by means of weaving and spinning." Surely this ballad comes out of the heart of the people; perhaps it was written by some poor workman in a city where making a living was no easy matter, since in it also labour was "wanted for nothing." Religious ballads, and narrative poems of Christmas such as the Lombard *Pastorella*, must have helped, with the regular *Laudi*, to keep up a lively sense of the Gospel Story amongst the most illiterate. It seems to be a characteristic of all these songs and hymns that with the spirit of the Middle Ages, rather than that of the Early Christians, they dwell on the Passion (and with special sympathy on the sufferings of the Mother),[1] closing often without a word of the Resurrection.

Like most of the ballads, apart from Folk Song in origin and form are the dramatic performances acted by the people themselves. They are called *Giostre* ("Jousts"), because in the action of the heroic ones there is often occasion to *giostrare*—to run a tilt. "Amongst those which are represented nearly every year," says Tigri, "are 'Joseph the Hebrew,' 'the Sacrifice of Abraham,' 'the Passion of our Lord'—dramas which have a great deal that is like the Mediæval Mysteries. Then there is 'Bradamante and Ruggero' from Ariosto, 'the Martyrdom of Santa Filomena,' the 'Taking of Paris,' described by Ariosto, and 'The Death of Louis XVI.'" Tigri quotes a description of a performance in the Piazza of a mountain village, "the Conquest of Jerusalem," as dramatised from Tasso. The *Storia di Giuseppe Ebreo* (in one of the penny books) begins with the Angel addressing the audience: "Dearly beloved fathers, and our brothers, We beg you for the love of the Lord, (Since we are assembled in these cloisters): Be devout, and do not make a noise; the labours are ours, and the pleasures yours, For we do everything only for love. We have assembled on these mountain-slopes To escape from the follies which are carried on now-a-days." Then he says that he wishes to show them a figure, *molto gentil*, of the Old Testament. "Whoever wishes to understand the Sacred Scripture, let him lend an attentive ear to our tale, the beautiful and pure story of Giuseppe the gentle, who was a mirror of faith, of hope and of charity, just, prudent and temperate in all things." At the end of the drama, the conversations of which are mostly in *ottave*, the Angel returns to the stage and tells how "by the good Joseph is interpreted

[1] Shared by all, in watching pain and in loss: a mode of approach to the Cross.

Christ." Then he exhorts them "to pardon injuries as did the Just man to his brothers, Who in the time of bitter poverty did not desire to say to them, I do not know you: but wept for pity: such is the anger of the friends of God—*questa è la furia degli amici di Dio*—and then, as you have seen, he received them with open arms, wishing to embrace those who had sold him." "And now," he concludes, "nought else shall I say in these parts, O Folk so pleasing and full of excellence, unless (to desire) that we all, without hatred, may live in charity, joyful, with great patience: for in this our blind age, envy abounds without check. But the good Joseph was just and true: let that be enough for you: I go; remain in peace."

"Ma il buon Giuseppe fu giusto e verace:
Questo vi basti: io vò; restate in pace."

Some explanations as to the plan of this book of Tuscan Folk Songs may perhaps be desirable. It is only to the main part of the book, where the Italian poems are given, that the name *Florilegio* or *Anthology* belongs, and indeed it is chiefly the First Series that may be called a collection of "Flowers of Tuscan Folk Song." In the Second Series many of the poems are, as has been told, of noted Sicilian origin, and some suggest a literary fabrication. In the other four series there are Folk Songs, genuine and interesting, and, I think, in their simple way *flowers*, but some of these, especially the Prayers, have nothing about them peculiarly Tuscan. As to the Narrative Songs of this part, *La Passione* is widely spread in slightly varying forms, but the other two seem to be Tuscan; indeed *The Washing at the Stream* is, in its homely and sympathetic character, a little song-picture that seems to come straight from the Tuscan hills—a thing that the shepherd-boy of Vasari's story might have chalked on one of the stones when he had had some practice in drawing his sheep. It shows at any rate all Giotto's sincerity, his brief presentment, in the simplest natural guise, of things that are revered, and that hold in their portrayal the stir of the spirit. Then, in order to give to readers here not only the choicest examples, but a fairly representative gathering of the Rispetti and Stornelli of Tuscany, I have put into the First Appendix a large number of the more prosaic songs, amongst them many that illustrate life and customs in mountain districts and villages, that describe the annoyances of gossip, and that show the Tuscan faculty of ridicule. With these rhymes of everyday plainness, I have joined certain fantastic inventions that seem to go back—like many of the Folk Songs, especially those of the Southern

coasts—to the terror of the Turks, but that often really make use of the far-away land of Turkey only as a setting for the whimsical fancies of the lover. Much in the same way, in numbers of songs, both serious in feeling and slight, experiences are relegated to "the middle of the sea." In the serious songs this use of the formula of the sea suggests a delicate disparting of the experience from the individual singer: the song is not "It happened, or I fear it might happen, to me or to you," but "I saw a certain thing, or scene (of symbolic interpretation), in the middle of the sea." A long and curious list might be made of the miscellaneous objects, and even persons, seen in the middle of the sea. Other formulæ of frequent use are the "building of a palace," which Rubieri explains as the making of a resolve; the "tree laden with beauties" (it may be, in Sicilian songs especially, with precious stones); the "column" (the beloved one who is a support to the heart or soul); the cultivation or the transplanting of a flower. In the Second Appendix are a few little songs of various forms.

There seemed to be no need (as certainly there is no room) to give the Italian of these little rhymes of the Appendices: the translations are as literal as I am able to make them. In the translation of Folk Song, fortunately, twisting about of words in a clause, colloquial elisions, stilted enclitics, are no great crime: the one thing that one wants to avoid is the addition of ideas; the addition of an adverb to a verb would often seem to spoil that spareness of words which is felt in the Folk Songs, even in those of most highly-wrought fancy and language. Where rhyme or rhythm does require the addition of words of any really new significance, one has to try not to say anything, at any rate, that the singer might not conceivably have said, to draw rather from phrases used in other examples. Yet I have to confess that in the case of the *Stornelli* flower-invocations I have always seized upon any words that I could think of to get the starting-rhyme-word in the first line. For English flower-names do not, as a rule, lend themselves to starting off *stornelli: Fior di viole* is melody, and opens the way for the assonance of *amore*, but what is one to do with "Flower of the stock"? "Gillyflower" is better, and one must scramble it in, with something before or after, and never mind about music. Sometimes, indeed, the blame must be put on the original singers when not only beauty but sense is lacking in these invocations. For with these rapid rhymsters it is no matter of conscience that the "flower" should have a place in nature. *Fiore del sale* begins a stornello, musically enough, but with no sense at all, and the translator has to follow unabashed with "Flower of the salt"—from which even the music has slipped off. Indeed, I think

that the Stornelli, in all their three kinds, are apt in English to be very tiresome when many are put together; yet they have to be given, and with some suggestion of their abundance, amongst the songs of Village Life. A few of those in the other parts of the book seem to be very beautiful and wonderful in that force of concentrated emotion which is contained in their three lines.

In arranging poems that are so brief as the rispetti and stornelli, so various, also, in mood and character, it is not very easy to avoid incongruity and shock. In the later Italian collections the songs are often arranged in sections according to subject: songs of first meeting, of admiration and love, of absence and return, of forsaking, reproach, sorrow, reconciliation. This arrangement takes the place of an index; there could not well be an index of first lines for such numbers of little verses—Tigri's first and smallest edition has of Rispetti of all kinds one thousand and eighty-nine, and of Stornelli four hundred and sixty-five. Still, though the subjects, the phases of experiences, be put in this way together, the moods, the ways of taking experiences, are so various that a foreigner, reading for enjoyment rather than study, may sometimes feel rather tossed about and fatigued even by taking, say, all the songs of parting consecutively. Therefore, though this division into sections according to subject is undoubtedly the best for an Italian collection, my own desire when arranging these songs for another country has been to have them as far as possible on a peaceful page—a page, as it were, of harmonious colour. So choosing, in the first place, those songs that have most of the beauty of "*gentilezza*"—of courteous sweetness—I have set them together in loosely-formed groups, that may be fancied as centering round the two names that appear amongst them, *Armanda* and *Donato*. In this First Series, songs of the earliest vision, and greetings, and promisings of love, lead on to the peaceful sorrow of that parting which must come every year to the dwellers on the mountains, and to the happy return in May. Then come the arisings of doubt that are caused by the lover's neglect, and his departure without farewell, and his forgetfully silent absence. But the woman, left in the dark places of sorrow, even in her anger loves and prays, and by-and-bye her penitent, awaking to his true "Hope," comes back to be "again received into her grace" with those tenderly-forgiving and courteous and still reverential greetings that come from her gentle heart. Later comes a parting that has this time nothing of bitterness, but has something of the fear of death in the long absence that must be. And lastly, after the meeting again, there are songs of love from the two that are one in heart—songs of that which

cannot be said: songs of the Dove, and of the Mountain Height, with its snow of death, and its sky of life immortal.

The Second Series is made up of poems that might centre round the mentioned names of *Clorinda*, of the faithless wooer *Ferdinando* and of "*the Gentle Domenico*," who might represent the friend of childhood, silent and unrecognised during a temporary infatuation, afterwards adored with a faithful fervour in return for his chivalrous and steady love. I hope that this playing with the Folk Songs will not interfere at all with the appreciation of their real value as isolated utterances of the experience of many human hearts, in many places, through many centuries.

Pulchritudo cantus in pausis consistit: The beauty of song is in its silences. These songs were never meant for reading at all: they should be heard arising at intervals as they are heard on the mountains, two or three at a time. Something of the same uncrowded naturalness remains about them in Francesca Alexander's *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, where they are found amongst many pictures and stories of the mountain people, and exquisite drawings of the mountain flowers, the songs themselves seeming much like half-hidden flowers springing here and there in a wood. I too have been up in the Pistoian Mountains, though only for a few days long ago, and I have remembrance of the clear sweet voices of girls singing a little way off as they worked through the long summer day. All around were mountains and forests, and the place made one think of some parts of our Highlands of Scotland, only from wood to wood on either hand, across the clearances—some of them purple and white and many-coloured with tall meadow flowers, and one a great blue lake of forget-me-nots—the nightingale's song was poured forth as I walked up the forest path in the evening, and saw the sun-set, red through the pines above. I wished at the time that I could have taken down one wandering little Rispetto melody that seemed to be always chiming about the hamlet.

To l'Abetone I had come from a day's pilgrimage, as it were, at Cutigliano, seven miles lower down amongst the chestnut covered-hills. For there I had gone to see a very lovely kind of saint whose story I had read in *Christ's Folk in the Apennine*—the story of "The Peace of Polissena." In the early evening I had gone down to the cottage by the roadside where she lived with her mother, and had been directed to an *orto*, or garden of fruit-trees, vegetables and flowers where she was working. When I reached the little gate, Polissena, with a kerchief of white silk on her head, was opening

it, having finished her work for the day. She looked very like her friend's pen-and-ink portrait of her, so fine in its subtlety of expression and a kind of general stateliness of bearing, as she stands with her bundle of sticks against the wall of the road through the mountains. She was now, it might be, about thirty, but young-looking, slender and graceful. Rather fair and white, her face was finely moulded, and was full of sweetness and calm; her smiling grey-blue eyes made one remember those "two heavens" of her experience and hope. Radiant at seeing a friend come straight from "la Signorina Francesca," she took me back to her cottage, and, as I could not wait for the offered hospitality, after gathering flowers from her own beloved little steep garden behind, she walked up with me to the Inn of *Il Cappel d' Orlando*, in the piazza of the village. Polissena, as her "Story" tells, had had her right hand frightfully burnt in her infancy, but she had worked from her childhood, going to the woods with her brothers to gather weeds for their father's horses and sticks for the house, and afterwards helping her father in the management of the horses that he kept for the last steep seven miles pull of the vehicles passing through Cutigliano to l'Abetone. As we walked together I noticed not only her grace of motion, but the refinement of tact with which, while her left hand was freely used in gestures and caresses, the injured one was kept out of sight. On hearing that I was alone she expressed some compassion, but quoted the saying that, as I knew from her "Story," she took as a Gospel text: "*Male non fare—paure non avere:*" "Do no evil—have no dread." In reference to something that must have opened the way, she gave her quiet testimony to the help of God, and then passed in a moment from the brief words of that hidden Presence and peace to the beauty of the late June evening, with the fire-flies flitting about in the darkening air: "We are having quite an illumination to-night!" Indeed, perhaps the light and grace of the fire-flies showed something akin to her own sweet spirit "softly shining": at any rate, she made a lovelier illumination of the darkness for sight and memory. A few years afterwards I heard that Polissena had left her earthly "heaven," with its poverty, its hard and wholesome labours, its loving, dutiful cares for the old, its experience of Divine upholding and of human friendship, its trials and peace. After three days of illness she had passed amongst those whose memory continues, from that "other heaven" of her faith, the revelation of their lives. And I should like to put here, with the lovers' poems of her mountains, the name of Polissena, who never might be for that love of theirs herself.[1]

[1] See *Christ's Folk in the Apennine: Reminiscences of her Friends among the Tuscan Peasantry*, by Francesca Alexander (London: George Allen, ed. of 1901).

INTRODUCTION

A post-carriage drive from Cutigliano brought me up and up the steep road, with its streams of forget-me-nots on either hand, till the pine-forests of Boscolungo were reached and the hamlet of l'Abetone ("The Great Fir Tree"). There I found myself among the real mountains: "Monte Cimone," remembered from Florence, with its serrated snowy peaks against the red and gold of the sunset skies in Spring; the double uplifted expanses of *Libro Aperto*—"The Open Book," the flowery slopes of the "Prateria," that meadowy mountain where on the 2nd of July I crossed a little stream that was still in ice.

At l'Abetone I made the acquaintance of other friends of Miss Alexander's, and was for her sake received with enthusiasm. One would introduce another as one of the characters in the *Roadside Songs* for which they had been drawn: "this is San Cristeforo," "this is 'La Samaritana.'" I found, too, that I was regarded with special favour as coming from "Scozia," the native land of their great San Pellegrino, and I did not at the time realise that I ought to have given the credit of him to that early "Scotia" that was the "Isle of Saints." On Sunday, when I came out from early Mass, I found gathered in the Court of the Church the young men of the neighbourhood, carrying musical instruments. They were about to set forth on the customary round of singing and playing to "bring in the May" (though it was really July). Then the kind Gigia, a matron who had charged herself specially with my entertainment, suggested that in the afternoon she should take me within sight of the place where Beatrice had lived. As we walked there she told me how in the years when "La Signorina" used to spend her summers among them one of the women used to tell her Fairy Tales. So I persuaded Gigia to tell *me* a Fairy Tale, though she modestly protested that she did not know the right words so well as that other teller did. By these she meant the traditional formulæ that should be introduced at the different points; and if Gigia was not so sure of them as her neighbour, she yet seemed very scrupulous about her phrases: "Conceive to yourself," "and she walked and walked," *e camminava e camminava*, a phrase to indicate the progression of time (not merely the actual progress over ground like that of our old northern tale of the "tod"—the fox—"and he gangs a bittie, and he gangs a bittie"); "But now let us return to the Queen," "but now let us return to the children." It was a tale that had evidently come from the *Arabian Nights*, though the Eastern Genius had turned into a hermit. I found that my reading of the Folk Songs was of help in following her language, for Gigia used various old forms, such as *enn' iti* for *sono andati*. On our return to the high road from the view-point

for Pian degli Ontani we made a call at the house of Beatrice's son, Bernardo the mason—a fine-looking man ("Saint Christopher" in the book), and himself a poet. He sang to us a ballad of San Pellegrino: but I hardly think that it can have been the *ottava* referred to already, for after every verse was a refrain that began: *Di Scozia son tornato*. His wife was there, Filomena; and their young married daughter, Ernestina, sang with a lovely voice some of the Rispetti. She told me that the cutting of wood was the chief work of the place besides the paper-mill; also that in winter the snow had to be piled high on each side of the driving road. "But we have good air and good water," she said, "and that is the great thing." The cheerful beauty of her face reminded me of Wordsworth's lines "To a Highland Girl":

> "Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
> The freedom of a Mountaineer."

Next morning I met her very early, with her little girl, and watched her as she cut the brilliant high-flowering meadows beyond a wood. And then, beginning my Northern journey, I set out for the village of Fiumalbo, calling on the way, just beyond the frontier, at the house of "La Lombarda," as the people of l'Abetone, a few yards away, nicknamed the good woman, regarding her as more or less a foreigner. She presented me with a little distaff-shield of bright-coloured Japanese-looking satiny straw, bought, she said, from a "frate" of some mountain monastery. This, with distaff and spindle from one of the contadine near Florence, has been used for my book in the picture of the spinner. Then came the coach, like a great old-fashioned carriage, and the long drive in the company of a peasant widow along the splendid "Grand Ducal" Road, down and down through the brief night darkness and the grey dawn and the early hours of the morning, to the town of Modena, where my peasant widow would find, no doubt, a place for herself and her basket amongst the brilliant umbrellas of the Market Square.

Further, I would ask the kind reader to take the two portraits in this book not only as portraits, but as illustrating besides what I have tried to express about Tuscan qualities. Holman Hunt's "Straw-Plaiter" of Fiesole shows the very young girl—a face full of candour and sweetness and strength, the look of a soul that will have love and sorrow, hands that will do their work all the while. I wish that I could also give the likeness of a child about eight years old whom I remember from the early days of

my first time in Italy: a little slender maid, with uncovered head and two long plaits of nut-brown hair. I had asked her the way to a street not very far off—the Florentine Via Santa Reparata—partly, perhaps, for the pleasure of speaking to her. She looked up with the most lovely grace, demure and gentle, as of one both innocent and wise, and in her clear little voice made gravely courteous excuse for her inability to direct me, using a phrase that has remained in memory all those years, and that somehow, with the speaker, seems to me to hold an essential charm of Tuscany: "*Io non son practica in queste Vie*"—nor very much "practised" in any of the "ways" of this world, one felt.

And then for an example of the finest of this Tuscan type in old age I set here the face of "Edwige." One of her grandchildren gave me the little photograph long ago; it had been taken ten years earlier, and I thought how much more beautiful Edwige had become in her later days, with her silver hair and a look of delicate light in her face. Still it was very like her. I had known Edwige through her "Story" in the *Roadside Songs* and the pictures where she comes in: but I saw her first as she sat with her mistress and friend in the little studio with its garden on the roof, close by Santa Maria Novella. And after that I came to know her well, for there in those pleasant hours while "the knitting for the orphans" might be going on, there was welcome for every friend, and many would come and stay for a while—peasants from the mountains, poor people of Florence, and others of every rank from all places: we came for pleasure and for help, and those who sought comfort found it. One day, while I was waiting for her mistress to come upstairs, Edwige repeated to me the Rispetto about the "tiresome little tree" as one that she had learnt as a little girl in her village, Pian dei Giullari some miles out of Florence. I give it in this book (XXXIII, p. 23) as I took it down from her, though Tigri's version differs from it slightly. The playful ill wishes to the planter of the tree came with a charm of sweet and humorous petulance from the old saint of the kindly, experienced, dignified countenance, whose eyes seemed full of Gospel benediction—looking on you with a sort of tender shining as if you were a child, whose hands were so ready with welcome and caress, whose voice with its mellow notes was so gentle in "cara" or "poverino" for all who came to that upper room of many remembrances and many flowers (pink-tipped daisies from the common grass, garlands of wild asparagus from the hills), that little room of friendship and mirth and service. There too I received from my hostess that other Rispetto about "the little mountain flower" (VI, p. 6), which she has allowed me to copy for this volume from

the manuscript-book where she inscribed it for me. I have not seen it in any of the collections, but Miss Alexander learnt it from Beatrice at l'Abetone; and I have heard that it is sung there still. I fancy that that was one of the first of the Rispetti that I turned into English, for it was through the lovely translations of my friend that I first came to care about these little poems and to try to follow her in that one part of her work; and now, when I am making a book of these many pages of Tuscan songs, I should like to thank her for setting me on such a pleasant path.

Some time, perhaps, I may put together into another volume the rest of the translations that I have made from Italian Folk Songs with more than I have already finished. Indeed it was with the view of having a second volume that it has seemed necessary to make the historical parts of this Introduction so long: for to treat of the dia'ect songs in a general way along with the Songs of Tuscany is more convenient than to recur to these subjects another time.

Tuscany would then be left behind, and we should go through the ways beyond—all over Italy, gathering up a few of the lovely things in the various regions. Not very many of the love-songs, I think: perhaps chiefly sacred legends and stories of all kinds in verse, and religious folk songs and some *Laudi Spirituali* also. Still there would have to be some of the songs of *Amore*, a few from each part, and several from those parts where they differ most from those of Tuscany, the songs of Friuli in the far North, and of Sardinia in the extreme South.

For it would be a joy to go to Friuli, where the little songs come like mountain torrents, tumbling down bright and clear and quick, with deep brown pools now and then; and there it is to the snowy peaks and the stars and the skies that the lover brings his song of exultation, hardly noticing the flowers at his feet:

No flowers, no roses are there
Like to my only dear:
She shows that star of splendour
That shines when heaven is clear.

So he sings:

"Oh montagnis, ribassâisi,
E vò stelis, fait splendôr,
Tant ch' i dêti un' ochadine
Là ch' a l' è il mio prim amôr!"[1]

[1] From *Fiorita di Canti Tradizionali del Popolo Italiano*, by E. Levi (Firenze: R. Bemporad & Figlio, 1895).

O ye mountains, toss your summits,
And ye stars make splendour above,
For to-day a glance she gave me—
She who is my First-Love,

Sometimes, too, these little songs take flights such as this:

"Se lis stellis fossin bassis
Che podessin favellâ
Dizaressin robis biellis
Che nissun anciemô sâ!"[1]

If the stars were down amongst us
And able to murmur low,
Of beautiful things they would tell us
That nobody yet doth know.

Then we might pass through wide Venetia, hearing wafts of song from Istria and Dalmatia too, gathering *vilote*, a-sparkle as with the morning sun on the sea, though some have a more tender sweetness, like this one:

"Anema mia, quando sarèmo a lai,
Streti se ciaperèmo a brazzacòlo.
Discoreremo d' i tempi passai,
Anema mia, quando saremo a lai."[2]

Sweet soul, when we are side by side at last,
Our arms around each other we shall fold.
Then we shall talk of all the time that's passed,
Sweet soul, when we are side by side at last.

Through Emilia and Romagna we should go, and there the songs seem to lead through a country white and pink with apple-blossom:

"Flower of white apple tree.
Seen by that door a-while
Thou seemst a saint to me.
Thou'st eyes that hold thy smile,
A mouth that sings for thee:
How fair a flower hath this white apple tree."

[1] From *Fiorita di Canti Tradizionali del Popolo Italiano*, by E. Levi. [2] *Fiorita*.

Then away and away by plain and shore to the gentle hills of Umbria, and on through Rome to the fires and marbles of the Southern Regions, where the Sacred Stories and Lullabies that comfort the mothers and the children have greater beauty than the ardent songs of the lovers. But how is it that Apulia has such exquisite poems?—poems that are full of partings and of faithfulness:

> "If death should come whilst thou art still away,
> My soul to God, my heart to thee I send."—

poems that set before us all the circumstance of death, like this one of "Not Alone":

> "Ah, how that lovely form its look hath lost!
> The face is wasted, and the brow is wet;
> Her tresses dark lie o'er the pillow tost,
> Between her hands a branch of palm is set.
> I saw her lying in a garment white,
> A crown of roses crowned her very fair.
> —'Dear love, where wouldst thou go thus robed to-night?
> Dear love, where wouldst thou thus adorned repair?'
> —'I go that in the tomb I may be laid,
> The tomb that's built with many a tear and sigh.'
> —'Hush, my Beloved, be not thou afraid:
> There shall my heart still keep thee company.'"

There is surely something about this other of *Lucy's Tryst* that is more like a folk song as we of the North might expect it to be than are most of these Italian songs:

> "At midnight the maiden slept peacefully,
> At midnight she heard the bell's slow sound;
> Her mother was saying the Rosary.
> —'Mother, why thus the bell do they sound?'
> —'The bell, my daughter, it cannot be,
> It is but the sough of the northern wind.' . . . .
> Fair Lucy awoke with clear dawn in the sky
> And heard a singing the house-door behind,
> —Her mother was saying the Rosary,—
> There the procession to pass was alligned. . . .

When Lucy leaned by the window to see,
She saw him pass, dead, her lover kind :
—'Thou leavest thy love but till Ave-marie :
For me at that Threshold thou'lt waiting find.' "

Last of all we must go to the Islands—along by those Sicilian shores where amid the swaying of the irresponsible sea the Song of the Sirens of Nature's brood is cast on the wave; where also, in the builded boat with the little human company, is Orpheus raising on high his sweeter song of the soul.

Passing through Corsica, with its scent of wild upland pastures and its songs of Mother-sorrow and Mother-gladness, its Laments and its Lullabies, we would end in Sardinia, where by dreaming seas we may listen to the Dove of the Golden Cliffs, and entering inwards to the heart of the quiet land, may find those songs that seem woven of rainbows, interwoven of roses and pearls. Here is one :

" Una cámpana lena
App' intesu toccare;
Su sonu mind' ischida.
Una cámpana lena.
Su tou faeddare
Mi sana sar feridas,
M' illebia sas penas."[1]

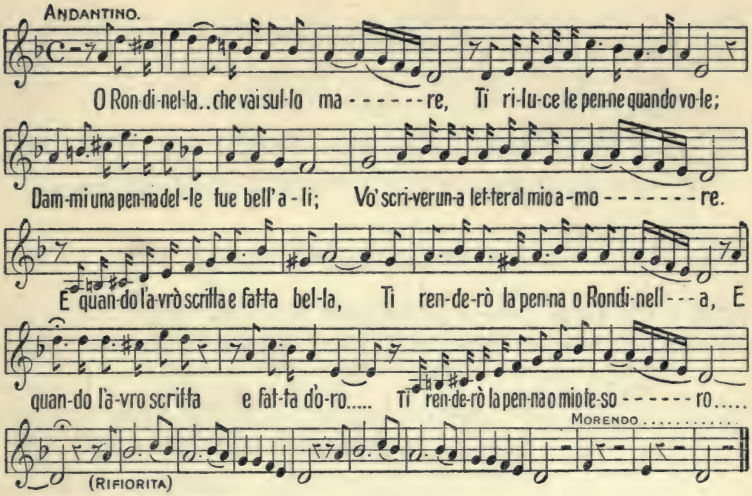
A bell of softest pealing,
It bids my heart rejoice;
From darkness it doth waken.
A bell of softest pealing,
Belovëd, 'tis thy voice :
My pain away is taken,
My wound 'tis healing.

Others, the loveliest, I could not wait for : I felt constrained to set them in this book, improvident for the future.

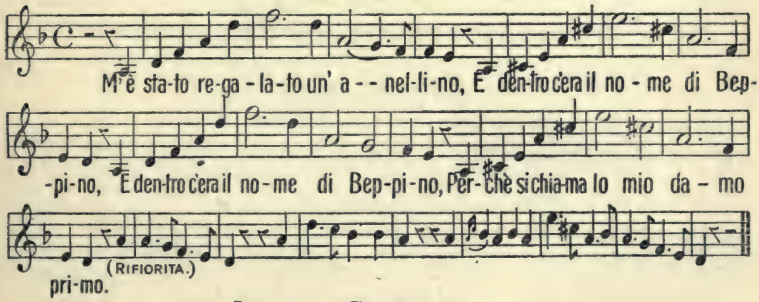
But now we are still in Tuscany, amongst the springing flowers of its meadows and mountains; so, reader, let us listen for awhile, if you will, to its gentle and homely Song.

[1] *Fiorita.* (See Appendix III on Sardinian Repetition).

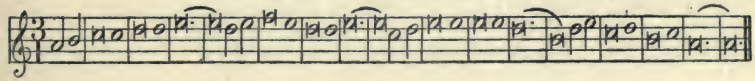
Rispetto Toscano.



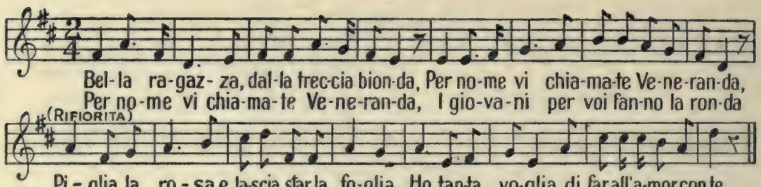
Stornello Toscano.



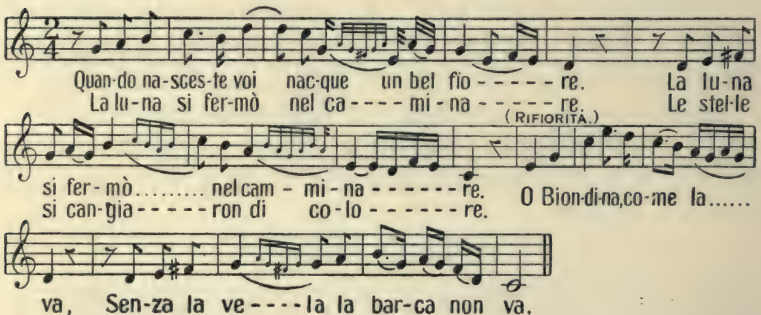
Laude Spirituale.



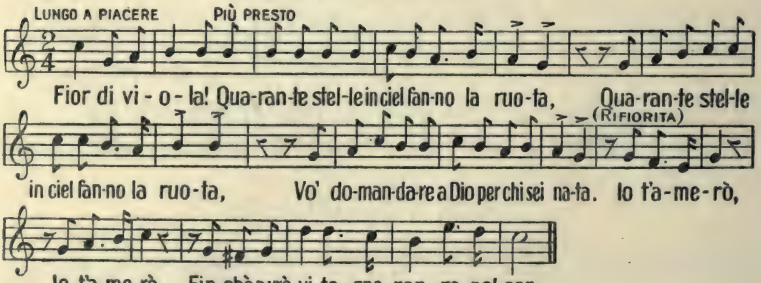
STORNELLO.



STORNELLO ALLA PISANA.



STORNELLO.



SERIE PRIMA

LA VIA DEL MONTE

(RISPETTI E STORNELLI DEL
DAMO E DELLA DAMA)

FIRST SERIES

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

(LITTLE RESPECTFUL SONGS OF THE
LOVER AND THE MAID)

SURGE PROPERA AMICA MEA, COLUMBA MEA, FORMOSA MEA, ET VENI.
IAM ENIM HIEMS TRANSIIT, IMBER ABIIT ET RECESSIT,
FLORES APPARUERUNT IN TERRA NOSTRA, TEMPUS PUTATIONIS ADVENIT:
SURGE AMICA MEA, SPECIOSA MEA, ET VENI.

PRELUDIO

Un garofano ho visto da una banda,
Dall' altra parte un generoso fiore;
E passa il vostro amore, e mi domanda:
Chi ha donato a voi questo bel fiore?
Rispondo: è nato nel giardin dell' alma,
Dove si leva la spera del sole:
Dove si leva e dove si riposa;
Voltati verso me, candida rosa:
Dove si leva e dove si ripone;
Voltati verso me, candido fiore.

THE VIRTUE WHEREBY LOVE SPRINGETH

I saw a clove-pink on one plot of ground,
The facing part a glorious flower did bear:
And thy love asketh of me, passing round:
Who unto thee hath given this flower so fair?
And I: *In garden of the soul 'twas found,*
For that the Sun's sweet Radiance riseth there.
There doth his Radiance rise, and there repose:
—Turn thee to me, thou white and wondrous rose!
There doth it rise at morn, repose at night:
—Turn thee to me, thou flower of wonder white!

LA VIA DEL MONTE

I

IL DAMO CANTA

Quando ti vidi in quel poggio apparire,
Mi parve ch' apparisse primavera;
E con le gente tua per discorrire
Con un bel modo e una bella maniera.
Ed un bel modo e una maniera avete,
Padrona del mio cuor sempre sarete:
Ed un bel modo e una maniera hai,
Padrona del mio cuor sempre sarai.

II

Fiore di felce.
Dove passate voi l' erba ci nasce,
E nel mese di maggio ci fiorisce.[1]

[1] Petrarca: "Ed uno, al cui passar l' erba fioriva;—
Quest' è quel Marco Tullio . . ." (*Il Trionfo della Fama.*)

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

OF THE FIRST VISION

HE SINGS:

When o'er that hillside first I saw thee walk,
It seemed to me 'twas Spring appearing there;
And as with thy house-folk thou heldest talk,
A lovely way was shown, a manner fair.
A lovely way, a manner sweet is thine:
Thou shalt be lady of this heart of mine:
A lovely way is thine, a gracious art,
Thou shalt be ever lady of my heart.

WHERE SHE PASSES

Flower of the fern.
Where'er thou goest by, the grass is born,
And lieth all a-bloom in May's return.

III

Pigliate l' acqua santa, e vi segnate,
E in quella bianca fronte la spargete.
Fate l' inchino e poi v' inginnocchiate:
Un angiolo del Cielo voi parete.
Oh Dio! che bella grazia ch' è la vostra!
Vi ride gli occhi avanti della bocca;
Oh Dio! che bella grazia che vo' avete!
Vi ride gli occhi e non ve ne avvedete.

IV

O gentilina, gentilina tutta,
Garofanate son vostre parole;
E l' alito che v' esce dalla bocca
Odora più che un mazzo di viole.
Odora più d' un mandorlo e d' un pino
La bella bocca e il bel parlare divino:
Odora più d' un mandorlo e d' un pesco
La bella bocca e il bel parlare onesto:
Odora più d' un mandorlo e d' un fiore
La bella bocca e il bel parlar d' amore.

V

Cittina bella, dalla treccia d' oro,
E' vi ci casca la manna su dal Cielo,
E dentro vi ci canta il rosignolo.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

SHE ENTERS THE CHURCH

Thou takest Holy Water at the wall,
And signest thee, and sprinklest that pure brow.
The reverence made, thou kneelest with them all:
An angel come from Heaven, so seemest thou.
Ah love! how fair doth show this grace of thine!
With smiles that seek thy mouth thy sweet eyes shine;
Ah love! how is this grace of thine most fair!
Thy sweet eyes smile, and thou art unaware.

CLOVE-SCENTED WORDS

O thou of gentleness, most gentle all,
Thy words the clove-pink with aroma dowers.
Also the breath that from thy lips doth fall
Hath fragrance more than gathered gillyflowers.
Hath fragrance more than almond-tree or pine
The lovely mouth, the noble speech divine:
Hath fragrance more than almond-tree or peach
The lovely mouth, the gracious, candid speech:
Hath fragrance more than almond-tree or rose
The lovely mouth, the speech that love bestows.

IN WOODLANDS WITHIN

Sweet maiden of the golden tresses-veil,
For thee the manna still from Heaven doth fall,
For thee within doth sing the nightingale.

VI

Voi siete quel fiorin che fa sull' alpe,
Dove l' aria produce tante stelle!
Voi siete nata tra le rose bianche,
E ricamata tra l' oro e le perle.
Voi siete nata di gentil lavoro,
Fatta di perle, ricamata d' oro.
E di gentil lavoro siete nata,
Fatta di perle, d' oro ricamata.

VII

E sono stato su nell' alto cielo
Dove si legge la sagra scrittura;
E l' ho sentuto spiegare il vangelo
Quando nascesti, nobil creatura.
Quando nascesti, era fiorito il fieno;
Bella, se' nata colle rose in seno.
Quando nascesti, era fiorito il grano;
Bella, se' nata colle rose in mano.

VIII

Voglio piantar nel mezzo d' una via
Un albero fiorito a gigli d' oro.
La vostra grazia consuma la mia;
Vostre bellezze son cagion ch' io moro.
Teste bellezze e testo bianco velo:
Parete un giglio colto, e porto in cielo.
Teste bellezze, e testo bianco volto:
Parete un giglio, in paradiso colto.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

A FLOWER OF THE MOUNTAINS

You are that little flower of alpine snows
Where mountain air brings forth so many a star!
You had your birth where springeth the white rose,
And you with gold and pearls embroidered are.
You have been fashioned fair by handwork fine,
With ground of pearls and gold-enwrought design.
And you of precious workmanship are made,
With gold embroidered, and with pearls inlaid.

THE DAY OF HER BIRTH

And up in Heaven I then myself did find,
Where duly is the Sacred Scripture read;
When thou wast born, O maid of noble mind,
I heard the Gospel clear-interpreted.
When thou wast born, the meadow was in flower:
Of roses in thy hand thou broughtest dower.
When thou wast born, the flower was on the wheat:
With roses in thy hand thou camest, Sweet.

A LILY OF PARADISE

'Midst of a little path I'd plant some day
A tree in flower with lilies all of gold.
Your grace, sweet maid, consumeth mine away;
Your loveliness doth make me die, behold!
Your loveliness and this white veil that gleameth,
A lily plucked and borne in Heaven it seemeth.
Your loveliness, this forehead white likewise,—
You seem a lily plucked in Paradise.

IX

Ho visto una finestra sopra un tetto:
C' era la bella, e non s' appalesava;
In mano aveva un bianco fazzoletto,
Colle sue proprie man lo ricamava.
Oh quanto m' è garbato quel lavoro,
Fatto d' argento e ricamato d' oro!
Oh quanto quel lavoro m' è garbato,
Fatto d' argento e d' oro ricamato!

X

Quella finestra fatta a colonnello,
Quanti sospiri mi ha fatto gettare!
Tu m' hai ferito il cor con un coltello;
Non trovo chi mi voglia medicare.
Il medico m' ha messa a un tal partito,
Che m' abbia a medicar chi m' ha ferito.

XI

Per la tua preziosa e bianca mano,
Per codesti capelli, e bianca faccia,
Le chiavi del mio cor t' ho date in mano.
Son senza cuore, e come vuoi che faccia?
Com' vuoi che faccia, che son senza cuore?
Basta che l' abbia chi bene mi vuole.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

HER EMBROIDERY

A window high upon a roof I've seen:
There, showing not herself, the Fair did sit;
She held a kerchief white of lovely sheen,
And with her little hands embroidered it.
Ah! how enchanting I that work have found:
—Of silver made, with gold embroidered round!
Ah! how enchanting is that work to me:
—Of silver made, with gold embroidery.

A PILLARED WINDOW

That window framed with pillars fair by art,
From me how many a sigh it draws each day!
For thou hast wounded with thy knife my heart,
And none I find who there a salve will lay.
Left by the surgeon in such case I'm found
That she must cure me who has caused my wound.

IN WARD

Maid, for thy lily-white and precious hand,
For these thy locks, this face so fair of hue,
I've given thee o'er my heart-keys to command,
I have no heart,—how think'st thou I shall do?—
How shall I do in whom no heart doth dwell?—
Enough if one who loves me keep it well.

XII

Tu che canti pel fresco, o mio augelletto,
Il giorno non ti sento mai cantare;
Se ti potessi chiappare all' archetto,
Il tuo bel canto lo vorre' imparare!
Il tuo bel canto e le tue belle rime:
Mandi la voce tua sopra le cime;
Il tuo bel canto e le tue rime belle:
Mandi la voce tua sopra le stelle!

XIII

La casa del mio amore è in un bel piano.
Petto alla mia lei pare un giardino.
Dinanzi all' uscio ci ha un melograno,
Sulla finestra ci ha un gelsumino.
Piglia quel gelsumin, mettilo al fresco,
Canta pur su, che ti rispondo a questo.
Piglia quel gelsumin, mettilo al sole,
Canta pur su, che ti rispondo, amore.

XIV

Io benedisco la mano al maestro
Che m' ha fatto la casa in sulla via;
E la finestra me l' ha fatta bassa,
Per veder l' amor mio quando ci passa.
E se sapessi quando ci ha a passare,
La mia finestra la vorre' inorare;
E se sapessi quando ci ha a venire,
La mia finestra la vorrei fiorire.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

HE SINGS OF HER SONG AND HER SILENCE

My little bird that in the morn dost sing,
I never hear thee singing all day long;
If in my cords I could but catch thy wing,
Then I would seek to learn thy lovely song!
Thy lovely song, thy rhymes so sweet that go:
Thy voice thou sendest o'er the heights of snow;
Thy lovely song and thy sweet rhymes of love:
Thy voice thou sendest o'er the stars above.

HER HOUSE

My lady's house lies fair on meadows low,
It seems a garden when compared with mine.
Facing the door a pomegranate doth grow,
And on the window is a jasmine fine.
Sweet, take that jasmine, set it in the air,
Send up thy song, the answer mine shall bear.
Sweet, take that jasmine, set it in the sun:
Sing, and I'll answer when thy song is done.

THE MASTER BUILDER

I bless the builder's hand that long ago
Was wise to build my house the road so nigh;
And he has made for me the window low,
That I may see my love when he goes by.
And if I knew the hour at eve or morn
When he should pass, the window I'd adorn:
And if I knew when he'd be passing there,
My window then I'd make to blossom fair.

XV

Giovanettino, avete il cuor begnino,
E pieno siete di benignitane:
. . . . . .[1]
Il cuor l' avete pieno di pietane.
L' avete una pietà che l' è la vostra:
Vi ride prima gli occhi che la bocca;[2]
L' avete una bontà che vostra l' ene:
Gli occhi e la bocca vi ridono insieme.

XVI

L' avete un viso che parete un maggio,
Questi du' occhi due candele accese.
Delle bellezze n'avete un passaggio,
E vi si può dir bello, perchè il siete.
E vi si può dir bello e poi bellino,
Basilico Spagnuol di quel piccino.
E vi si puole dir bellino e bello,
Basilico Spagnuol di quel morello.
Vi si può dir bellino perchè sete,
Basilico Spagnuol di quel Senese.

XVII

Quando nasceste voi, nacque un giardino:
L' odore si sentiva di lontano;
La rosa s' accostava al gelsomino;
Venían gli altri fiori a mano a mano

[1] The translator has inserted a line for the line forgotten by the reciter.

[2] "Che 'l dolce Amor, che ne' suoi occhi ride" (*Cino da Pistoia.*)

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

A TUSCAN LAD

Dear lad, your heart is open, friendly, kind,
And you are full of happy sympathy:
[With you it is as if the sunlight shined,]
Your heart is full of home and piety.
You have a blithesome goodness all your own:
Your eyes have smiles ere smiles your mouth
hath shown:
You have a kindness all in your sweet way:
Your smiles in eyes and mouth together play.

HIS FACE LIKE THE MONTH OF MAY

A face you have that makes you seem a May,
These eyes of yours seem candles shining far.
Beauties you have to last the longest way,
And one may call you lovely, for you are.
And one may call you lovely, sweet likewise,
The Spanish basil of that smallest size.
And one may call you lovely, charming too,
The Spanish basil that is dark of hue;
May call you lovely, sweet, for you are these:
That Spanish basil of the Sienese.

WITH HER CAME FAIREST FLOWERS

When thou wast born a garden did appear:
From far one felt the fragrance as it passed;
The rose unto the jasmine white drew near;
The other flowers came following, first and last.

XVIII

Quando nasceste voi nacque un giardino:
L' odore si sentiva di lontano
Di rose, di viole, e gelsomino.

XIX

La vostra casa odora di moscado;
Manco se fusse una pizzicaria:
Drento c' è un alberino che c' è nato,
Pare venuto di Garofania:
Drento c' è un alburin che la sostene,
È di Garofania venuto e vene

XX

Giovanettino di su' i vent' anni,
Quando ti vedo, mi par nato il sole:
Quando ti metti in que' civili panni,
Credimi, sembri un mazzo di viole:
Un mazzo di viole a ciocchettine:
Il nostro amor non de' più mai finire.

XXI

Guarda che bel vestir che l'è il turchino!
Si vestono di lui l'onde del mare,
E se ne veste il ciel quand' è sereno.

THE FLOWERS SPRANG

A garden blossomed at thy natal hour,
One felt the fragrant perfume from afar
Of rose, of jasmine, and of gillyflower.

"CLOVE-LAND"

Thy house is odorous of the musky fruit,
As 'twere some store with scent of spice that teems:
Within, a little tree hath taken root,—
'Tis hither come from Clove-land, so it seems.
Within, a little tree the house sustains,—
'Tis hither come from Clove-land, and remains.

A POSY OF GILLYFLOWERS

Young lad of twenty years or thereabout,
When thee I meet, 'tis as the first sunbeam:
When thou dost in these dainty clothes go out,
Believe me, thou a bunch of stock dost seem.
A bunch of stock that sweetness forth doth send,
—This love of ours must never have an end.

IN BLUE

O see what beauteous wearing is the blue!
The sea-waves wearing it are wont to go,
And when the sky is clear it wears it too.

XXII

Siete bellina, e il ciel vi benedisce;
Dove passate voi, l' erba ci nasce:
Pare una primavera che fiorisce.

XXIII

Bella c' hai tolte le bellezze al sole,
Hai fatto in terra un nuovo paradiso;
Ed hai tolto alla lune lo splendore,
Agli angeli del ciel l' incanto e 'l riso:
A me m' hai tolto la libertà e 'l core.
Cosi all' altre non posso porre amore.

XXIV

Il giglio v' ha donato la bianchezza,
La rosa v' ha donato il suo colore,
E la viola la sua candidezza,
Il gelsomino lo suo grato odore.
Così son io che v' ho donato il core:
Festeggio quel bel viso pien d' amore.
Così son io che il core v' ho donato:
Vagheggio lo tuo viso delicato.

XXV

Vostre bellezze si fan da' capelli,
E se ne vanno alla pulita fronte.
'Ete un par d' occhi che paion due stelle,
Paiono il sol quando apparisce al monte:
Paiono il sol quando al monte apparisce.
Dove levate il piè, l' erba fiorisce.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

BLESSED AND BLESSING

Thou'rt fair, and Heaven doth bless thee with its grace;
The meadow herb is born where thou dost pass,—
There seems a Spring-time flowering in that place.

CAPTURES

Maid who hast borne his beauties from the Sun,
On earth new Eden thou hast made awhile;
And from the Moon thou hast her splendour won,
And from Heaven's angels caught their charm and smile:
From me thou'st ta'en my liberty and heart.
Therefore thou only my beloved art.

GIFTS

The lily gave its whiteness unto thee,
The rose has given its colour to be thine,
The clove-carnation that high purity,
Its fragrant odour the sweet jessamine.
Thus too am I, who've given to thee my heart:
I celebrate that face where love hath part.
Thus too am I who've given my heart for grace:
I muse, enchanted, on thy lovely face.

WHERE SHE HAS WALKED

Love, from these locks thy beauty first doth gleam,
And thence unto the forehead pure it goes.
Thou hast a pair of eyes two stars that seem,
They seem the sun when o'er the mount he shows:
The sun when o'er the mount he shows in power.
Where thou dost lift thy foot, the grass doth flower.

XXVI

O gentil giovanetta onesta e bella
Quando la lingua sciogli, e il canto spieghi!
E di benignetà siete una perla.

XXVII

E sete una caraffa d' acqua lanfa,
Giovane bella, se vi mantenete.
La vostra bocca quando ride e canta,
(E le piacevolezze che vo' avete!)
La vostra bocca pare una viola
Quando la lingua scioglie la parola:
La vostra bocca una viola pare
Quando la lingua scioglie il bel parlere:
La vostra bocca pare un gelsumino
Quando la lingua scioglie il bel latino.

XXVIII

Mi vedo da man destra una donzella:
Mi par che gioia, rida, canti e balli.
Di latte e sangue è la sua faccia bella,
Vezzi di perle, e fila di coralli.

XXIX

O gentil giovinetta che mi appaghi,
Quando la lingua sciogli e il canto spieghi
Tu di benignità hai gli occhi vaghi!

A PEARL OF KINDNESS

O gentle maid of true and modest heart,
When thou dost loose thy tongue and song dost start,
A pearl of gracious kindliness thou art.

THE CHARM OF HER SPEECH

Orange-flower water, filled in a caraffe,
Fair girl you are, if so you will but stay!
Your little mouth, whene'er you sing and laugh,
(And how enchanting is your every way!)
Your little mouth doth seem a clove-pink sweet
Whene'er the tongue lets forth the word so meet:
Your little mouth as 'twere a clove-pink shows
When forth therefrom the lovely speaking goes:
Your little mouth doth seem a jessamine
Whene'er the tongue lets loose the Latin fine.

A VISION OF JOY

A damsel fair at my right hand I see:
I see her joy and laugh and dance and sing.
Of milk and blood her face of purity,—
Pearl ornaments and corals on a string.

WHEN SHE SINGS

O maid whose grace my spirit satisfies,
Whene'er thy tongue is loosed and song doth rise
Lit with a tender sweetness are thine eyes.

XXX

Se mi credessi lo mio amor sentisse,
Sempre più forte vorrebbi cantare;
Ma la sua casa sta 'n cima di un monte,
E la mia voce non ci può arrivare:
Se ci arrivasse la voce col cuore,
Sare' contento ognun che fa all 'amore:
Se ci arrivasse la voce col fiato,
Sare' contento ognun ch' è 'nnamorato.

XXXI

O colombino in mezzo a un oliveto,
Insegnami la casa del mio amante,
La casa del mio amor ch' è tanto bella,
Che butta giù garofani e cannella.
Garofani e canella giù a buttare,
Ci s' è dipinto l' ago col ditale.
E l' ago col dital ci s' è dipinto:
Bella è la casa, e bello chi sta drento.
E l' ago col dital dipinto ci ha:
Bella è la casa, e più chi drento sta.
Bella è la casa e bello quel contorno,
Belle bellezze di quel viso adorno.

XXXII

Fior di gaggìa.
I figli vonno bene a mamma sua:
Ed io vo' bene alla speranza mia.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

HER HOUSE IS ON THE HEIGHT

If I believed my love could hear me yet,
Then loudly and more loudly I would sing;
But no! her house is on the hill-top set,—
It cannot be my voice so far should ring.
If with the heart, the voice too could be sent,
All who are making love it would content:
If with the heart the breeze could bear the voice,
Then every one in love it would rejoice.

A HOUSE THAT IS FAIR WITH HIS FACE

Dove in that olive-grove, O little dove,
Deign unto me my lover's house to show:
That house so fair that holdeth my sweet love,
Where spice of cinnamon and cloves doth blow.
Where spice of cinnamon and cloves is shed,
Needle with thimble pictured there are read.
Needle with thimble well are pictured there:
Fair is the house, and he within is fair.
Needle with thimble there have pictured been:
Fair is the house, and fairer he within.
Fair is the house and fair its hilly place,—
Fair things all fair from that adornëd face.

CASSIA

Sweet cassia-flower.
The children always love their mother dear:
And I unto my Hope bring love as dower.

XXXIII

M' affaccio alla finestra e vedo fuora,
Vedo la casa del mi' innamorato.
Ma c' è quell' alburin che mi dà noia:
Io maledisco chi ce l' ha piantato.
Quando quell' alburin sarà secco,
Io vedrò l' uscio, la finestra, e 'l tetto:
Quando quell' alburin sarà seccato,
Io vedrò la casa del mi' innamorato.

XXXIV

Tutte le cose si potessen fare,
Quelle che passan fra la fantasia,
Le case si potessen tramutare,
Io volentier tramuterei la mia;
In cima a un' alpe la vorrei portare,
Dove riposa la Speranza mia:
Dove riposa la Speranza e il cuore,
Dove ha la casa lo mio primo amore.

XXXV

Quando sarà sabato sera, quando?
Quando sarà domenica mattina,
Che vedrò l' amor mio spasseggïando,
Che vedrò quella faccia pellegrina,
Che vedrò quel bel volto e quel bel viso,
O fior d' arancio côlto in paradiso!
Che vedrò quel bel viso e quel bel volto,
O fior d' arancio in paradiso côlto!

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

THE LITTLE TREE

I lean against the window, look outside,
And see the house where lives my lover dear:
But half, that tiresome little tree doth hide:
I wish no good to him who set it here.
When once that little tree hath dried at Fall,
Then window, door, and roof I'll see them all:
When once that little tree its leaves hath cast,
Then I shall see my lover's house at last.

HE WOULD LIFT HIS HOUSE

If all the things one could in act fulfil—
Those things that through the fancy take their flight—
If houses one could but transport at will,
Then I of mine would gladly change the site:
I'd bear it to the crown of that far hill
Where dwells in peace my Hope, my heart's Delight:
Where dwells my Hope, and where my heart doth roam,
Where, hid from me, my First Love has her home.

THAT COUNTENANCE PURE AND PRECIOUS

Oh night of Saturday, when will it come?
Oh when, oh when, will Sunday morning be?
When I shall see my love the meadows roam,
When I that pilgrim countenance shall see;
When I shall see those sweetest eyes, that face,
—O flower of orange, plucked in heavenly place!
When I shall see that sweetest face, those eyes,
—O flower of orange, plucked in Paradise!

XXXVI

Bianca come la neve di montagna,
Bella quanto desidera il mio core,
Parla la vostra lingua e mai si inganna;
Quanto son dolci le vostre parole!
Quanto son dolci, son potenti e forte!
La vostra crudeltà mi dà la morte:
Quanto son dolci, son potenti e umile!
La vostra crudeltà mi fa morire.

XXXVII

Alberi ecclesi, abeti, alberi, e faggi
In quella valle della Valle Ombrosa,
Dove si leva il sol con quei be' raggi,
Do' dalla spina ci nasce la rosa;
Do' dalla spina ci nasce un bel frutto,
Solo se' te che hai il mio cor distrutto:
Do' dalla spina ci nasce un bel fiore,
Solo se' te che m' hai distrutto il core.

XXXVIII

Finestra che di notte stai serrata,
Il giorno t' apri per farmi morire;
Finestra di garofani adornata,
Dove riposa il suo viso gentile;
Dove riposa il suo visino adorno:
E mi fai consumar la notte e 'l giorno;
Dove riposa il suo viso reale:
E giorno e notte mi fai consumare.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

HER GENTLE RESERVE

As white art thou as are the mountain snows,
As beauteous as my heart could ever seek;
Thy tongue of candour naught deceiving knows;
How sweet are all the words that thou dost speak!
As sweet they are, so are they wise and strong,—
Of thy severity I'll die ere long!
As sweet they are, so are they humble, wise:
Of thy severity thy lover dies!

THE THORN IN HER HEART

Yea, lofty trees, the pine, the beech, behold
In yonder valley of the Vale Ombrose,
Where riseth fair the sun with beams of gold,
Where from the thorn doth spring the tender rose;
Where from the thorn doth spring a fruit of joy,—
'Tis thou alone who dost my heart destroy:
Where from the thorn a lovely flower doth start,—
'Tis thou alone who hast destroyed my heart!

HIS HEART IS CONSUMED

O window that all night dost fastened wait,
At morn to make me die thou dost unclose;
O window that carnations decorate,
Where doth, within, her gentle face repose;
Where doth repose her little face of light:
—Thou dost consume my heart both day and night!
Where doth repose her royal face and free;
—Both day and night thou art consuming me!

XXXIX

Giovin che siete una palma d' argento,
Una spiga di grano lavorato,
Chi fa all' amor con voi, resta contento,
E buon per chi sarà l' innamorato.
E buon per chi sarà quel vero amore:
Chè di bellezza avvantaggiate il sole.
E buon per chi sarà quell' amor vero:
Chè di bellezza avvantaggiate il cielo.

XL

Giovanettin che vesti di turchino,
Consumi lo mio core a poco a poco.
Quando che vedo te, giovanottino,
Degli altri amanti ne curo poco:
Quando che vedo te, chiarito sole,
Gli altri gli amo cogli occhi, e voi col core.

XLI

Sempre voglio amar te, dica chi vuole,
A me mi pare una gloria divina,
A me mi pare un mazzo di viole,
E il Sol quando si leva la mattina.
A me che non mi pare il Sol levato,
S' io non vi vedo là pel vicinato:
A me che non mi par levato il sole,
S' io non vi vedo, speranza d' amore.

THE BEST

Young maid, who as a silver palm dost rise,
Or ear of wheat engraven skilfully,
Who courteth thee doth seek no other prize,—
And well for him who shall the sweetheart be.
And well for him who shall have that true love,
For thou art fairer than the sun above.
And well for him who'll have that love so true:
For thou art fairer than the heaven blue.

HEART'S LOVE HAS COME

Ah, blithesome boy who all in blue art clad,
Thou week by week my heart away dost wear!
When I behold thee, young and gentle lad,
For other wooers little do I care:
When I behold thee, clearly-shining sun,
The rest I love with eyes, with heart this one.

THE CHOICE

Who'er may speak, my heart thou'llt have alway,
To me thou seem'st a glory that's divine;
To me thou seem'st carnations in a spray,
The Sun when he at morn doth rise and shine.
The Sun's not risen! so it seems to me
If thee about those fields I do not see:
To me it seems not risen is the Sun
If thee I see not, love's desired one.

XLII

Giglio fiorito, e giglio da fiorire,
Amala pure la dama che t' ama:
Amala pure, e non la far languire,
Che del tu' cuore ne vuole una rama;
E del tuo cuore ne vuole un bel boccio;
Un dolce riso, e un bel guardo gli è il vostro;
E del tuo cuore ne vuole un bel fiore:
Un dolce riso, un bel guardo d' amore.

XLIII

Che pene e che dolore è un po' la mia,
Aver la lingua e non poter parlare!
Riscontro l' amor mio nella via,
Lo scontro e non lo posso salutare.
Quando lo scontro, abbasso gli occhi a terra:
La lingua tace, e lo mio cor favella.
Quando lo scontro, abbasso gli occhi, amore!
La lingua tace, e parla lo mio core.

XLIV

Il ciel mi concedesse un sol' ora
Che ti potessi una volta parlare!
Ti contarei la pena che m' accora:
Ti farei di proposito mutare.
T' arraccontassi un poco le mi' pene,
Diresti: come fai, caro mio bene?
T' arraccontassi un poco il mi' dolore:
Diresti: come fai, ben del mio core?

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

LILY YET TO FLOWER

O flowering lily, lily yet to flower,
Wilt thou not love thy lady who loves thee?
Love her and bring her solace,—thine the power,—
For from thy heart a stem she fain would see;
And from thy heart a bud she would receive;—
Sweet smile and lovely look thou hast to give;
And from thy heart a beauteous flower she'd wear:
A smile most sweet, a look of love most fair.

SILENCE AND SPEECH

What pain and grief awhile my spirit bears,
To have a tongue whose words may not be told;
I meet my love as down the road he fares,
I pass and still my greeting must withhold.
Mine eyes, whene'er I meet him, seek the ground:
Silent my tongue,—my heart its speech doth sound.
Whene'er we meet, mine eyes the ground must seek:
My tongue is silent, and my heart doth speak.

IF SPEECH WERE GRANTED

If Heaven a single hour would grant my plea;
That I for once some talk with thee might take,
I'd tell thee all the pains that press on me:
And would an offer of exchanging make.
To thee for once my pains I would make known:
Thou'ldst say: How canst thou bear them, O my own?
To thee for once my pains I would impart;
Thou'ldst say: How canst thou bear them, Dearest Heart?

XLV

Fiore di zucca.
Avete nel parlare il miele in bocca,
E i vostri sdegni son olio di Lucca.

XLVI

Che hai, che hai, che stai così sdegnosa?
Non è solito suo di così stare.
Par che t' abbia sognato qualche cosa;
Pare che 'l mondo ti s' abbia a finare.
Par che ti s' abbia a finire lo mondo:
Non più melanconia, visetto adorno.
E par che 'l mondo abbia a venire a fine:
Non più melanconia, visetto umile.[1]

XLVII

Me ne voglio andare a Levantino:
Vo' fa' un viaggio, e non vo' più tornare.
Le genti mi diranno, oh poverino!
Questo gran viaggio chi te lo fa fare?
Me lo fa fare un' amante fedele:
Mi si è adirata, e non mi vuol più bene.

XLVIII

Cupido mio, Cupido marinaro,
Mi preteresti un po' la tua galera?
Ch' io me ne vada a spasso per il mare
A ritrovar la mia dama che era.
E se la trovo, la vo' imprigionare;
Metter li voglio al collo una catena:
Metter li voglio al collo cose belle,
Un giglio, un bel diamante e quattro stelle.

[1] V. No. LXXIV.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

HER REBUKES

Flower of the gourd.
Thy mouth hath honey when it speaks a word,
And thy rebukes are Lucca oil outpoured.

A LITTLE POUTING

What is it then ?—such wrath thou'rt cherishing !—
'Tis not thy wont at all like this to be.
It seems as if thou must have dreamed some thing
As if the world were going to end for thee ;
As if the world's end over thee did loom :
—O little gladsome face, no more of gloom !
It seems as if the world for thee were o'er :
—O little humble face, have gloom no more !

COAXING

I think to the Levant I'll go away,
I'll make a journey and no more come back.
"Oh ! poor dear lad !" the people then will say,
"Who makes thee take this journey great ?"—"Alack !
It is a faithful sweetheart makes me rove :
She's angry with me, and no more will love."

A LOAN FROM CUPID

My Cupid, Cupid who a sailor art,
Would'st thou thy ship awhile to me make o'er ?
For I a jaunt about the sea would chart
To find that sweetheart who was mine before.
And if I find her, prisoner she'll stay ;
For I around her neck a chain will lay :
For I around her neck fair things will twine :
A lily, diamond, and four stars a-shine.

XLIX

O ragazzina dalle belle ciglia,
Ognun che passa a un angiolo v' agguaglia;
Vi vogliono tutti, ma nessun vi piglia!

L

E lo mio damo è per qui vicino,
E pagherei a potergli parlare.
Se lo suo cuore fosse un po' 'ndovino,
E m' intendesse senza favellare!
Se senza favellar lui m' intendesse,
Padrone del mio cor . . . se lo volesse!
Se senza favellar m' intenderà,
Padrone del mio cuor . . . se lo vorrà!

LI

Fossi sicuro di poterti avere,
L' arte del marinaro vorrei fare;
Dipinger ti vorrei nelle mie vele,
Dipinger ti vorrei nella mia nave.
Oh che diranno la gente che vede
L' amor del marinar dipinto in vele!
Oh che diranno la gente che passa,
L' amor del marinar dipinto in barca!

LII

E quanto ti vo' bene, anima mia!
Nessuno me lo leva dall' idea:
Quello ch' è scritto in ciel, convien che sia.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

TOO HIGH

O little maiden of the eyebrows fair,
Thee to an angel all who pass compare:
All seek thy love, but none to take thee dare.

IF HIS HEART WERE A GUESSER

And now my sweetheart in this place is near,
For freedom to speak out to him I'd pay.
If but his heart were something of a seer,
And understood me though I nothing say!
If but without my speech he understood,
Then of my heart the master . . . if he would!
If with no speech he'll understand me still,
Then of my heart the master . . . if he will!

A MOUNTAINEER'S DREAM

If I were sure to win you, Sweet, for mine,
The sailor's craft I'd take to in some place;
I'd paint upon my sails that form of thine,
I'd paint upon my ship that beauteous face.
What will they say, folk passing that behold
The sailor's love upon the sail unrolled!
What will they say, folk seeing from above
Painted upon the ship the sailor's love!

STEADFAST

Sweet soul of mine, how great my love to thee!
From this idea none shall carry me:
That which is writ in heaven behoves to be.

LIII

E son venuto qui già per sapere
Se le mie pene s' han da finir mai.
In sul vostr' uscio mi metto a sedere
A sentì' la risposta che mi dai;
A sentì' la risposta, o gentil fiore,
Se m' ho da provvedè' d' un altro amore:
A sentì' la risposta, o gentil donna,
Se m' ho da provvedè', se mi bisogna.

LIV

M' è stato detto che vuoi passa' 'l mare
Con barche d' oro e con barche d' argento:
M' è stato detto che vuoi navicare.
Non ti ci metta, se non tira il vento:
E se non tira vento alle tue vele,
Non ti ci metta, se non mi vuoi bene.

LV

Giovanettino, 'n so principio darmi,
E poi mi converrà l' amarvi, e dirvi;
E poi mi volterò verso l' amarvi:
Vengo per non mancare ad obbedirvi.
E poi mi verserò verso l' amore:
Se non seguirò io, seguirà il core.

LVI

Fiorin fiorello
Di tutti i fiorellin che fioriranno,
Il fior dell' amor mio sarà 'l più bello.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

HE MUST HEAR HIS FATE

And I have come on purpose set to know
If these my pains shall have an ending e'er.
Within thy porch to sit me down I go
To hear what answer thou wilt give me fair.
To hear the answer, gentle flower and sweet,
If I another love must try to meet:
To hear the answer, gentle maid and kind,
If I another love must try to find.

SHE WARNS HIM

They tell me that to cross the sea you're fain
With boats of silver and with boats of gold:
They tell me that you wish to cross the main,—
Unless the wind doth blow, be not so bold.
Unless the wind upon the sail doth blow,—
Unless you love me—, do not sailing go.

HER HEART LEADS

O lad, I know not how myself to start,
And yet I'll have to love you and to speak;
In time I'll truly turn me to love's part:
I'm coming, sure, to have the thing you seek.
In time I'll surely turn me toward love:
And if *I* move not there, *my heart* will move.

THE LITTLE FLOWER

Sweet floweret there!
Of all the flowerets flowering anywhere,
The flower of this my love shall be most fair.

LVII

Se si potesse dimezzarlo un core,
A voi ne vorrei dar la maggior parte;
Ma sdimezzarlo l' è troppo dolore:
Ci vuol la maestria, lo 'ngegno e l' arte.
Ci vuol la maestria, lo 'ngegno, il modo:
T' ho donato il mi' cor: l' è un gran tesoro.
Ci vuol la maestria, l' arte, lo 'ngegno:
T' ho donato il mi' core: e l' è un gran pegno.

LVIII

L' ho perso lo mi' core, e il vo cercando:
Ditto m' è stato che l' avete voi.
E se l' avete, ve l' avranno mando;
E fatene buon conto, e serva a voi:
E fatene buon conto, o caro amore:
Fate che sola io vi sia nel core.

LIX

Dimmelo, caro amor, come facesti
Quando dal petto mio cavasti il cuore?
Dimmelo, con che chiavi me l' apristi,
Chè non sentii nè pena nè dolore?
Gna che tu l' esse la chiave reale:
Cavarlo un cor dal petto e non far male:
Gna che tu l' esse la chiave d' avorio
Cavarlo un cor dal petto e 'n sentir duolo.

LX

Io benedico lo fiore d' amore,
Rubato avete le perle allo mare,
Agli alberi le fronde, a me lo core.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

HER GREAT PLEDGE

If I could only halve my heart in twain,
To thee I'd like to give the larger part;
But oh! to halve it—that is too much pain:
It needs the mastery, the skill, the art.
It needs the mastery, the skill, the knack:
I've giv'n thee all my heart,—there nought doth lack.
The mastery, the art, the skill 'twould need:
I've giv'n thee all my heart: a pledge indeed.

ESTEEM THIS SERVANT!

I've lost my heart, and seeking it I go:
That thou art keeping it to me they tell;
And sure they must have sent it, if 'tis so;
Then do it honour, let it serve thee well:
Then do it honour, O belovëd one:
See that within thy heart am I alone.

THE KEY OF IVORY

Tell me, dear love, but tell me how you did
When from my breast you lifted out the heart?
Tell me what keys within its lock you slid,
That I no feeling had of pain or smart.
You must have had the royal key, to charm
A heart from out the breast and do no harm:
You must have had the ivory key, to gain
A heart from out the breast and cause no pain.

LOST PROPERTY

I bless love's flower beyond all flowers that be.
Sweet, thou hast stol'n the pearls from out the sea,
The fresh leaves from the trees, the heart from me.

LXI

M' è stato regalato tre viole,
Me le son messe sotto il capezzale:[1]
Tutta la notte ho sentito l' odore.

LXII

Mi fu donata una bella viola,
Me l' ha donata lo mio primo amore:
Dentro al petto la tengo rinserrata,
Che non la vegga la spera del sole.
E la viola l' è fresca e vermiglia:
Al viso del mio amor rassomiglia.
E la viola l' è fresca e carnata:
Si rassomiglia a chi me l' ha donata.

LXIII

M' è stata regalata una pezzola,
E m' è costata una parola sola:
O mamma mia, attaccaci la gala.

LXIV

E t' ho donato il mio povero cuore:
In bianco fazzoletto te lo mando;
E te lo mando con tanto dolore:
Giovanettino, te l' arraccomando.
E ve l' arraccomando più che posso:
Non dico più cor mio, ch' ora l' è vostro.
Giovanettino, te l' arraccomando bene bene:
Non dico più cor mio, che vostro l' ene.

[1] *Bolster.* The Tuscan peasant does not use a pillow.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

THE NEXT MORNING

Three gillyflowers were given me yesterday,
These underneath my bolster I did lay:
All night I felt their fragrance round me stay.

HER HIDDEN FLOWER

I have been given a beauteous gillyflower,
And it was my first love who gave it me:
Hid on my breast I keep it in noon's hour
In case the flaming sun its bloom should see.
And so the gillyflower is fresh and pink,—
Like to my lover's face it looks, I think.
And so the gillyflower is fresh and rosy:
It looks like him who gave it for a posy.

THE MOTHER'S *YES*

I have been given, see! a kerchief fine:
It cost me but one little word of mine.
Oh Mother, *add the frill* [by word of thine]!

A HEART EMBROIDERED

And I have given thee my little heart:
In this white handkerchief it comes from me;
And 'tis with so much pain I let it part!
I recommend it now, dear love, to thee.
I recommend it past all power of mine:
No more I say "my heart," for it is thine.
I recommend it to thy gentle grace:
No more I say "my heart": with thee its place.

LXV

E lo mio damo si chiama Donato.
Me l' ha donato il core, ed io l' ho preso;
E tutti dicon che gliel' ho rubato.

LXVI

Mi è stato regalato un bell' anello.
Oh, quanto è caro! c' è le pietre intorno,
C' è il nome del mi' amor; quanto l' è bello!

LXVII

Quando sarà quel benedetto giorno
Che le tue scale salirò pian piano?
I tuoi fratelli mi verranno intorno,
Ad uno ad un gli toccherò la mano.
Quando sarà quel dì, cara colonna,
Che la tua mamma chiamerò madonna?
Quando sarà quel dì, caro amor mio?
Io sarò vostra, e voi sarete mio!

LXVIII

Fior di lupino.
Caro amor mio, porgetemi la mano
Acciò possa salir questo scalino.[1]

[1] "The stair of the house where her betrothed lives with his parents, where she will, on her marriage, become a member of the family; or else the steps leading up to the altar where the bride and bridegroom will go to be married."

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

DONATO = GIVEN

My love doth him by name *Donato* call,
His heart he's *given* me, and I have ta'en it all;
Folk say for theft the blame on me must fall!

THE GIFT OF A RING

I have been given a lovely ring to wear.
All round are stones; Oh, how I hold it dear!
And there is my love's name;—it is most fair!

OF A DAY TO COME

When will it come, that day that shall be blessed
When slowly up thy stairs my way I'll make?
Thy brothers all shall come, around me pressed,
And one by one they each my hand will take.
When will it come, that day, my Pillar dear,
That Mistress I shall call thy Mother there?
When will it come, my love, that day of days?—
I shall be yours, and you be mine always.

HELP FOR THE LITTLE STAIR

O lupin flower.
Dear love of mine, thy hand to me make o'er,
That I this stair to mount may have the power.

LXIX

Passa que' colli e vieni allegramente,
Non ti curar di tanta compagnia;
Vieni pensando a me segretamente,
Ch' io ti accompagno per tutta la via.
Io ti accompagno per tutta la strada:
Ricordati di me, speranza cara.

LXX

E l' altra sera me ne andiedi a veglia,
Presi la strada delle case basse:
E mi si fece notte in una selva:
Chiamai la luna che mi alluminasse.
O luna che t' accendi senza fuoco,
Affacciati fuora, e illuminami un poco.

LXXI

Sta notte a mezzanotte mi levai,
Trovai'l mio cuore che dal petto usciva;
E io gli disse: cor, dove ne vai?
Mi disse: A veder voi che ne veniva.
Mira, il mi' core se non ti vuol bene!
Esce dal petto e ti viene a vedere.

LXXII

Vada la voce mia dentro le mura,
Di poi che vita mia non può passare.
Persona bella, delicata e pura,
Da dove siete, statemi a ascoltare.
Statemi ad ascoltar, persona cara:
Per mia consolazione guardo l' aria.
Statemi ad ascoltar, persona pura:
Per mia consolazion guardo le mura.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

A COMPANION UNSEEN

Pass thou these hills and come; with joy depart,
Not caring much of company to provide:
Come thinking of me deep within thy heart,
For all the way I company by thy side:
By all the way I do accompany thee;
Beloved hope, do thou remember me!

SHINE FORTH, O MOON!

The other eve our Gathering I sought,—
I took the roadway past the houses low;
And night within a wood her darkness brought:
I called the moon to show me where to go.
—O *Moon* that with no fire dost kindle thee,
Look forth awhile and lend thy light to me!

THE ADVENTUROUS HEART

To-night at midnight I arose and found
My heart that forth was issuing from my breast:
I said to it: *Heart, whither art thou bound?*
Its errand was to see thee, it confessed.
Behold, doth not my heart show love to thee?
It leaves my breast and goes thy face to see.

A SERENADE

May now my voice these stone walls penetrate,
Since that my life may not an entrance win,
O lovely person, pure and delicate,
Where'er thou art, stay, hear me from within.
Stay, person dear, and listen unto me:
I, to console me, guard the air for thee.
Stay thou and listen to me, person pure:
I, to console me, keep thy dwelling sure.

LXXIII

Non è anco andata a letto chella stella,
Chè là per casa sento spasseggiare.
Sento che dice la madre alla figlia:
Figlia, vattene a letto a riposare.
Vattene a letto, bel visetto adorno:
Che tutt' e dua non lo perdiemo il sonno.
Vattene a letto, bel visetto umile:[1]
Che tutt' e dua non perdiemo il dormire.

LXXIV

O rosa delle rose, o rosa bella,
Per te non dormo nè notte nè giorno,
E sempre penso alla tua faccia bella;
Alle grazie che hai, faccio ritorno.
Faccio ritorno alle grazie che hai:
Ch' io ti lasci, amor mio, non creder mai.

LXXV

Se dormi o se non dormi, viso adorno,
Alza la bionda e delicata testa:
Ascolta lo tuo amor che tu hai d' intorno,
Dice che tu ti affacci alla finestra.
Ma non ti dice che tu vada fuora,
Perchè, la notte, è cosa disonesta:
Fàcciati alla finestra, e stanne in casa,
Perch' io sto fuora, e fo l' inserenata.
Fàcciati alla finestra e stanne dentro,
Perch' io sto fuora, e faccio un gran lamento.[2]

[1] *Umile*, that sweet word so dear to Dante in the *Rime*.
[2] A word used by the early poets for melancholy songs of love.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Not yet to bed that star is gone away,
For still about the house her steps I hear.
I hear the mother to the daughter say:
Go now to bed and rest, my daughter dear.
Yes, go to bed now, little face so bright:
Or else shall both of us lose sleep to-night.
Yes, go to bed now, little humble face:
That from us both sleep be not put to chase.

O ROSE!

O rose of all the roses, loveliest rose,
Through thee I sleep not, neither night nor day:
For still to thy sweet face my musing goes,
To count thy graces I return alway.
I keep returning to thy graces ever:
That I shall leave thee, love, believe it never.

HIS REQUEST

Sleeping or waking, face so fair of show,
Lift up that flower-like head all golden-bright:
Hark to thy lover whom thou hast below,
He says: *Beside the window stand in sight,*
But does not say to thee outside to go,
For that is not a seemly thing by night.
Stand by the window close, within, sweet maid,
For I am here without and serenade.
Stand by the window close and stay within:
For I, without, my song's Lament begin.

LXXVI

O tu che dormi, e riposata stai
'N testo bel letto senza pensamento,
Risvegliati un pochino, e sentirai
Tuo servo che per te fa un gran lamento.
Risvegliati, madonna, in tempo, un' ora:
Lo sentirai cantar che l' è di fuora.

LXXVII

Vorrei che la finestra omai s' aprisse,
Vorrei che lo mio bene s' affacciasse,
E un sospiro d' amore lo gradisse.

LXXVIII

M' affaccio alla finestra, e dò un sospiro,
E colla mia pezzola lo riparo;
Ti dò la buona notte, e mi ritiro.

LXXIX

Fior di sementi.
E la finestra la serri co' pianti;
Ti do la buona notte, e tu non senti.

LXXX

Fior di cipresso.
Accenditi candela, in su quel masso,
Fa lume all' amor mio che passa adesso.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

THE SONG

O thou who sleepest, and without a fear
Dost rest in thy fair bed, I pray thee wake
For but a little while, and thou shalt hear
Thy servant who for thee sad song doth make.
Awake, madonna, for one hour abide:
And thou shalt hear him sing who is outside.

A SIGH OF LOVE

I would the window now might open wide,
I would my Treasure leaning there might bide,
And that one sigh of love within might glide.

HER *GOOD NIGHT*

Now to the window come, a sigh I heave,
And set my kerchief covering it above;
I give thee one *Good Night*, and then I leave.

HIS *GOOD NIGHT*

Flower of wheat-ear.
The window thou art closing with a tear;
Good Night I give thee, and thou dost not hear.

A TREE-CANDLE

Cypress a-blow.
Kindle thee, candle, on that hillock low:
Make light for my dear love who passeth now.

LXXXI

Cantar non voglio di nessuna rima,[1]
Prender la libertà di questo suono.
Ad invitarvi son stata la prima,
A voi non si può dare un maggior dono.
Il maggior dono e la maggior ricchezza
E di donarvi il cor per gentilezza.[2]

LXXXII

Non so quale canzone mi cantare,
Che s' affacesse alla vostra persona:
Di sottoterra la vorrei cavare,
Che detta non l' avesse creatura:
Che detta non l' avesse nè sentita
Uomo nè donna nè persona antica.

LXXXIII

Sotto la mia finestra c' è un bel fiore,
Tutte le sere lo vengo annaffiare,
Più che l' annaffio e più bello mi vieni.

LXXXIV

Ora intesi ci siamo col cantare:
Addio, raggi del sol, splendor del mare.
E col nostro cantar ci siamo intesi:
Addio, raggi del sol, coralli accesi.

[1] "At the Evening Gathering it is the custom that the 'dama' should first invite her 'damo' to sing."

[2] Dante: "Amore e cor gentil sono una cosa."

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

AT THE *VEGLIA*

I do not wish with any sort of rhyme
The lead in this Exchange of Song to take.
You to invite I've been the first in time,
A greater gift to you one cannot make.
This is the greatest wealth and gift I know:
My heart on you for kindness to bestow.

HE KNOWS NOT WHICH SONG MIGHT BE WORTHY

I know not of all songs the song to sing
That might be worthy of your person's grace:
I would that I from under earth could bring
A song no creature sang in any place.
Song never said before, and heard by none,—
Nor man nor woman nor some ancient one.

SHE SINGS

Below my window, sweet a flower is showing,
To give it water every eve I'm going:
The more I give, the fairer comes its growing.

ADDIO

Now song hath shown the hearts of thee and me,
Farewell, my sunlight, splendour of the sea.
Our songs have shown to each the other's heart:
Sunlight, and coral flamed, Farewell, we part.

LXXXV

Giovanottin, ve ne volete andare:
Che casa sconsolata resta questa!
Le strade che voi fate sien fiorite;
Le pietre che scalcate, sien cristalli;
E l' acque e' fiumi che voi passerete,
Sien rose e fiori in fresco vivaio.
O nuvoli che l' acque ne bevete. . . .
Giovanottino, quando tornerete?

LXXXVI

Questa partita la vo' far piangendo,
E sospirando per tutta la via:
E gli occhi bassi, e la mente dicendo:
Ove ti lascio, dolce anima mia?
Ove ti lascio, mazzo di be' fiori?
Alla partita mia pianti e dolori!

LXXXVII

Statevi allegro, amor: se ve ne andate,
Non vi pigliate al cor malinconia.
Se lo sapessi, me lo avrei per male,
Che andaste mal contento per la via.
Andate pure e ritornate presto:
Lasciate sospirare a me che resto.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

THE NEWS AND THE QUESTION

Sweet lad of mine, you've settled, then, to go:
How this poor house will seem bereft of cheer!
May all the roads you take have flowers a-blow,
May all the stones you tread be crystal clear:
Along the brooks and rivers that you'll pass
Be roses, flowers, in the dewy grass.
O clouds whose cooling waters you shall drink! . . .
Sweet lad, and when wilt thou come home, dost think?

THE MIND'S REFRAIN

This parting that must be, I'll make it weeping
And sighing all along the way in dole:
Mine eyes cast down, my mind this question keeping:
Where am I leaving thee, my sweetest soul?
Where am I leaving thee, sweet posy fair? . . .
To this my parting grief and tears repair.

LEAVE ALL THE SIGHS

Be happy, love, and if you needs must leave,
Do not take gloom upon your heart for load.
See! if I knew it, 'twould be mine to grieve
That sadly still you went along your road.
By all means go, and quickly come again:
Leave sighing unto me, who must remain.

LXXXVIII

Questa partita che farò da voi,
Sarà la morte mia, rosa incarnata.
Morirò io, e rimarrete voi:
Questa mia vita sia raccomandata.[1]
E sia raccomandato più che posso;
Non dico il cuore mio, ch' ora l' è vostro.

LXXXIX

Vai in buon' ora, o viso delicato!
Poichè così lontano volete ire.
Questo mio cor vi sia raccomandato,
In compagnia lasciatelo venire:
Lasciatelo venir questo mio core. . . .
Con pianti e con sospiri, addio amore!

XC

Questa partenza mi pare aspra tanto!
Dovere abbandonar così bel fiore!
Mi raccomando allo Spirito Santo,
Che mi consigli in bene a tutte l' ore:[2]
Mi raccomando alla divina sorte;[3]
Questa partenza mi conduce a morte.

[1] Dante: "*Sieti raccomandato il mio Tesoro.*"

[2] Buonarroti: "*consigliare a virtù.*" With the *in* it is still more beautiful.

[3] Here *sorte* is not casual. Dante: "*Nel qual tu siedi per eterna sorte.*"

TORN AWAY

This parting that I make from thee to-day,
Shall be my death, O rose incarnadined!
Love, I shall die, and thou alone shalt stay:
Commended be my life thy grace to find.
Commended be it more than I have power:
I do not say my heart: 'tis now thy dower.

HER FAREWELL

Go in good time, O fair and gentle face,
Because so long a road is waiting thee;
Commended be my heart unto thy grace,
Allow it in thy company to be:
Allow my heart to come this way of thine. . . .
With tears and sighs, Farewell, beloved mine!

DEPARTURE IN FAITH

How bitter seems this parting of to-day!
To be constrained to leave so fair a flower!
I to the Holy Spirit trust my way,
Who counsels me in good at every hour:
I to the Fate Divine myself commend;
To death this parting leads me in the end.

XCI

Quand' i' mi dipartii dal mio paese,
Lasciai piangendo la mia innamorata:
Ma lei che l' era nobile e cortese,[1]
Mi prese a domandar della tornata;
E le risposi con queste parole:
La tornata sarà quando Dio vuole.
E le risposi con parole umile:
La tornata sarà se 'n c' è il morire.
E le risposi con parola forte:
La tornata sarà se 'n c' è la morte.

XCII

E quando io penso a quelle tante miglia,
E che voi, amor mio, l' avete a fare,
Nelle mie vene il sangue si rappiglia,
Tutti li sensi miei sento mancare;
E li sento mancare a poco a poco,
Come la cera in sull' ardente foco:
E li sento mancare a dramma a dramma,
Come la cera in sull' ardente fiamma.

XCIII

O luna, che fa' lume allo stellato,
Fa' lume all' amor mio, valli di dreto
E digli con che core m' ha lasciato.

[1] "*Cortese* had in early usage a sense so high that Crescenzio speaks to us of the 'courtesy of Christ.'" (So also was the word employed in France and in England,—as in the appellation, "Our Courteous Lord," and in many other instances, by Julian of Norwich in her *Revelations of Divine Love*, 1323.) Dante: *O che Dio solo per la sua cortesia.*

THE WORDS AT DEPARTURE

When from my village late I did depart,
Weeping I bade my love farewell; but she,
Who was most noble, courteous of heart,
Held me to ask when my return should be.
And I made answer then with words as these:
The coming back shall be when God doth please.
And I made answer with humility:
The coming back shall be, unless I die.
And I made answer with these words of faith:
The coming back shall be, unless for death.

SHE THINKS OF HIS TOILSOME ROAD

And when of these so many miles I think,
And think that thou, sweet love, must fill their tale,
Within my veins the blood doth backward shrink,
My senses all I feel begin to fail.
I feel them failing slow, from less to less,
As wax that doth the ardent fire possess:
I feel them failing slow from less to least,
As wax that in the ardent flame hath ceased.

ENLIGHTEN HIM

O Moon that givest light to stars above,
Give light unto my Dear: behind him move
And tell him with what heart he's left his love.

XCIV

Colomba che dal cielo ne scendesti
E sul petto al mio amore t' apposasti
Nel lasciar l' amor mio, che gli dicesti?

XCV

Colomba che nel poggio sei volata,
Colomba che nel sasso hai fatto 'l nido,
Dammi una penna della tua bell' ala,
Che scriver vo' una lettera al mio fido;
E quando l' avrò scritta e fatta bella,
Ti renderò la penna, o colombella;
E quando l' avrò scritta e sigillata,
Ti renderò la penna innamorata.

XCVI

O luna, che tu passi tanti monti,
Passane una, non ne passar tanti;
Salutami 'l mi' amor, se tu lo 'ncontri!

XCVII

I mi' saluti li mando per acqua,
Li mando all' amor mio che l' è per terra:
Non glieli mando nè in foglio nè in carta,
Ma gliemi mando come una novella:[1]
Non gliemi mando nè in carta nè in breve,
Ma glieli mando perchè gli vo' bene.

[1] "*Quasi come un' aura di fama dell' amor mio:* as it were like a breath —a breeze"—bearing, without words, the report of my love.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

TELL ME

O dove that comest from the skies this way,
Thou on my true-love's breast thyself didst lay:
Tell me, in leaving him what didst thou say?

A PEN OF LOVE

O dove who o'er that hill art hovering,
O dove who in the rock hast made thy nest,
Give me a feather from thy snow-white wing,
For I would write to him who loves me best.
And when my letter's written all with care,
I'll give thee back, sweet dove, thy feather fair:
And when 'tis writ and sealed, then, little dove,
I'll give thee back the feather learned in love.

LOOK FOR HIM, MOON!

O Moon who o'er so many hills dost rove,
O'er only one, and not so many, move;
Give him my greetings if you meet my love!

BY BROOK AND BY BREEZE

My greetings by the water thus I've sent,
I send them to my love on land down there:
I send them not in sheets and paper pent,
I send them like some news that's brought by air:
I send them not by leaf nor line to go,
Yet do I send them, for I love him so.

XCVIII

L' ho posto un giglio sulla mia finestra,
Posto la sera, e la mattina nata:
Le fronde travanzavan la finestra,
Facevan la meriggia al tuo bel capo;
Facevan la meriggia al tuo bel viso:
L' ho posto in terra, è nato un paradiso;
Facevan la meriggia al tuo bel core:
L' ho posto in terra, è nato il nostro amore.

XCIX

Ho trapiantato un giglio alla marina,
L' ho trapiantato nell' Orbetellana.[1]
L' acqua lo bagna in sulla mattina,
Il sole gliela fa la meriggiana:
Il sole gliela fa la méria attorno;
Questo è l' amante mio che amavo un giorno.

C

Questo è quel sasso e questo quello scoglio,
Questo l' è il primo amor che amavo pria.
L' ho sempre amato e sempre amar lo voglio
In fin che durerà la vita mia.

[1] The village of Orbetello in the Tuscan Maremma.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

THE LILY'S GROWTH

A lily in my window I have laid,
Planted at evening, 'twas by morn in flower.
Its leaves outspreading as a trellis made
For thy fair head at noon a shady bower.
They made a noonday shade for thy dear eyes:
Planted in earth, it bore a Paradise;
At noonday thy dear heart they shaded o'er:
I planted it in earth, our love it bore.

HIS BELOVED IS SEEN IN A LILY

A lily I've transplanted to this plain,
Transplanted it to Orbetello here.
'Tis watered in the morning by the rain,
The sun at midday shines around it clear:
The sun at midday round it sheddeth rays;
This is my true-love, loved from other days.

WHERE THEY STOOD AND PARTED HER LOVE BEHOLDS HIM STILL

This is that stone and this that rock so still,
This is my first love, loved through all the past.
I loved him ever, and it is my will
To love him ever while my life shall last.

CI

Io de' saluti te ne mando tanti,
Per quanto foglie ne muovono i venti,
Per quanto in Paradiso ci son santi.

CII

O gentilina dalla gentil arte,
Dove imparaste quell' arte gentile?
E d' oro vi si fanno in man le carte,
D' oro e d' argento la penna che scrive:
E d' oro vi diventin cose belle,
Un giglio con due rose, e quattro stelle.

CIII

O maggio bello, ch' hai tanta possanza,
Che l' erbe secche le fai rinverdire,
Ai pastorelli fai mutare stanza,
Verso la casa sua li fai venire.
Chi ama il pecoraro ama qualcosa. . . .
Torna di maggio, che pare una rosa:
Chi ama il pecoraro ama un bel fiore. . . .
Torna di maggio, che pare un signore.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

SHE WRITES

So many greetings send I thee afar,
As many as the leaves the wind doth stir,
Or as, in Paradise, of saints there are.

HER LETTER IS READ

O gentle Maid, who gentle Art dost own,
Where hast thou learned this art of all delights?
Of gold the pages in thy hand have grown,
Of gold and silver is the pen that writes.
Of gold thou fashionest things exceeding fair:
A lily, roses two, four stars are there.

THE SHEPHERDS OF OUR LOVE RETURN

O lovely May, who hast such power and grace,
That green again thou mak'st the dry herbs grow,
The shepherds dear thou makest change their place,
And towards their home thou makest them to go.
Who loves the shepherd, something loves, I deem....
He comes in May, himself a rose doth seem:
Who loves the shepherd loves a flower fair....
He comes in May, he hath a lordly air.

CIV

Giovanettin che torni di Maremma,
Iddio ti faccia scomparir la via;
Tre ore prima ti faccia arrivare,
Dove comporta la persona mia:
Dove comporta il tuo amore in un anno;
La casa mia sarà al vostro comando:
Dove comporta l' amor mio in un mese;
La casa vostra sarà il mio paese.

CV

L' è rivenuto il fior di primavera,
L' è ritornata la verdura al prato:
L' è ritornato chi prima non c' era,
È ritornato lo mio innamorato;
L' è ritornata la pianta col frutto:
Quando c' è il vostro cuore, il mio c' è tutto.
L' è ritornato il frutto colla pianta:
Quando c' è vostro cuore, il mio non manca.
L' è ritornato il frutto colla rosa:
Quando c' è il vostro core, il mio riposa.

CVI

Dove sei stato, o giovenin, d' inverno,
Che bianco e rosso siete sull' estate?
Sei stato sul giardin di là dall' Elmo,
Dove son quelle viole imbalsamate.
E tu sei stato sul giardin del sole,
Dov' hanno imbalsamato le viole.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

HOME HASTENING

Lad from Maremma who return dost take,
God grant for thee the road to disappear!
Three hours too soon may He thy coming make
To where myself awaits thee, biding here.
Where waits for thee a year this love of thine;
—At thy command will be the house that's mine:
Where waits for thee a month my biding love;
The house that's thine shall then my village prove.

THE RETURN IN MAY

It has come back, the flower of Spring once more,
It has come back, the verdure to the mead;
He has come back, who was not here before,
He has come back, my love, to me indeed.
It has come back, the plant with fruit anew:
For where thy heart is, all my heart is too.
It has come back, the fruit upon the plant:
For where thy heart is, mine is never scant.
It has come back, the fruit upon the rose:
For where thy heart is, there doth mine repose.

GILLYFLOWERS EMBALSAMATE

Where, sweet-heart, through the winter hast thou been,
That thus in May thou white and red dost show?
'Yond Elmo in the garden fair, I ween,
Wherein those gillyflowers embalsamed blow.
In garden of the sun thou sure hast stayed,
Where gillyflowers embalsamed they have made.

CVII

Io l' ho sentito a lamentar la luna,
Ha ditto che le mancan le sue stelle.
E l' ha contate tutte ad una ad una,
Ha ditto che le mancan le più belle.
Ma le stelle del cielo non son conte,
Son sti begli occhi che portate in fronte.
Ma le stelle del ciel non son contate,
Son sti begli occhi che in fronte portate.

CVIII

Vi sta pur ben la gemma nell' anello!
Come quegli occhi che avete nel viso.
Ve gli ha dipinti l' angel Gabriello,[1]
Il più bel santo che sia in Paradiso.
A Roma si lamentano i pittori,
Non trovan tinte de' vostri colori.

CIX

Quando nasceste voi nacque un bel fiore:
La luna si fermò nel camminare,
Le stelle si cangiaron di colore.

[1] Dante says of Gabriel: "*Baldezza e leggiardria—Quanta esser puote in angelo ed in alma—Tutta è in lui.*" Ariosto, also, to give the idea of a beautiful person, says: "*Che parea Gabriel che dicess' Ave.*"

I HEARD THE MOON

I heard the Moon complain with great lament:
She said that of her stars some were not there.
Counting all over, one by one, she went,
And still, she said, were lacking the most fair.
But of the sky are stars not counted now:
They are these lovely eyes that light your brow.
Two stars have not been counted in the skies:
You bear them 'neath your brow: these lovely eyes.

THE COLOUR OF HER EYES

The gem unto thy ring is suited well!
So is thy face well suited by these eyes.
Their colour gave the angel Gabriel,—
The fairest saint that is in Paradise.
In Rome the painters do themselves bemoan:
They cannot find such hues as thou hast shown.

THE STARS AMAZED

Thy birth was birth of flower sweet and strange:
The moon stood still as she the sky did range:
At sight of thee the stars did colour change.

CX

Bella, che delle belle sei la bella,
E delle belle sei quella più rara,
Degli uccellini sei la rondinella,
Delle fontane sei quella più chiara;
Riluci più che in Ciel la Diana stella,
E più che in terra la fonte preclare;
Bella, che delle belle siete una,
Io sono il Sole e tu sarai la Luna.
Bella, che delle belle siete quella,
Io sarò il Sole, e voi la Diana stella.

CXI

Sete più bella che non è la luna
Quando che in quintadecima si leva.
Al collo ci portate la corona,
'L petto portate la pace e la tregua:
Al collo ci portate un breve[1] rosso,
Fatto di seta e ricamato tutto:
Al collo ci portate un breve novo,
Fatto di seta e arricamato d' oro.

CXII

Quando tu passi dalla casa mia,
Mi par che passi la spera del sole.
Alluminar tu fai tutta la via;
Quando tu passi, lasci lo splendore:
Ma lo splendor che lasci per la via
È sempre meno della fiamma mia:
Ma lo splendor che lasci, scema e cala;
L' amor mio durerà fino alla bara.

[1] That is, a short description. "*E dalla bocca pender di colui—Che spiega i brevi, e legge i nomi altrui.*" Tasso: *Gerus.*

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

EARTH, AIR, AND SKY

Fair maid, of all fair maids the fairest far,
Of all rare maids the rarest to behold,
You of the little birds the Swallow are,
Of fountains that which is most clear and cold:
You shine more splendid than heaven's morning star
Or than some spring on earth that's famed of old:
Fair maid, who of the maidens fair are one,
The Moon yourself will be, and I the Sun.
Fair maid, the fairest of fair maidens born,
The Sun I'll be, and you the Star of morn.

THE LEGEND THAT SHE BEARS

Fairer art thou than is the moon when fair
She up the sky her fifteenth night doth move.
Thou at thy neck a coronal dost bear
And at thy breast the truce and peace of love.
Thou at thy neck dost bear a writing red,
'Tis made of silk and all embroiderëd:
Thou at thy neck a legend new dost hold,
'Tis made of silk embroidered all with gold.

THE RADIANT SPHERE OF THE SUN

Whene'er you pass my door upon your ways,
It seems as passed the sun outpouring light.
You make the highroad all to shine and blaze;
Whene'er you pass, you leave a splendour bright:
But ah! this splendour, left when you go by,
Is less than is my love that flameth high:
But ah! this light doth pale and disappear;
My love shall last and burn unto my bier.

CXIII

Quando passi di qui, passi cantando;
Ed io, se sono a letto, ti rispondo;
Volto le spalle a mamma, e sempre piango.

CXIV

Amor, che passi la notte cantando,
Ed io meschina son nel letto e sento!
Vôlto le spalle alla mia mamma, e piango;
Di sangue son le lacrime che getto.
Di là dal letto ho fatto un grosso fiume,
Da tanto lacrimar non vedo lume:
Di là del letto un grosso fiume ho fatto,
Da tanto lacrimar son cieca affatto.

CXV

Fior d'amaranto!
Mi son sognato non m' amavi punto:
Quando mi son svegliato aveva pianto.

CXVI

Tutti mi dicon che porto il fior giallo,
E s' io lo porto n' ho qualche ragione:
Tutti mi dicon che vagheggio in fallo,
Amor, fate bugiarde le persone.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

HE SINGS AND SHE WEEPS

When thou dost pass, thou passest singing by;
And I make answer if in bed I lie;
With shoulders turned from Mother, long I cry.

HER TEARS BY NIGHT

O love, who singing passest nightly by,
And I, most wretched, hear thee from my bed!
I turn me round from Mother's face, and cry;
Of blood they are, those tears that I shed.
A river past the bed I've made to run,
With weeping sore I cannot see the sun:
A river great beyond the bed doth flow,
With such sore weeping, wholly blind I go.

"LOVE LIES BLEEDING"

Amaranth-flower!
I dreamt thou didst not love me any more:
When I awakened, then I wept full sore.

HER PALLOR

All tell me that I wear the yellow flower,—
And if I wear it, is there cause to seek?
All say I dream but vainly for an hour.—
O love, make people liars when they speak!

CXVII

Che cosa è stata mai di quella stella
Che in questo cielo tanto risplendea!
Io più non vedo quella luce bella,
Io più non vedo il lume che facea.
Se s'è oscurato quel bello splendore,
È spento il fuoco del mio primo amore:
Se il fuoco del mio primo amore è spento,
Per me non ha più stelle il firmamento.

CXVIII

Dimmelo, bello mio, per qual ragione
Dal tuo bel core scancellata mi hai?
Non t' ho mai fatto una cattiva azione:
Se ti ho voluto bene, tu lo sai.

CXIX

Fior di granato.
Non mi chiamate *corino allegro*,
Chiamatemi *corino addolorato*.

CXX

Allegra tra la gente io mi fingo,
E nel profondo del mio core piango:
Le rise sulle labbra ce le spingo.

A LOST STAR

What can have come to that sweet star, which there
From forth the sky so full of splendour shined?
I see no more that lamp so wondrous fair,
The light which once it made no more I find.
If darkened all, the splendour sweet that shone,
The fire of my first love is spent and gone:
And if the fire of my first love be spent,
For me hath no more stars the firmament.

SHE WOULD KNOW THE REASON

Tell me, my sweet, what reason hast thou had
That thou from thy fair heart hast cancelled me?
I ne'er have done to thee one action bad:
Thou knowest if I've loved thee faithfully.

THE CHANGE

Pomegranate flower.
Call me *thou little blithesome heart* no more,
Call me *thou little heart of sorrow sore.*

HIDDEN GRIEF

Amid the folk I feign a merry air,
And in my heart's depth I am weeping sore:
The smiles upon my lips I push them there.

CXXI

Questa partita mi sa tanto amara,
E te la vedo far si volentieri!
Se tu volessi bene alla tu' dama,
Non la faresti tanto volentieri:
Se tu volessi bene all' amor mio,
E piangeresti, e mi diresti addio.

CXXII

E questa valle mi par rabbuiata,
E non ci veggo più levare il sole:
E se n' è ita la rosa incarnata,
E se n' è ito il mio perfetto amore;
E se n' è ito senza dirmi addio:
Pensa com' è rimasto lo cor mio!
E se n' è ito senza dirmi—*amore!*
Pensa com' è rimasto lo mio core!

CXXIII

Il mio amore se ne andato via:
Non gli ho potuto dir quattro parole.
Non gli ho potuto dir: *che pianti e pene!*
Quando ritornerai, caro mio bene?
Perduto ho il bastimento, prora e vela;
Non ho perduto il ben ch' io gli voleva.
Perduto ho il bastimento, vela e prora;
Non ho perduto il ben che gli vo' ancora.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

CONTRAST

This parting doth to me so bitter prove,
And thou, I see, dost make it light of heart!
If thou wert loving well thine own true-love,
Thou wouldst not all so willingly depart:
If thou wert loving well, as I love thee,
Then wouldst thou weep, and say Goodbye to me.

GONE WITHOUT WORDS

To me all darkened seems this vale that shined,
And rising here no more I see the sun:
And he is gone, the rose incarnadined,
And he, my perfect love, away is gone.
And he is gone,—nor said: *Farewell, we part:*
—Consider how is left in me this heart!
And he is gone, nor said: *O love!* to me:
—Consider how my heart thus left must be!

LOVE IS NOT LOST

My heart's beloved one is gone away:
Unsaid the words that still to speak I yearn.
It was not mine *Oh grief and tears!* to say,
Nor, *When wilt thou, my Love, my Joy, return?*
The vessel I have lost,—the prow, the sail;—
I have not lost my love: that doth not fail.
The vessel I have lost,—the sail, the prow;
I have not lost the love I give him now.

CXXIV

Oh, come mi par lungo l' aspettare!
Questo dico per me, che sempre aspetto.
E tutti gli altri li vedo arrivare;
Ma non vedo arrivare il mio diletto.
Il mio diletto non rivedrò più! . . .
Morte, fammi morir! Che aspetti tu?
Il mio diletto non rivedrò mai! . . .
Morte, fammi morir! Morte, che fai?

CXXV

O mazzo di basilico minuto,
Dove se' stato questa settimana?
È tanto tempo che non t' ho veduto.
Di lagrime n' ho piena una fontana:
Ho tanto pianto e non vedo più lume:
Di lagrime n' ho fatto grosso un fiume.

CXXVI

Caro amor mio, se' arrivato tardi:
Che cosa ci hai fatto per la via?
Ne son rivati tanti di quest' altri,
E te non ti vedevo, anima mia!
Se stavi un altro poco e non venivi,
Tu mi trovavi muta di sospiri:
Se stavi un altro poco e non tornavi,
Tu muta di sospiri mi trovavi.

WAITING

And oh! to me doth waiting seem so long!
For me I say this, waiting day and night.
I see the others all arriving throng;
But ne'er arriving see I my delight.
But my delight I shall not see him more! . . .
Death, make me die! what art thou waiting for?
But my delight I ne'er shall see him now! . . .
Death, make me die! O Death, what doest thou?

BEWEPT

O gathered fragrant herb of basil small,
Where hast thou been throughout this week of fears?
It is so long since thee I've seen at all!
I have a well that I have filled with tears.
I've wept so much and light I see no more:
With tears I've made a river that runs o'er.

SO LONG

Beloved mine, 'tis late that thou art here:
What hindrance hast thou had upon the way?
So many of these others did appear,
And thee, my soul, I saw not any day!
But little longer hadst thou ta'en to come,
Thou shouldst have found me grown with sighing dumb:
But little longer hadst thou ta'en, my own,
Thou should'st have found me dumb with sighing grown.

CXXVII

E che t' ho fatto, dolce anima mia?
Dalla mia casa ti se' allontanato!
Non t' è piaciuto stare in grazia mia,
In altre parti ti se' ritrovato.
In altre parti ci hai 'l cuore e la dama,
In queste parti ci hai chi tanto t' ama!

CXXVIII

E l' altra sera a quella bella veglia,
Dolce amor mio, non vi veddi venire.
A tutti sentii dir la buona sera:
A voi, bellino, 'n ve la sentii dire.
A tutti sentii dar la buona notte:
A voi, bellino, nè piano nè forte.
A tutti sentii dir: Noi ce ne andiamo:
A voi, bellino, nè forte nè piano.

CXXIX

Vorrei saper da voi, o gentil fiore,
Per qual cagione m' avete lasciata:
Una che v' ha portato tanto amore,
E fedel serva a voi son sempre stata.
Almeno me non tenete legata:
Se un' altra dama tenete nel cuore,
Ma di una cortesia vi vo' pregare,
Da questi lacci mi lasciate andare:
E vi voglio pregare anche una volta,
Da questi lacci mi lasciate sciolta.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

O WANDERED HEART

What have I done to thee? my sweet soul, say:
Thou from my house has kept thyself afar!
It has not pleased thee in my grace to stay,
To other parts than these thy goings are.
In other parts thy heart and lady dwell:
In these parts thou hast one who loves thee well.

NOT AT THE *VEGLIA*

The other evening in that Gathering gay,
I watched in vain for you, love, to appear.
I heard each guest in turn *Good Evening* say,
But your *Good Evening*, love, I did not hear.
I heard *Goodnight—Goodnight* repeated oft,
But no *Goodnight* from you, love, loud nor soft.
From every guest I heard: *'Tis time to go:*
But not from you, love—neither loud nor low.

OF THY COURTESY

I fain would know from thee, O gentle flower,
For what cause hast thou thus forsaken me?
One who to thee such love hath brought for dower,
And, first to last, hath served thee faithfully.
If in thy heart another maid hath power,
At least delay not long to set me free:
But for a courtesy I beg thee kind
To let me go from out these snares that bind:
And once again I beg thee, if thou will,
To loose me from these snares that hold me still.

CXXX

O rosellino, fior di rosellino,
Dammi licenza se pensi a lasciarmi:
Ti presi a amar che l' eri piccolino:
L' amor te l' ho portato i mesi e gli anni!
L' amor te l' ho portato i mesi e l' ore:
O rosellino, rendimi il mio cuore.
L' amor te l' ho portato i mesi e gli anni:
Rendimi il cuore, se pensi a lassarmi.

CXXXI

Fior di piselli.
Avresti tanto core di lassarmi?
Innamorati sem da bambinelli.

CXXXII

O rondinina, quando t' ho nudrita,
E l' ale d' oro ti ho fatto portare,
Hai fatto un volo, al ciel te ne sei ita,
E non m' hai detto quando vuoi tornare.

CXXXIII

Viole a cesti.
M' innamorai di voi, poi mi lassasti:
E s' io lassassi voi, cosa diresti?

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

O DAMASK ROSE

O damask rose, O flowering damask rose,
Dismiss me if to leave me is thy thought;
When thou wast little, thee to love I chose,
This love to thee through months and years I've brought.
This love through months and hours I've brought to thee:
O damask rose, restore my heart to me.
This love I've brought through years and months of yore:
If leaving is thy thought, my heart restore.

SINCE CHILDHOOD

Flower of the pea.
And could'st thou have the heart for leaving me?
When we were babes our love began to be.[1]

WAS IT FOR THIS?

O little swallow, when thou wast my care,
And these thy wings of gold I made thee wear!
Thou'st ta'en a flight, unto the skies thou'rt fled,
And when thou wilt come back thou hast not said.

BUT IF I

Pinks, a display!
I learnt to love thee, then thou leavedst me:
And if I left thee too, what wouldst thou say?

[1] Scots:—Floor o' the pea!
An' wad ye hae the hert for leavin' me?
We've lo'ed, we've lo'ed syn we were bairnies wee.

CXXXIV

Speranza del mio core eri una volta,
Or ti se' fatto speranza d' altrui;
Non ti ricordi più di quella volta
Ch' eramo innamorati tutti e dui?
Non ti ricordi più di que' be' giorni?
Tempo passato, perchè non ritorni!

CXXXV

Di là dal mar mi parve di vedere
Un' acqua chiara, ed una fresca fonte.
Avevo sete e non potevo bere;
Non mi potevo accostare alla fonte.
Non mi potevo alla fonte accostare;
Aver lo damo, e non poterlo amare!
Non mi potevo accostare alle prode;
Aver un damo, e l' altra se lo gode!
Non mi potevo accostare alle ciglia;
Avere un damo, e l' altra se lo piglia!

CXXXVI

Se morta tu mi vuoi, dammi 'l veleno;
Dammelo, bello, di tua propria mano:
La sepoltura mia sarà 'l tuo seno.

CXXXVII

Se morta te mi vòi, ora m' arrendo,
Dietro l' esequie mi verrai cantando,
Dietro la bara mi verrai piangendo.

O PAST!

Hope of my heart thou wast in time of yore,—
Now hope of others thou thyself hast made.
That time dost thou remember, now no more,
When all our love was on each other stayed?
Rememberest thou no more the sweet time then?—
O Past, why dost thou not return again?

RESTRAINT

Beyond the sea unto my sight did show
A fountain fresh, a water clear as glass.
I thirsted, but to drink I might not go,
I might not over to the fountain pass.
I might not to the fountain's flow repair;
—To have a love, and yet no love to dare!—
I might not seek the fountain's dewy brim;
—To have a love for other's joy in him!—
I might not seek its marge where flowers outbreak;
—To have a love for other maid to take! . . .

GLAD WERE MY DEATH

If dead thou'ldst have me, poison give to me:
With thine own hand, love, offer it from thee:
My burial then upon thy breast shall be.

THEN WILT THOU COME

If dead thou'ldst have me, now I yield me here.
Singing behind the bearers thou'lt be near,
Weeping thou'lt come to me behind my bier.

CXXXVIII

Morirò, morirò;—che n' averai?—
Per me sia messa in ordine la croce.
E le campane suonar sentirai,
Cantare il Miserere a bassa voce:
'N mezzo di chiesa portar mi vedrai,
Cogli occhi chiusi e con le mani in croce:
E arriverai a dire: or me ne pento.—
Non occorr' altro quand' il fuoco è spento.

CXXXIX

Sento la morte, e la vedo venire,
La vedo che mi prende per le mane;
E l' uscio della chiesa vedo aprire,
Sento suonare a morto le campane:
Vedo la croce con quel panno nero;
Bellin, mi ci hai condotta al cimitero!
Vedo la croce con quel panno bianco;
Bellin, mi hai condotta al Camposanto!

CXL

Quando che sapirai che sarò morta,
Ogni mattina alla messa verrai:
E t' inginocchierai sulla mia fossa,
E l' acqua santa sopra spargerai;
E dirai: qui ci son serrate l' ossa
Di quella serva che tanto straziai!

TOO LATE

Yes, I shall die,—what will it profit thee?
(Let them fetch out the Cross from where it stands!)
And thou shalt hear the bells that toll for me,
The *Miserere* sung by low-voiced bands;
Laid in the Church's midst, thy love thou'lt see,—
Her eyelids closed, together crossed her hands.
And thou shalt come to say: *I now repent.*—
'Tis ever so when once the fire is spent.

BROUGHT THERE

Now hear I death, and see her hither glide,
I see her that she takes my hands to hold;
I see the church's door that opens wide,
I hear the bells that for one dead are tolled.
I see the Cross with that black cloth enwound:
—Love, thou hast brought me to the burial-ground!
I see the Cross with that white cloth above:
Thou to the burial-ground hast brought me, Love!

THEN

When thou, Most Dear, shalt know that I am dead,
Then every morning thou wilt come to Mass,
And thou shalt kneel beside my narrow bed
And sprinkle Holy Water o'er the grass.
And thou shalt say: Here, here the bones are laid
Of that true-love, whom I so grieved, alas!

CXLI

Vedo la barca mia in alto mare,
Ora per ora la vedo andà' al fondo:
E vedo il Turco me la vuol levare:
Per me non giova l' ingegno del mondo.
Per me non giova nè ingegno nè modo:
Attienti, o barca, nel felice nodo.

CXLII

Alla marina me ne voglio andare,
Per veder se v' incontro lo mio amore;
E se l' incontro, lo vo' consolare.

CXLIII

Oh s' io potessi per maniera alcuna
In quell' amor di prima ritornare;
Io metteria la mia vita in fortuna,
E fra due spade la farei passare;
Non guarderei nè il viver nè il morire,
Se in grazia vostra potessi venire:
Non guarderei nè il morir nè il campare,
Se in grazia vostra potessi tornare.

CXLIV

Colombo bianco vestito di nero,
A chi la porti tanta vedovanza?
E' par che il ciel ti sia venuto meno,
E' par che tu abbia perso ogni speranza.
E non l' averai persa, se vorrai:
Sei stato il primo e l' ultimo sarai.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

THE LAST HOPE

I see my bark upon the main that lies,
I see it founder slowly hour by hour:
I see the Turk that seeks it for his prize:
For me avails no earthly skill nor power.
For me no skill in all the world avails:
—Make for the port, O bark, with favouring gales!

SHE DREAMS OF MEETING

Far off unto the shore to go I'm fain,
To see if there I meet my love again;
And if I meet him, I'll console his pain.

HE WOULD RETURN

Oh if I could by any kind of way
Re-entrance find at last to that first love,
My life in hazard I would gladly lay,
And forward 'twixt two swords I'd bid it move.
Living or dying were no care of mine,
So I might come into that grace of thine:
Living or dying were no care to me,
So I might come into that grace with thee.

SHE SINGS OF A DOVE

White dove, white dove, in sorrow's mourning dress,
For whom then dost thou wear such widowhood?
It seems as though for thee had heaven grown less,
It seems as thou hadst lost all hope of good.
And hope has not been lost,—if 'tis thy will:
The first thou wast, the last thou shalt be still.

CXLV

O acqua che ne vai per la corrente,
Fammi rifar la pace col mi' amante:
Chè quando mi lassò, gli ero innocente.

CXLVI

O nuvoli del ciel fate giustizia!
Fate che l' amor mio mi torni in grazia,
E non si perda più quell' amicizia.

CXLVII

O luna, o sole!
O stella Diana[1] non mi abbandonare:
Fammi rifar la pace col mi' amore.

CXLVIII

O angioli del ciel, fate giustizia!
Fate che a lo mio amor rientri in grazia,
Non si possa guastar quest' amicizia!

CXLIX

Fior di cipresso.
Con una mano scrivo, e l' altra scasso . . .
Ti voglio tanto ben, te lo confesso.

CL

Che serve vadi a di' siamo addirati,
Se spesso ci mandiamo de' saluti?
Siamo du' coricini innamorati.

[1] "The morning star; called *Diana*, perhaps from *dia*, day. So the soldier says: *batter la Diana*, when the drum is sounded at dawn."

O RUNNING WATER

O water that art running to the sea,
Bring me to peace with my sweet heart, I pray:
I had not wronged him when he broke from me.

O CLOUDS

O clouds of heaven, cause justice to be done!
Send back my love into my grace begun,
And let no more be lost, that friendship won.

O MOON, O SUN

O Moon, O Sun!
O Star of morning, leave me not alone:
Set me at peace with my belovëd one.

ANGELS OF HEAVEN

Angels of heaven, cause justice to be done!
Make me to come in my love's grace again;
It cannot, sure, be spoilt, this friendship won!

RELENTING

Flower of cyprèss.
One hand doth write, the other doth erase . . .
So much, so much I love thee, I confess.

LITTLE HEARTS AND GREAT LOVE

What use is it to say we anger bear,
If oft we send each other greetings fair?
We are two little hearts great love that share.

CLII

Diarsera posi un giglio alla finestra:
Diarsera il misi, e stamane era nato.
Andai per affaciarmi alla finestra:
Colle sue fronde mi copriva il capo.
Giglio, mio giglio, quanto sei cresciuto!
Ricordati del ben ch' io t' ho voluto
Giglio, mio giglio, quanto sei crescente!
Ricordati del ben ch' io ti vo' sempre.

CLIII

O stella rilucente, alma serena,
Spero di far con voi tranquilla pace:
L' acqua del mare che gran furia mena,
Quando vi vede voi, si ferma e diace.
Avete tanto li costumi belli!
Quando parlate voi, ferman gli uccelli:
Avete tanto li belli costumi!
Quando parlate voi, fermano i fiumi.

CLIV

Colombo bello, quanto sei nutrito!
L' ale d' argento t' ho fatte portare.
M' hai 'nnamorato e poi te ne se' ito,
E m' hai lasso sul fior del vagheggiare.
Colombo bianco c' hai quell' ale d' oro,
Ritorna a vagheggiare il tuo tesoro:
Colombo bianco c' hai l' ale d' argento,
Ritorna a vagheggiare ora ch' è il tempo.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

THE LILY'S GROWTH

I in my window laid a lily deep:
Last eve I planted it, this morn 'twas sprung.
I went beside the window watch to keep:
Its leaves above my head their shadow flung.
Lily, my lily, how thy growth has thriven!
Remember thou the love that I have given!
Lily, my lily, growing even now:—
The love that still I give remember thou.

HOPE FOR PEACE

O shining star, O soul serene and mild,
I trust to make with thee a tranquil peace:
The sea-waves that are driven by fury wild,
When they behold thee, from their onset cease.
Of gentle manners thou hast store so great!
When thou dost speak the birds to listen wait:
Of lovely ways thou hast so great a store!
When thou dost speak, the rivers wait for more.

RETURN, WHITE DOVE!

O beauteous dove, I've cherished thee so long!
These wings of silver I have made thee wear,
Thou hast enamoured me, then left thy song
At love's high season when it flowered most fair.
White dove, that carriest these wings of gold,
Return to woo thy treasure as of old:
White dove, that hast thy wings of silver clear,
Return to wooing while the time is here.

CLV

Nel passar per la vetta di quel monte,
Al tuo bel nome mi venne pensato:
Mi messi inginocchioni a mani gionte,
E di lassarti mi parve peccato:
Mi messi inginocchioni in pietra viva.
Ritorni il nostro amor com' era prima.

CLVI

Oh! sento, sento, o parmi di sentire
Di là dal monte una voce calare;
Par che mi dica: Amor, non ti partire;
Se tu ti parti, non mi abbandonare.
Oh! non mi abbandonar, bel fiordaliso,
O i piedi metterai sopra il mio viso:
Oh! non mi abbandonar, bel viso adorno,
O i piedi metterai sopra me attorno.

CLVII

Se tu sapessi ancor quanto l' è doglia
Il ricordarsi del tempo passato![1]
Quando ci penso, tremo più che foglia,
A quel che l' ero, a quel che son tornato:
Quando ci penso, più che foglia tremo,
A quel che son tornato, a quel che l' ero.

[1] Dante: "*Nessun maggior dolore—Che ricordarsi del tempo felice—Nella miseria.*"

REPENTANCE

As by that mountain's silent peak I passed,
There came to me the thought of thy dear name:
Down on my knees I fell, with hands joined fast,
And to forsake thee seemed my sin and shame:
I knelt down there upon the living stone.—
Might it but come again, our love that's gone!

HER REMEMBERED VOICE

I hear, I hear a voice that dies away,—
I seem to hear it o'er the mountains ever:
Love, do not leave me, so it seems to say,—
Or, if thou leave me, love, forsake me never!
Forsake me never, lily full of grace,
Or else thy feet shall tread upon my face!
Forsake me never, face that beauties crown,
Or else 'twill be thy feet shall tread me down.

REMEMBRANCE OF PAST DAYS

Oh, if thou couldst but know how great a grief
Is in remembrance of the time that's past?
Thinking thereon I tremble like a leaf
O'er that I was, o'er this I'm grown at last:
Thinking thereon, than leaves I tremble more
O'er *this* I am, o'er *that* I was before.

CLVIII

Quell' albero tagliato e posto in terra,
Ma che di peggio gli potea accadere?
Le rache son rimaste sotto terra,
Ma spera un giorno c' hanno a rinfrescare.
Ed hanno a rinfrescare anche la rama;
Ritorna, amante mio dalla tua dama!
Ed hanno a rinfrescare anche la cima;
Ritorna, amante mio, dov' eri prima!
Ed hanno a rinfrescare anco la foglia,
Ritorna, amante mio, dalla tua sposa!

CLIX

Ecco la palma, se vuoi far la pace!
Con quanti preghi l' ho fatta venire!
E se sarà di quell' amor verace,
Nella tua mano la vedrai fiorire.
E se sarà di quell' amor di quando . . .
La palma fiorirà, la cima e 'l gambo:
E se sarà di quell' amor di prima,
La palma fiorirà 'l gambo e la cima.

CLX

È tanto tempo ch' eravamo muti!
Eccoci ritornati alla favella.
E gli angioli del cielo son venuti,
L' hanno posta la pace in tanta guerra;
E son venuti gli angioli di Dio,
L' hanno posta la pace nel cor mio;
E son venuti gli angioli d' amore,
L' hanno posta la pace nel mio core.

HOPE OF REVIVING

That tree cut down and laid upon the ground,—
But what worse thing could e'er to it befall?
Yet, look! beneath the earth the roots are found,
Some day, it hopes, fresh life will come to all.
Unto the boughs will come new freshness then;—
—Return, my sweet-heart, to thy love again!—
The topmost twigs new freshness will restore;
—Return, my sweet heart, where thou wast before!—
Yea, all the leaves in freshness new will start;
—Return again unto thy bride, sweet heart!

THE PALM OF PEACE

Here is the palm, if thou for peace dost sue!
How many prayers I've sent to bring this hour!—
And if thy love will be that love that's true,
Thou in thy hand shalt see this branch in flower.
And if 'twill be of that love in the past,
The palm shall flourish, stem and top at last.
And if 'twill be the same love as before,
The palm will flourish ever more and more.

ANGELS OF PEACE

So long a time it is we have been dumb!
At last we are returned to speech once more.
And blessed angels here from heaven have come,
They have put peace where was such war before.
And here have come the angels of the Lord,—
They in this heart of mine have peace restored;
And here have come Love's angels for release,—
They in this heart of mine have put their peace.

CLXI

Facciam la pace, caro bene mio,
Chè questa guerra non può più durare.
Se non la vuoi far tu, la farò io;
Fra me e te non ci è guerra mortale.
Fanno la pace principi e signori,
Così la posson far due amatori:
Fanno la pace principi e soldati,
Così la posson far due innamorati:
Fanno la pace principi e tenenti,
Tanto la posson far du' cor contenti.

CLXII

Eccomi, caro amor, son ritornato
Colla catena al collo inginocchioni;
Se ho fallito, mi sia perdonato:
Un' altra volta fallirete voi.
E ho fallito, e l' ho fatto fallenza:
Perdon vi chiedo, e per amor pacienza.

CLXIII

Ritorna in libertà, bel giovinetto;
Ritorna in libertà, non t' ho lasciato.
Se tu l' avessi qualche sdegnimento,
Ti prego, bello, di mandarlo a lato.
Se tu l' avessi qualche sdegno al core,
Se ne sta male, bello, ma 'n si muore:
Se tu l' avessi qualche sdegno all' alma,
Se ne sta male, bello, ma 'n si cambia.

PRINCES MAKE PEACE

Let us make peace together, dearest heart,
For to this warfare now an end must be.
If thou wilt not begin, I'll take that part;
There is no war to death 'twixt thee and me.
Princes make peace, and folk of noble name,
Surely two lovers, then, can do the same:
Princes make peace together, soldiers too,—
What then can hinder us, two lovers true?
Princes, and captains also, peace avouch,—
Surely two hearts content can do as much.

HIS RETURN

Behold me here, sweet love, come back at last,—
The chain upon my neck, for grace I kneel;
If I have erred, forgive the wrong that's past,—
Another time some fault thyself wilt feel.
And I have erred indeed, and blame would take:
Pardon I ask, and patience for love's sake.

"RETURN IN FREEDOM"

Return, return in freedom, fairest lad,
Return in freedom,—and thy true love find.
If thou some anger on thy part hast had,
I beg thee, dear, to put it from thy mind.
If in thy heart some wrath did harboured lie,
It hurts one, dear, but still one does not die:
If thou hast had some anger in thy soul,
It hurts one, dear, but still one's love is whole.

CLXIV

E'[1] non son degno già che degno sia,
Fatemi degno voi col vostro amore.
È tanto al basso la persona mia,
Meriti dami di maggior valore.
Meriti dami di maggior ricchezza:
Amami, bella mia, per gentilezza.

RISPOSTA

Per gentilezza ti vo' sempre amare,
Quanto sei bello, gentile e reale!
Vostre bellezze sono alte e divine,
Hanno il principio e non trovo la fine.
Vostre bellezze alte e divine sono;
Principio l' hanno, e la fine non trovo.

CLXV

Ti voglio bene in tutti quanti i modi,
Come tu fosse un caro mio fratello;
Quanto ne vuole un padre a' su' figliuoli,
Tanto ne voglio a voi, giovine bello:
Quanto ne vuole un pae di casa a' suoi,
Tanto ne voglio, giovanetto, a voi.

[1] "*E'* for *io*, the ancient *eo*."

ASKING FOR LOVE

I am not worthy yet as I may be:
Let thy love coming to me make my worth.
I am in poverty, of low degree,
Thou shouldst have lovers of more noble birth.
Thou shouldst have richer lovers, I confess:
Love me, my fair one, of thy gentleness.

THE ANSWER

For gentleness I ever would love thee,
Who hast such gentleness of royalty!
Thy beauties are of high and heavenly kind:
They have beginning, end I never find.
Thy beauties, they are high and heavenly-fair;
They have beginning, end I find nowhere.

IN ALL THE WAYS

I love thee, love, in all the ways at once:
As if thou wert a brother dear to me;
As is the love a father bears his sons,
Such and so great the love I bear to thee:
Such love as each house-father gives his own,
I give to thee, who art my chosen one.

CLXVI

Eramo 'nnamorati da piccini,
Venivamo su su come due fiori:
Ora convien lasciarci, poverini!

CLXVII

Son partite l' amiche rondinelle,
E tu con loro vai di là dal mare.
A primavera torneranno quelle,
E tu con quelle non potrai tornare.
Tornar tu non potrai a questo tetto,
Dove ti cercherò con tanto affetto!
Dove ti cercherò con ansia al cuore,
E non ti troverò, dolce mio amore!
E non ti troverò, dolce amor mio! . . . .
Ho il pianto agli occhi, e non so dirti: *addio!*

CLXVIII

Vedo chi vedo, e non vedo chi voglio,
Vedo la foglia per l' aria volare:
E l' amor mio che l' ha passato il poggio,
Arrieto non lo vedo ritornare.
Arrieto non lo vedo far ritorno:
L' ha passo il poggio quel bel viso adorno.

CLXIX

M' affaccio alla finestra e veggo il mare,
E mi ricordo che s' ha da morire.
Termineranno le speranze care.

AND NOW, TO PART!

We loved each other, babies by our doors,
We grew and grew together as two flowers:
To think that now this parting must be ours!

NOT WITH THE SWALLOWS

The friendly swallows all have sought the main,
And with them thou dost go beyond the sea.
In springtime those will here return again,
But thou with them canst not return to me.
Return thou canst not to this roof above,
Where I shall seek for thee with so much love!
Where I shall seek for thee with anxious heart,
And shall not find thee, sweet, my love who art!
And shall not find thee, sweet, returned to dwell!
Mine eyes must weep,—how can I say *Farewell!*

THE WIND-BORNE LEAF

I see but whom I see, not whom I will,
I see the leaf that on the breeze is borne:
But my beloved who passed beyond the hill,
I see him not on any day return.
I see him not returning, day nor night:
Beyond the hill has passed that visage bright.

THE PASSING OF THINGS

I lean against the window, watch the sea,
And I remember death is bound to be.
Dear hopes shall have their end for thee and me.

CLXX

Mi pare di sentire e non sentire,
Dopo quei poggi una voce chiamare:
Mi par che sia l' amor mio dabbene,
Mi par che dice: Levami di pene. . . .

CLXXI

Quando ier ser tramontava il sole,
Pensavo a te che sei lontano tanto;
E mi pareva udir le tue parole,
Ma eran dolorose come pianto;
E sospirar sentia sommessamente,
E afflitta in volto mi parea la gente.
Ohimè, ben mio, di tu che cos' è questa?
Ah l' ora del tramonto è una ora mesta!
Ah quella del tramonto è una mest' ora;
E tu, ben mio, perchè non torni ancora?[1]

CLXXII

M' affaccio alla finestra e vedo l' onde,
E vedo le miserie che son grande,
E chiamo l' amor mio, non mi risponde.

[1] Tigri says: "This Rispetto is so beautiful in every part that it may be doubted whether it is one of the traditional songs." It is now known to have been written by E. Thouar, one of the collectors of Rispetti, but I have left it in this place.

AS IN A DREAM

It seems as though I heard and did not hear
A calling voice these hills that passeth o'er:
As though I heard my faithful love complain,
As though he said: *Oh take me out of pain!* . . .

FOREBODING

Last evening when the dying sunset gleamed,
I thought on thee who far, so far art gone;
And that I heard thy words to me it seemed,
But they were sad as if one wept alone;
And then I heard a sound of sighing low,
And faces stricken did the people show.
Alas! my own, tell me what thing is this?
Ah, sunset's hour an hour of boding is!
Ah, sunset is an hour of boding gloom:
And thou, my love, why dost thou not come home?

THE RESTLESS SEA

I stand beside the window, watch the sea,
And I behold this life's great misery.
I call my love, he doth not answer me.

CLXXIII

Oh! fatti alla finestra, donna mia,[1]
Fammelo un po' di lume a camminare,
Chè mi si è stretto il buio a mezza via,
Fra pietre e sassi vado a inciampicare;
E mi si è stretto il buio a mezzo il fiume,
L' acqua m' abonda e non ci vedo lume;
E mi si è stretto il buio in mezzo al mare,
L' acqua m' abonda, e 'n posso camminare;
E mi si è stretto il buio a mezze sponde,
Io chiamo il tuo bel nome, e niun risponde!

CLXXIV

E vedo, e vedo, e non vedo chi voglio,
Vedo le foglie di lontan tremare.
E vedo lo mio amore in su quel poggio,
E al piano mai lo vedo calare.
O poggio traditor, che ne farete?
O vivo o morto me lo renderete.
O poggio traditor, che ne farai?
O vivo o morto me lo renderai.

CLXXV

M'affaccio alla finestra e vedo il mare,
E vedo le barchette a me venire;
Quella del mio amor fa un gran tardare.

[1] "*Donna mia*," used by Dante and Petrarch.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

DARKNESS MIDWAY

Come to the window, lady mine;—I call!
Shew me, that I may walk, a little light,
For midway on my road doth darkness fall,
O'er stones and rocks I stumble in the night.
And on me darkness falls midway the stream,
The waters press me and I see no gleam;
And on me darkness falls midway from shore,
The sea-waves press me,—I can walk no more;
And on me darkness falls midway the lake,
I call thy name, and none doth answer make!

NOT RETURNED

I see, I see, I see not whom I would,
I see the leaves a-tremble far away.
I see my love that on that hill-top stood,
But see him not descending any day.
O traitor hill, why hast thou him misled?
Thou'lt give him back to me alive or dead.
O traitor hill, what use were he to thee?
Or live or dead thou'lt give him back to me.

LONG WAITING

I lean against the window, watch the bay,
And watch the little boats come toward me;
That of my love doth make a long delay.

CLXXVI

Amore! amore! amor! passa que' poggi;
Amore! amore! amor! viemmi a vedere:
Viemmi a vedere innanzi ch' io mi muoia,
Innanzi che m' accendan le candele.

CLXXVII

Ora che son contenta di morire,
Solo al mio amore io vorre' parlare;
Ora che l' ho veduto il tuo bel viso,
Moro contenta e vado in paradiso:
Ora che l' ho visto il tuo viso incarnato,
Moro contenta e' n altro mondo vado:
Or che l' ho visto il tuo bel viso adorno,
Moro contenta e vado all' altro mondo.

CLXXVIII

Se moro, ricopritemi di fiori,
E sottoterra non mi ci mettete:
Mettetemi di là di chelle mura
Dove più volte vista mi ci avete.
Mettetemi di là, all' acqua, al vento;
Chè se moro per voi, moro contento:
Mettetemi di là, all' acqua, al sole;[1]
Che se moro per voi, moro d'amore.

[1] Tigri: "If only I am there, and you can see me again, the rain, the wind, the heat of the sun will not matter. Dante says of the bones of Manfred: '*Or le bagna la pioggia, e move il vento.*'"

COME!

O love, O love, O love, these hills pass by,
O love, O love, O love, come to me here!
Come but to see me once before I die,
Before they light the candles for my bier.

NOW THAT TO DIE

Now that to die made willing I have been,
Only with my belovëd would I speak;
Now that thy beauteous countenance I've seen,
I die content and Paradise I seek:
Now that I've seen thy face encarnadined,
I die and go above content in mind:
Now that I've seen thy fair adornëd face,
I die content and seek the heavenly place.

GLAD IS MY DEATH

Love, if I die, then cover me with flowers,
And do not in the ground my body lay:
Let me lie there beyond these walls and towers,
Where thou hast seen me walking many a day.
Let me lie there amid the rains, the wind,—
Dying for thee, I die with happy mind:
Let me lie there where rains and sunlight move,—
Dying for thee, I die of blessed love.

CLXXIX

E' tira un ventolin che mi rinfresca;
Me lo manda il mi' amor per gentilezza.
E' tira un ventolin che mi rincora;
Me lo manda il mi' amor perchè non mora.
E' tira un ventolin molto gelato;
Me lo manda il mi' amore innamorato.

CLXXX

Voi siete benvenuto, anima mia,
Da po' che m' ete fatto rallegrare.
Com' ete fatto a ritrovar la via,
Le pene del mio core a rinfrescare?
Com' ete fatto a ritrovare il verso
Per rinfrescar le pene del mio petto?
Com' ete fatto a ritrovar l' amore
Per rinfrescar le pene del mio core?

CLXXXI

Chi v' amerà, ben mio, se non v' am' io?
Chi m' amerà se non mi amate voi?
Chi averà pietà del dolor mio,
Altri che voi di me, caro amor mio?
Chi averà pietà del mio dolore,
Altri che voi di me, caro mi' amore?

THE LITTLE BREEZE

A little breeze is blowing, me to bless:
My Love doth send it of his gentleness.
A little breeze restores me; this is why:
My Love doth send it that I may not die.
A little breeze is blowing, fresh and cold:
My Love doth send it, loving as of old.

THE HEART REVIVED

Welcome thou art indeed, O heart most dear,—
Since thy returning thou hast made me glad,
How hast thou done to find the way to cheer
With sweet refreshing this my heart so sad?
How hast thou done to find again the art
So to assuage the pains of this sad heart?
How hast thou done to find again the love
My heart to heal and all its pains remove?

WHO ELSE?

Who then but I shall love thee, O my Found?
Whose love but thine shall peace to me impart?
Who shall have pity of my grievous wound,
Unless thyself, belovëd of my heart?
Who shall have pity that will make me whole,
Unless thyself, belovëd of my soul?

CLXXXII

M' è stato dato un pomo lavorato,
Ed io per pegno gli ho dato il mio core.
Intorno intorno gli era inargentato,
In mezzo ci era scritte due parole:
Una diceva: *core tanto amato;*
L' altra diceva: *gelosia d' amore.*
Una diceva: *spicolo e viole:*
Siete la catenella del mio core.
Una diceva: *spicolo e mortella:*
E del mio cor siete la catenella.[1]

CLXXXIII

E lo mio amor me l' ha donato un nastro
Tutto turchino e ramezzato d' oro;
Che l' ha legato in mezzo d' un braccio,
E quello mi sostiene ch' io non moro.
Me l' ha legato in mezzo d' un deto,
Fronda d' olivo e ramo d' abeto.
Me l' ha legato in mezzo del petto,
Fronda d' olivo e rama di cipresso;
Me l' ha legato in mezzo del cuore,
Fronda d' olivo e rama di viole.

[1] A Sicilian version, probably the original of this poem, ends with "Thou art the little key of this heart." This Tuscan variant shows, in various ways, confusion. v. Rubieri, p. 466, and D'Ancona, p. 185.

THE SILVER APPLE ENGRAVEN WITH LEGENDS

One gave me late an Apple wrought with care:
(I for its surety gave my heart instead.)
The work was silvered over very fair,
And in the midst two runic words I read.
So Much Belovëd Heart, did one declare;
And *Jealousy of Love* the other said.
Sweet Lavender and Pinks enscrolled was found:
—Thou art the little chain my heart that bound.
Sweet Lavender and Myrtle was enscrolled.
—Thou art the little chain my heart to hold.

THE AMULET WOVEN WITH GOLDEN BRANCHES

My true-love gave to me a ribbon long,
All turquoise-blue and wrought with branching gold:
He bound it round my arm, a way so strong
That me, who drooped, in life it doth uphold.
He bound me with it round this finger mine;
—Leaf of the olive, branch of fir, (as sign).[1]
He bound me with it round the breast, (for faith):
—Leaf of the olive, cypress-branch (of death).
He bound me with it round my heart (for love):
—Leaf of the olive, branch of flowering clove.

[1] The words within brackets are added in the translation.

CLXXXIV

Vo' siete il più bel fior che sia in montagna,
Per quanto che desidera il mio cuore;
E chi me 'l trova, e chi me ne dimanda,
Dice: dov' ete colto quel bel fiore?
L' ho colto sul giardin di là dall' Elmo:
Se' bello quanto il sole, ed anco meglio.
L' ho colto sul giardin delle virtù:
Sei bello quanto il sole, ed anco più.
L' ho colto nel giardin di là dall' acqua:
Sei bello quanto il Sol, per non dir, passa.

CLXXXV

Bella ragazza, vi chiamate Armanda,[1]
Quanto mi piace lo vostro bel nome!
Voi portate un garofano da banda,
Dall' altra parte un gelsomin d' amore.
Se arriva il vostro amore e vi domanda:
Dove fu colto codesto bel fiore?
Io l' ho colto nel bel giardin d' amore,
Dove si leva la spera del sole:
Dove si leva, dove si riposa.
Voltati verso me, vermiglia rosa.

[1] In one version of this widely-spread song the name *Anna* has been changed to *Armanda*, perhaps merely for rhyme by the editor of the small book *Stornelli e Rispetti* (Naples). Otherwise this version is the same as Tigri's.

IN THE GARDEN BEYOND

Thou art the fairest flower the mountains fold,
And wholly that for which my heart doth pray;
All question make, who me therewith behold:
Where hast thou gathered this sweet flower? they say:
'Twas forth of Elmo, in that garden fine:
—Thy beauties like the Sun's, yea fairer, shine.
'Twas in that garden where the virtues grow:
—Thy beauties like the Sun's, yea fairer, show.
'Twas in that garden 'yond the waters far:
—Thy beauties like the Sun's, yea higher are.

HE SEES HER BEARING A CARNATION AND A JASMINE

Armanda thou dost call thee, maiden fair:
How it doth pleasure me, this name of thine!
A clove-pink from one border thou dost bear,
And from the other, love's white jessamine.
Should one who loves thee come and ask thee e'er:
From whence hath it been culled, this flower fine?
I culled it in Love's Garden, make reply,
Wherein the Radiant Sun doth rise on high:
Wherein the Sun doth rise, wherein repose.
—Ah, turn thee tow'rds me, thou vermilion rose!

CLXXXVI

Chi v' amerà, ben mio, s' i' non son io?
Chi' m' ama me, se non m' amate voi?
E tutto lo ben vostro già son io,
E tutto lo ben mio già sete voi.
Da poi che ci vogliamo tanto bene,
Venga la morte, che morremo assieme:
Da poi che tanto ben noi ci vogliamo,
Venga la morte e insieme mogliamo.[1]

CLXXXVII

Colombo che d' argento porti l' ale,
Riluce le tue penne quando voli;
Il tuo bel canto lo vorre' imparare,

. . . . . .

Il tuo bel canto, e le tue rime belle;
Il sol va sotto, e dà luce alle stelle:
Il tuo bel canto, e le tue belle rime;
Il sol va sotto, e dà luce alle cime.

CLXXXVIII

"Vuravi ch' el meîo Ben un fiur nassisso:
Drento al me uorto i' lu semenereîa;
E doûti che passino me dississo:
Cuossa fa lo tu' amante de qua veîa?
E in alta buce loû me respundisso:
Son quà ch' i' aduoro la culonba meîa.
Son quà ch' i' aduoro l' aire e li stile,
Son quà ch' i' aduoro lo meîo Ben fidile."

[1] *Moriamo* is pronounced sometimes as *moiamo*, then the *ia* becomes *glia*. *Pistoia* is pronounced in the speech of the mountains *Pistoglia* (hence *pistol*).

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

THUS

Who then shall love thee, if not I, my Soul?
Whose love shall seek me if it be not thine?
And thou in me hast all thy treasure whole,
And I have whole in thee all treasure mine!
Since that our love doth fill so high each heart,
Come, Death, for we together would depart:
Since that our hearts are filled with love so high,
Come Death, for so we would together die.

DREAM-SONG

O fairest dove, who art of silver wing,
Far do thy feathers shine when thou dost fly;
Thy beauteous song I too would learn to sing,
[Thy rhymes so sweet of love that reach the sky.]
Thy beauteous song and thy sweet rhymes of love;
The sun goes down and lights the stars above:
Thy beauteous song, sweet rhymes, that fall below;
The sun goes down, and lights the peaks of snow.

HER FLOWER IN THE GARDEN: A SONG FROM ISTRIA

I would my love were born a flower fair,
Then I would sow him in my garden ground,
And all would ask who should be passing there:
Why is thy lover in that border found?
Me then he'd answer with high voice and rare:
It is to hail my dove that hovers round.
It is to hail the breeze, the stars that shine,
It is to hail this faithful love of mine.

CLXXXIX

Ho visto un fiorellin su per il poggio:
S' i lo potessi, lo vorrei sbarbare.
Piantare lo vorrei drento il mi' orto,
Sera e mattina lo vorre' innaffiare.
Non ha bisogno di tant' acqua al gambo,
Egli è un giglio d' amor che dura un anno:
Non ha bisogno di tant' acqua al piede,
Egli è un giglio d' amor che si mantiene:
Non ha bisogno di tant' acqua in vetta,
Egli è un giglio d' amor che non si secca.

CXC

Oh, l' acqua dello mar com' è turchina!
La casa del mio amor com' è lontana!
Ma verrà un giorno ch' i' l' avrò vicina.

CXCI

Quando sarà quel glorioso giorno
Che la mi' scala salirai pian piano?
I tuoi fratelli li averai d' intorno,
Io sarò primo a pigliarti per mano.
Quando sarà quel glorioso dì,
Anderemo dal prete a dir di sì?

CXCII

Fiore di menta.
Quando verrà quella giornata santa
Che il prete mi dirà: Siete contenta?
Allora finirà la smania tanta:
Finirà la paura e il dolore:
Contenta goderò il mio amore.

TRANSPLANTING

Upon the hillside I a flower have found,
Which, If I might, I fain from thence would bear.
And I would plant it in my garden ground,
And water it at morn and evening there.
Yet, not much water need the stem receive,
This lily is of love, all year doth live;
Not so much water needs the stalk below:
This lily is of love, doth ever grow;
Not so much water needs the flower above:
It never fades,—a lily this of love.

SEEN FROM AFAR

How blue it is,—the water of the sea!
My true-love's house, how far it is away! . . .
A day will come,—I'll have it close to me.

HE SINGS OF HIS HOME TO BE

O when will that one day of glory come
When softly thou shalt mount my stair, and stand
With all my kith around thee in our home!
I shall be first to take thee by the hand.
Oh when will come, Sweet Heart, that glorious day
When to the priest we'll go our *Yes* to say?

HER NEW LIFE

Flower of the mint.
When shall that sacred day at last be sent
When the priest asks of me: *Art thou content?*
Then shall be ended many a sad lament:
Then shall be ended fear, and grief shall cease:
Then I shall have my love, and dwell in peace.

CXCIII

Acqua di rio.
Teco sarò di luglio e di gennaio,
Dove tu muori te, morirò anch' io.

CXCIV

Nel mio orto c' è nata una canna,
E d' ogni nodo ci è nato un bel fiore;
Nel mezzo che ci canta la calandra,
In cima e in fondo un bel fiorin d' amore:
'N cima ci canta tre sorte d' uccelli,
Calandre, rusignoli, e filunguelli:
'N cima ci canta tre sorte uccellini,
Calandre, rusignoli, e cardellini.

CXCV

Per venirvi a vedere, alma serena,
L' aria tranquilla al ciel rende la pace;
E ogni fiumicello ch' acqua mena,
Per veni' a veder voi si ferma e tace.
Più bella come voi, non ne trovonno:
Per venirvi a veder, l' acque fermonno.

BRIDAL

Brook never dry.
With thee, with thee in January and July!
Where'er thou diest, love, there shall I die.

A CAROL OF JOY

Within my orchard now a Cane doth spring,
On every knot a blossom fair doth blow,
And in the midst the lark is carolling,—
A little love-flower is atop, below.
Atop three kinds of birds are singing,—hark!
The nightingale, the chaffinch and the lark:
Atop three kinds of birds are singing clear:
The goldfinch, lark and nightingale I hear.

ALMA SERENA

For sight of thee to go, sweet soul serene,
The tranquil wind gives peace unto the sky;
And every brook that running on has been,
For sight of thee doth stop and silent lie.
Than thee were nowhere found a fairer one:
For sight of thee, the waters cease to run.

CXCVI

Il sol va sotto e non muta rossezza,
E il tuo bel viso non muta colore.
Quanto sta bene a voi la gentilezza!
Quanto in un bel giardino un vago fiore:
E quanto vi sta bene a voi l' amare!
L' acqua che corre la fate fermare.—
L' acqua che corre fermar non poss' io:
E tu la fai fermar, caro amor mio.

CXCVII

Cade l' uliva e non cade la foglia,
Le tue bellezze non cadono mai.
Sie' fatto come il mar che cresce a onde,
Cresce per vento, ma per acqua mai.
Sie' fatto come l' erbo tenerello,
Quanto più cresci e più diventi bello:
Sie' fatto come l' erbo tenerino,
Quanto più cresci più 'venti bellino.

CXCVIII

Il dolce non fu mai senza l' amaro;
Letizia non fu mai senza dolore.
Così voglio far io, se il ciel m' aita:
Ti voglio amar dalla morte alla vita.
Così vo' far se il ciel mi dà la sorte:
Ti voglio amar dalla vita alla morte.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

LOVELINESS FROM LOVE

A Dialogue

The sun goes down, but keeps its roseate hue,
So ever keeps thy face its colour fair.
How well doth suit thee this meek kindness new!—
As suits a garden some sweet flower there.
How well, sweet soul, it suits thee thus to love!
Thou mak'st the running water cease to move.—
Nay, running water heeds no power of mine:
But thou dost make it cease, dear love, by thine.

A GRACE THAT GROWS

The olive sheds its fruit, its leaf it saves,—
So do thy beauties cling to thee for ever.
Thou art made like the sea which grows in waves
Through stress of storms, but grows in water never.
Thou art made like the Spring-time's tender grass,
Ev'n as it grows, it doth itself surpass:
And like the tender grass in Spring-time sown,
More beautiful thou art, the more thou'rt grown.

THE APPOINTED PATH

Never without the bitter was the sweet;
Never was joy that sorrow did not meet.
So, if Heaven help me, would I take the strife,
And love thee lastingly from death to life.
So, if Heaven help me, would I hold the faith:
And love thee lastingly through life and death.

CXCIX

O casa buia, o vedova finestra,
Dov' è quel sol che ci soleva dare?
E' ci soleva ridere e far festa:
Ora vedo le pietre lacrimare.
Ora vedo le pietre stare in pena,
O casa buia, o finestra serena.

CC

O cara terra!
Terra che ne rinserri l' amor mio!
Quando sarà finita la mia guerra,
Fra le tue zolle vo' venire anch' io:
Io vo' venire dove sta il mio amore,
Dov' ora è seppellito questo core.
E dove sta il mio amore, vo' venire:
Senza del core è troppo il mio patire.

CCI

Ohimè che non ci vedo la mia stella,
Nè su il luogo la vedo apparire!
E non la vedo nè in cielo nè in terra:
O Dio del ciel, fatemela scoprire!
O Dio del ciel, che sete si beato,
Fate scoprir la stella dal turbato.
O Dio del ciel, che sete onnipotente,
Fate scoprir la stella rilucente.

A MOUNTAIN PATHWAY

O DARKENED HOUSE

O darkened house, O widowed window, where,
Where is that Sun that used to shine from thee?
That used to smile and make a mirth so fair:
But now in tears the very stones I see.
But now the stones in anguish I behold:
O darkened house, O window still and cold!

A CRY

O earth most dear!
Earth that dost close away my love within,
When once shall ended be my warfare here,
Amongst thy clods I fain would also win.
Fain I would come where my beloved doth dwell,
Where now this heart doth lie entombed as well.
Fain I would come where my beloved doth wait:
—Without my heart, the burden is too great.

THE APPEAL

Alas! I can no longer see my star,
No more behold it rising in its place;
Nor find it in the sky, nor earth afar:
O God of Heaven, disclose it me of grace!
O God of Heaven, who art Thyself so blest,
From out the storm disclose the star at rest:
O God of Heaven, of all-availing might,
Disclose for me the star that shineth bright.

CCII

Quando, bellino, al cielo salirai,
Ti verrò incontro con il cuore in mano:
Tu pien d' amore al sen m' abbraccerai,
Ed io ti menerò dal gran Soprano.
Il Soprano, veduto il nostro amore,
Farà dei cuori innamorati un cuore;
Ed un cuore farà de' nostri cuori,
In paradiso, in mezzo alli splendori.

CCIII

E la mattina quando il sol si leva,
Esce di quella valle ombrosa e scura;
Esce da' poggi e fa una gran lumiera;
Infin che non è notte, sempre dura:
Passa que' poggi e fa lunghi cammini,
Rende lumiera fra gli abeti e i pini.

THE TRYST OF THE GOLDEN GATE

When thou shalt rise into the Heavenly Rest,
I'll come to meet thee, carrying my heart:
Thou, full of love, shalt draw me to thy breast,
And I will lead thee to the Lord apart.
The Sovran Lord, our love before Him shown,
Will then make one these hearts that love have known:
And He of these our hearts one heart will make,
In Paradise amid the lights that break.

THE SUN ENDURETH

And when the Sun doth rise at morning-wake,
He wends from yonder shadowy vale obscure;
He wends amongst the hills and here doth make
A lordly light which doth all day endure.
He leaves our hillsides, hastens on, and shines
Far on those heights, amid the firs and pines.

EXITUS MATUTINI ET VESPERE DELECTABIS

A SONG FROM SARDEGNA

I-ssa rocca e-ss' oro
Cantat una culumba
D' onzi bortaedie.
I-ssa rocca e ss' oro.
Cand' interran a-mmie
Mi las pon' i-ssa tumba
Sas craer de-ssu coro.

THE KEYS OF THE MORNING

High on gold cliffs reposing
A dove doth sing most fair
Through every falling eve.
High on gold cliffs reposing.
When me at last you leave
Laid in the tomb, set there
The keys of my heart's closing.

SERIE SECONDA

PER LA FORESTA

SECOND SERIES

THROUGH THE FOREST

A SONG FROM CALABRIA

Tu ti credivi ca l' amure è juoco,
L' amore è fúoco e non si può stutare:
Ogni mima frigilla gitta fúoco,
Che non lo stuta l' unda de lu mare.

FIRE

Thou, then, didst fancy that love was but a game!—
Love is a fire that never quenched can be:
Every least spark of love jetteth forth a flame
Ne'er to be quenched by wave of any sea.

PRELUDIO

ROSA SPINOSA

Siete più bella che non è la luna
Quando che in quintadecima si leva.
Il vostro viso si chiama Fortuna,
A chi dona le sorti, a chi le leva:
Il vostro viso porta una scrittura,
Dentro c' è scritta la pace e la guerra:
Dentro c' è scritta la pace e l' amore.
Siete più bella che la luna e 'l sole.

THE LEGEND

More beautiful art thou than is the Moon
When she upon her fifteenth night doth break.
Fortune they call thy face, for happy boon
To one it doth assign, from other take:
Thy face doth bear the writing of a rune,
Therein is written: *Peace and War I make:*
Therein is written: *Peace and Love, O Heart.*
More beautiful than Sun and Moon thou art.

PER LA FORESTA

I

Il primo giorno di calen di maggio
Andai nell' orto per cogliere un fiore,
E vi trovai un uccellin selvaggio,
Che discorreva di cose d' amore.
O uccellin che vieni di Fiorenza,
Insegnami l' amor come comincia.—
L' amor comincia con suoni e con canti,
E poi finisce con dolori e pianti.

II

Amore, amor! Perchè si dice *amore?*
L' è una catena che non ha mai fine,
L' è una carcere oscura e una prigione.

III

Fiore di cece.[1]
Chi pretende l' amor senza la croce,
Vuole una barca far senza la pece.

[1] *Cicer Arietinum* = chickpease. Gerarde in his *Herbal* says: "It is in English named *common chich*, or *peason*."

THROUGH THE FOREST

THE BIRD IN THE ORCHARD

When of sweet May the Kalend morn came round
I went to cull a flower within the grove,
And there a little wild-wood bird I found
That sang discoursing of the things of love.
—O little bird, flown here from Florence far,
Teach me of love, what its beginnings are.
—*Beginneth love with jubilance and song,*
Then finisheth with grief and tears ere long.

A CHAIN

Love, love,—and why this love should people hail?
It is a chain that hath no end at all,
It is a dungeon darksome and a jail.

NECESSARY

Flower of the chich.
Who fancies love without the cross to reach,
He wants to build a boat without the pitch.

IV

Acqua turchina in una bella fonte
Tanto non splende, e nel fiume Giordano,
Quanto risplende quella bella fronte!
Risplende quanto l' oro veneziano.
Quanto risplende quel viso gentile!
Quanto un fuoco di notte, un sol d' aprile.
Quanto risplende quel viso giocondo!
Quanto un fuoco di notte, un sol di giorno.

V

E sete la più bella mentovata:
Più che non è di maggio rosa e fiore,
Più che non è d' Orvieto la facciata,
E di Viterbo la fonte maggiore.
Di grazia e di beltà sei tanto piena:
Lo porti il vanto del duomo di Siena.
Di grazia e di beltà sei piena tanto:
E del duomo di Siena porti il vanto.

VI

Vostre bellezze vanno alla marina,
Spiegan le vele e vanno in alto mare.
Nasceste tra la Marta e Maddalena:
Dal cielo voi scendeste un sinistrale.[1]
Quattro profeti a visitar vi funno:
Fu Giove, Marte, Venere e Saturno.

[1] *Gradino* = step of a stair. Petrarca: "Sono scala al fattor, chi ben le estima."

THE GLAD SHINING

Not of some well the water blue as skies,
Nor that of Jordan's river, famed of old,
Such splendour shows as on her forehead lies!—
A shining like to that of Venice gold.
Such splendour shows the face of that sweet one!—
Like to a fire by night, an April sun.
Such splendour shows her gentle face and gay!—
Like to a fire by night, a sun by day.

INCOMPARABLE

Of beauties famed art thou most fair of all:
Fairer than rose and flowers that May doth bring,—
Thou art more wondrous than Orvieto's wall,
And than Viterbo's Greater Fountain's spring.
Such grace and loveliness by thee are held,
Siena's Dome thou fairly hast excelled.
Thou art so full of loveliness and grace:
Siena's Dome must take a second place.

THE PLANETS' GIFTS

Your beauties reach the farthest shore in fame,
They spread their sails and enter the high sea.
'Twixt Martha's Day and Mary's here you came,
Sent down from heaven a ladder there to be.
Four prophets met to visit you that night:
Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, and Venus bright.

VII

Non ti maravigliar se tu sei bella,
Perchè sei nata accanto alla marina;
L' acqua del mar ti mantien fresca e bella
Come la rosa in sulla verde spina.
Se delle rose ce n'è nel rosajo,
Nel tuo viso ci sono nel gennajo;
Se delle rose nel rosajo ne fosse,
Nel tuo viso ci sono, bianche e rosse.

VIII

Se tu ti vuoi veder quanto sei bella,
Levati la mattina a ciel sereno:
Mira quanto riluce quella stella:
Tanto riluce tu, nè più nè meno:
Mira come riluce fra le dame,
Quanto suol far la rosa al primo sole.

IX

O viso bianco quanto la farina,
Chi l' ha composte a voi tante bellezze?
Dove passate voi, l' aria s' inchina,
Tutte le stelle vi fanno carezze:
Dove passate voi, l' aria si posa;
Voi siete del giardin la vaga rosa:
Dove passate voi, l' aria si abbella,
Voi siete del giardin la vaga stella:
Dove passate voi, l' aria si priva;
Voi siete del giardin la vaga Diva.

ROSES IN JANUARY

Nay, marvel not that thou so fair should'st be:
Since that beside the coast thou hast been born;
They keep thee fresh, those waters of the sea,
As is the rose upon the verdant thorn.
If roses in the rosary have place,
They're seen in January in thy face;
If roses in the rosary abound,
Here in thy face both white and red are found.

THE ROSE AT SUNRISE

If, Maiden, you would see, how fair you are,
Rise in the morning 'neath the sky serene:
Behold how bright is yonder shining star:
Nor less nor more are you of radiant sheen:
Behold how mid the maids you're shining bright,
As doth the rose in earliest morning light.

THE NYMPH OF THE GARDEN

O face that as the flour dost whiteness show,
Who has compacted thee those beauties all?
Where thou dost pass, the breeze makes reverence low,
From every star on thee caresses fall.
Where thou dost pass, the breeze doth softly pose:
Thou of the garden art the lovely rose;
Where thou dost pass, the breezes silenced are:
Thou of the garden art the lovely star;
Where thou dost pass, the breeze doth stop its flight;
Thou of the garden art the lovely Spright.

X

La vidi una colomba andare a volo
E venne a riposà 'n un bel giardino,
Che da una parte ci si leva il sole;
Sono i vostri occhi, rendono splendore.
E d' una parte il sole s' è levato;
Sono i vostr' occhi, m' hanno alluminato.
E da una parte il sole ci si leva;
Sono i vostr' occhi, rilucente spera.

XI

E l' ho ben vista un' aquila volare,
Andarsi a riposà 'n mezzo al giardino.
Tre penne d' oro portava nell' ale,
In bocca ci portava un gelsomino:
Al collo ci portava un breve bianco,
Passava sette cieli il suo bel canto:
Al collo ci portava un breve d' oro,
Passava sette cieli il suo bel volo.

XII

Veddi venir dal cielo un bel pagone,
Che ne veniva da quel bel paese:
E gli presi in un tratto a domandare
Se aveva visto te, giglio cortese.
Mira, signore, se non ti vo' bene!
Vo domandando chi nell' aria viene.
Mira, signore, se non ti vo' amare!
Vo domandando chi per l' aria stane.

HE SEES HIMSELF AS A DOVE IN A GARDEN

I saw a dove that passed upon its flight:
It came to rest within a garden fair,
Beholding in one part the sunrise bright:
To wit, thine eyes, which make a splendour there.
And there the sun arisen it can see:
To wit, thine eyes, which have illumined me.
And in one part thereof the sun doth rise:
To wit, O sweetly-shining sphere, thine eyes.

SHE SEES HIS LOVE AS AN EAGLE-MESSENGER

I well have seen an eagle flying glad,
That went to rest a garden-ground within.
Three golden feathers in his wings he had,
And in his beak he bore a jessamine.
A letter white upon his neck was hung,
Beyond the heavens arose the song he sung:
A golden letter at his neck he bore,
His beauteous flight the seven heavens passed o'er.

SHE ENQUIRES OF HER LOVER FROM A PEACOCK

I saw a peacock coming from the sky,
Who late had tarried in thy country fair;
I ran and held him, asking instantly
If he had seen thee, courteous lily, there.
Consider, Sir, if 'tis not love I show!
To ask one coming through the air I go.
Consider, Sir, if 'tis not love I give!
I ask of one who in the air doth live.

XIII

Avete l' occhio nero della Fata,
Gli amanti li tirate a calamita;
E per farmi morir, bella, sei nata.

XIV

Fiume di Lete.
Come la calamita mi tirate,
E mi fate venir dove volete.

XV

E me ne voglio andar che gli è di notte,
E s' è levato il lume della luna:
Io me ne passo là per certe grotte,
Che non ci passerebbe la Fortuna.
E non ci passerebbe l' avversieri,[1]
Per voi, bella, ci passo volentieri.
E non ci passerebbe i satanassi,
Per voi, bella, bisogna che ci passi!

XVI

Se avessi la forza di Tancredi,
Combatter mi vorrei con cento draghi,
Il core del mio amante sotto i piedi.

XVII

Facciati alla finestra, o bella bimba,
E per pararvi il Sol ci vuol la tenda;
Vi ci vorrebbe il manto di Clorinda.[2]

[1] "For *l' avversiero* (used by Jacopone da Todi); that is, *l' avversario.*"

[2] v. Tasso: *Gerusalemme Liberta.*

THROUGH THE FOREST

THE LOADSTONE

Dark even as the Fate's, so is thine eye:
As by a loadstone love is drawn thereby;
And thou wast born, O Fair, to make me die.

INFLUENCE

O Lethe's flow!
Thou like unto a magnet me dost draw,
And mak'st me follow where thou'ldst have me go.

THE ROAD OF THE GROTTOES

I would begone for night is falling fast,
And yonder hath arisen the moonlight pale.
Down there are certain caves that must be passed,
The which to pass ev'n Fortune's self would quail.
The Adversary them to pass would fear,—
For thee, sweet maid, I pass them in good cheer.
The demons would not past these caves be thrust,—
For thee, sweet maiden, pass them needs I must.

COMBAT

O were but mine the strength of Tancred great,
I with a hundred dragons fierce would fight
And drag my lover's heart from 'neath their feet!

TOO DAZZLING

Come to the window, beauteous little maid,—
You seem the Sun, one wants a curtain's shade;
Or, 'fore your eyes, Clorinda's mantle laid.

XVIII

È ito il sol, s' è fatto notte;
Amor, non ti ho potuto rivedere;
E m' è venuto il sudor della morte,
Sento le membra mie 'n terra cadere;
E' m' è venuto il sudor dell' affanno,
E il giorno d' oggi a me m' è parso un anno;
E m' è venuto il sudor del morire,
Il giorno d' oggi non vuol più finire.

XIX

Vado di notte, come fa la luna,
Vado cercando lo mio innamorato;
E ritrovai la Morte acerba e dura;
Mi disse: non cercar, l' ho sotterrato!

XX

Sono stata all' inferno, e son tornata;
Misericordia! la gente che c' era!
E c' era lo mio damo incatenato;
Quando mi vide, strappò la catena.
E io la presi, e la gettai al fondo;
È questo il primo amor che amai nel mondo:
Ed io la presi, e al fondo la gettai;
È questo il primo amor che al mondo amai.

NO SIGHT

The sun has gone, and now has fall'n night's gloom;
O love, thy face I have not seen at all;
And unto me the sweat of death has come,
I feel my members fain on earth to fall;
And there has come the anguish-sweat on me,
And this one day has seemed a year to be;
The sweat of dying over me doth break,—
This one day of to-day no end will take.

SEEK NOT, SAID DEATH

I went by night like moon about the sky,
My lover seeking through the places dim:
To hard and bitter Death I found me nigh;
Seek not, she said, *for I have buried him.*

FOLLOWING ALL THE WAY

I've been within Hell's ward, and come again;
Mercy upon us all! the crowds of folk!
There was my lover bounden by a chain;
When he beheld me thus, the chain he broke.
The chain I took and to the bottom hurled;
—"*This is my love I loved when in the world.*"—
The chain I took and to the bottom cast;
—"*This is my love of earth, the first, the last.*"

XXI

Giovanettino, m' hai ridotto tale,
Vado alla messa e non so dove sia.
Sapevo le parole del messale,
Adesso non so più l' avemmaria,
Quant' era meglio non t' avessi amato!
Sapevo il Credo e me le son scordato.

XXII

Dimmi, bellino, com' i' ho da fare
Per poterla salvar l' anima mia?
I' vado in chiesa e non ci posso stare,
Nemmen la posso dir l' Ave Maria:
I' vado 'n chiesa, e niente posso dire,
Ch' i' ho sempre il tuo bel nome da pensare:
I' vado 'n chiesa, e non posso dir niente,
Ch' i' ho sempre il tuo bel nome nella mente.

XXIII

Amore, amore, che m' hai fatto fare!
Da quindici anni m' hai fatto invaghire,
Di babbo e mamma m' hai fatto scordare!

XXIV

Fior di poleggio.
Non so se io mi sciolgo, o s' io mi lego.
E s' io mi lego, mi sciolgo pian piano;
Se mi sciolgo da voi, la morte bramo.

THROUGH THE FOREST

BEMUSED

O love, so greatly thou hast brought me down!
I go to Mass and there am all astray.
The Missal words before by me were known,
But now not ev'n the *Ave* can I say.
How much 'twere better had I loved thee not!
I knew the Creed, and now that is forgot.

POSSESSED BY HIS NAME

What shall I do, O thou my love advise,
For my poor soul to find salvation sweet?
I go into the church, but soon must rise,—
Not ev'n the *Mary Hail* can I repeat.
I go to church, and not a word can say,
For of thy name I have to think alway:
I go to church and then no words can find,
For always thy dear name is in my mind.

WHAT IS THIS?

O love, O love, what have you made me do!
You've made me, since Fifteen, dream all of you,
Forgetting Mother dear, and Father too.

HESITATION

Mint for *Depart.*
I know not, shall I bind or loose my heart.
If that I bind me, loosening slow I have;
If that from thee I loose me, death I crave.

XXV

Sei come l' ambra che tira la paglia,
Le tue bellezze tirano il mio cuore:
Volessi tanto bene alla mia mamma,
Quanto ne voglio a te, caro mio amore!
Se tu mi vuoi del bene, adesso parla,
Contami la cagion del tuo dolore.
Se tu mi vuoi levar di tante pene,
Ci vuol più fedeltà e un po' più bene;
Se tu mi vuoi levar di tanti affanni,
Ci vuol più fedeltà e meno inganni.

XXVI

Domenico mattina gentilmente
So dove andesti a far la rifermata;
E c' era gente che ti ponean mente,
Me lo vennero a dire insino a casa.
Quando me lo dicevano, ridevo,
E poi in camera sola io piangevo:
Quando me lo dicevano, cantavo,
E poi in camera sola sospiravo.

XXVII

Ti pensi, bello, di farmi dispetto
A vagheggiar con una mia vicina?
Io me la piglio in piacere e in diletto,
Amala pure perchè l' è bellina:
Io me la piglio in pace e in onore,
Amala pur se t' ha donato il core:
Io me la piglio in piacere e in diletto,
Amala pur, se t' ha donato il petto.

FASCINATION AND INSINCERITY

Thou art as amber;—there the straw doth veer:
Thy beauty doth attract to thee my heart:
My Mother always was to me so dear,
As dear to me, O love of mine, thou art!
If thou at all dost love me, now speak clear,
The thing that's troubling thee to me impart.
If thou would'st lift from so great pains my mind,
'Twill need more truth, a little more that's kind;
If thou would'st lift me from so great distress,
Then fewer wiles 'twill need, more faithfulness.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS

Where 'twas you went, so quietly, to sit
And talk on Sunday morning, I'm aware;
And there were people who took note of it,
Up to my house they came the news to bear.
While they were telling me, I laughing kept,
And after in my room alone I wept:
While they were telling me, I sang my song,
And after, in my room, I sighed for long.

BY ALL MEANS

You think, perhaps, to do me much despite
When to a neighbour maid you courting go?
But I look on in peace and in delight,—
Love her by all means, for she's fair, I know.
In peace and all in honour I look on,—
Yes, love her if to you her heart has gone:
With pleasure I regard it for my part:
Love her, by all means, if you have her heart.

XXVIII

Amore è cieco, e spesse volte inganna;
Chi si fida di lui, velen tracanna.

XXIX

Quando lo presi a amar, ciascun mel disse:
"Lascialo vir chè t' abbandonerà";
E codeste parole il cor le scrisse,
Non son bugie, ma tutta verità.
Queste parole le scrisse il mio core,
Non son bugie, ma verità d' amore.

XXX

Oh siete benvenuto, fior di resta;
È tanto tempo che 'n siete tornato:
Ma non mi vien dal cuor di farvi festa,
D' altre parti voi siete innamorato:
Dall' altre parti hai tu contento il cuore,
Da me ci vien' se la tua dama vuole:
Dall' altre parti hai lo tuo cor contento,
Da me ci vien' se ti ci avanza il tempo.

XXXI

Oh che mi vale a me l' oro stillare,
Colla triaca spegnere 'l veleno!
Oh che mi vale a me lo innamorare,
Quando d' un' altra ne venite meno?
Oh che mi vale a me portarvi amore,
Quando ad un' altra avete dato il core?
Oh che mi vale a me portarvi a lato,
Quando ad un' altra il core avete dato.

BLIND LOVE

Oh, Cupid's blind, and oft astray doth lead:
Who trusts in him doth poison quaff indeed.

PROPHECY

When him I took to love, said all my own:
Oh, let him go!—forsake thee soon he will.
And these same words, my heart it wrote them down:
They are not lies, the truth doth them fulfil.
These words my heart wrote down, and now I prove
They are not lies, but truth of this my love.

NO FESTIVAL

Ah, you are welcomed! flower of barley-awn;
It is so long a time since you've been here:
Yet to make festival my heart's not drawn,
Elsewhere you've fall'n in love, 'tis very clear.
Elsewhere you've pleasure found your heart to fill;
To me you come if so your lady will:
Elsewhere your heart with pleasure doth repair;
To me you come if there be time to spare.

WHAT USE?

What use is it to me to melt the gold,
The poison to oppose with treacle fine?
What use to me that I this love should hold,
When for another thou the while dost pine?
What use that I to thee should love impart,
When to another thou hast given thy heart?
What use to me to bear thee in my breast,
When by another is thy heart possessed?

XXXII

Andai a bere alla fonte d' Amore,
Che l' era tanto piena che spagliava;
Mi ci era messa chè voleva bere;
La fonte dell' Amor s' asciugava:
La fonte dell' Amore aspera e cruda
Per non mi dar da bere si rasciuga;
La fonte dell' Amore aspra e crudele
Mi si rasciuga per non darmi a bere!

XXXIII

Fiore di pepe.
Tutte le fontanelle son seccate.
Povero amore mio! muore di sete.

XXXIV

Oh come mai!
Avevo un core, e l' ho donato a voi,
E voi a me non ci pensate mai!

XXXV

Fiore di lente.
Quel ch' è seguito a me, è seguito a tante,
D' amarvi, bello, e poi non avè' niente.

XXXVI

M' affaccio alla finestra e veggo l' onde:
Veggo la mia finestra quant' è grande,
E non sento un cristian che mi risponde.

THROUGH THE FOREST

UNTO THE FOUNT OF LOVE

Unto the fount of Love to drink I went,
Its waters were so plenteous they ran o'er:
Above the brim, that I might drink, I bent;
The fount of Love dried up my face before.
O harsh and cruel fount of Love! to shrink
From me that thou may'st give me not to drink!
O harsh and cruel fount, to dry thee up,
That thou may'st give no water for my cup!

BY A DUSTY WAY

Pepper-plant high.
All of the little rillets have run dry.
Poor love of mine! of thirst it's like to die.

THE STRANGE DISCOVERY

How can it be?
I had a heart and gave it unto thee,
And thou didst ne'er so much as think of me!

SO MANY

Lentil-flower sad.
What's come to me has come to many a maid,
To love thee well, and then no more is had.

SILENCE

Here to the window come, the waves I see:
I see the window, how 'tis very high,
And not a creature hear I answer me.

XXXVII

'Ndel mezzo al mare che c' è un uccellino,
Si sente solamente di lontano,
E dice:—Son tradito, poverino!

XXXVIII

Fior di candillo.[1]
Amarlo tanto un cuore, e poi lasciallo!
Volergli tanto bene, e poi tradillo!

XXXIX

E se tu stavi un' ora e' 'n mi vedevi,
Con gli occhi riguardavi fra la gente.
Ora mi vedi, e non mi dici addio:
Come se tua non fossi stata io.

XL

C' era una volta che con voi parlava,
Ora non son più degna di vedervi:
Allor, se per la via vi rincontrava,
Bassava gli occhi, e il cor si rallegrava.
Adesso che son priva dell' amore,
Abbasso gli occhi, e mi convien che more:
Adesso, che son priva del mio bene,
Abbasso gli occhi, e morir mi conviene.

XLI

Morirò, morirò, sarai contento!
Quando tu crederai d' avermi accanto,
Stendi le mani . . . abbraccerai del vento.

[1] *Candillo* = ?

THE BIRD ON THE SEA

Out on the sea there stays a little bird,
'Tis only from afar his voice is heard;
Alas! I am betrayed! is all his word.

STRANGE ENDING

Candle-flower's ray.
To love a heart thus,—then to go away!
To love a heart thus,—then that heart betray!

CONTRAST

If for an hour I showed me not, nor spoke,
Thou with thine eyes didst search amongst the folk.
Thou see'st me now and sayest not *Goodbye:*
As if thy sweetheart never had been I.

NOTHING LEFT

Once on a time with thee I'd talking stay,
While now to look on thee I seem too bad:
Then if I met thee e'er upon the way,
Mine eyes I lowered, and my heart was glad.
Now when at last I'm of my love bereft,
Mine eyes I lower, death is all that's left:
Now that of my dear love bereft am I,
Mine eyes I lower: it befits me die.

HERE NO MORE

I'll die, I'll die, thou shalt have peace of mind!
When thou dost think thou hast me close behind,
Stretch out thy hands . . . thou shalt embrace the wind.

XLII

So' stata a fin di morte, e tu lo sai;
Solo una volta ci fossi venuto!
Se tu m' avessi detto almen: che fai?
Co' una parola m' avresti garuto:
Nè zucchero o giulebbe a voi non costa;
Una parola della bocca vostra:
Nè zucchero o giulebbe a voi non tocca;
Una parola della vostra bocca.

XLIII

Fior d' erbe amare.
Se il capezzale lo potesse dire,
Oh, quanti pianti potrebbe contare.

XLIV

In questo mondo ci sto tanto male!
Alzando gli occhi al ciel dico: Signore,
Levatemi di qui a tribolare.

XLV

Morte crudel, che disturbando vai,
Coi neri lacci tutto il mondo cingi;
Dove non se' chiamata tu ci vai,
Dove chiamata se', sorda ti fingi.
Morte crudele, morte traditora,
Tutti li fai contenti, da me' n fuora.

XLVI

Fiorin di pepe!
Ci ho tante paroline rinserrate,
Che se le butto fuori piangerete.

LEFT IN SICKNESS

I've been at point of death,—that knowest thou,
And but one single time hast thou been here!
If thou hadst said to me: *How art thou now?*
Thou shouldst have healed me with that one word dear.
Nor julep's cost, nor sugar's, needst thou pay:
One word of thy dear mouth would be my stay:
Julep's nor sugar's cost to thee doth fall:
One word of thy dear mouth, it would do all.

THROUGH THE NIGHT

Bitter herb flower.
If but the bolster to speak out had power,
How many tears 'twould reckon to each hour.

OH THIS WORLD!

Of life so wretched in this world I stay!
Mine eyes uplifting unto Heaven I pray:
Lord, from these troubles take me sheer away.

DEATH HARKENS NOT

O cruel Death, who farest working woe,
With thy black snares thou hast the whole world ta'en;
Where none would have thee, thither thou dost go,
Where one doth call thee, deafness thou dost feign.
O cruel Death,—no traitor like to thee,
Who bringest peace to all men, save to me!

HELD BACK

Pepperwort reap!
So many little words held back I keep,
That if I cast them forth, then thou wilt weep.

XLVII

Tempo passato avevi un viso chiaro,
Che di fedele amore era ripieno:
Or non lo vedo che superbo e amaro,
Come se in petto avessi del veleno.
Non voglio più lusinghe nè più oltraggi:
Voglio andare a rimettermi eremita.
Andrò pellegrinando a far viaggi,
Per non tradir me stesso e la mia vita:
Me ne anderò, nè fia che più ritorni.
Oh tempi andati! oh miei passati giorni!

XLVIII

Ti se' fatto il vestito di tormenti,
La sottovesta di sospiri e pianti:
Ora che m' hai lassato, te ne penti.

XLIX

Se ti ricordi il ben ch' era tra noi,
Coraggio non avresti di parlare.
Io ne sospirerò, piangerete voi,
E sfogo si darà alle pene amare.

L

Ora che m' hai condutta al cimitero,
Fammela pur veder la sepoltura;
E m' hai condutta ove non mi credevo,
E m' hai condutta in una tomba oscura.
Per me non suoneranno più campane,
Non sarà fatta allegrezza nessuna:
E i mia che da bruno vestiranno!
Chi mi voleva ben, lasciato m' hanno.

BREAKING AWAY

Time was thou hadst a face as clear as morn
The which with happy faithful love was filled:
Now naught I see therein but bitter scorn,
As in thy breast some poison were distilled.
Of insults, flatteries, I want no more:
I want to make me hermit far away.
I'll go as pilgrim to some distant shore,
That I my self, my life, may not betray:
I'll go, and may there no returning be.
—Oh times departed! days that were with me!

A WEAVING

Thou'st made thyself the robe that doth torment,
The undervest of tears and sighing blent;
Now that thou'st left me, lo, thou dost repent!

SILENCED BY THE PAST

Of that our love didst thou remembrance keep,
No courage e'er thould'st have to speak again.
Nay, o'er it I shall sigh and thou shalt weep:
So shall some outlet ease the bitter pain.

OF A TREACHEROUS LOVER

Now that unto the burial-ground I'm brought,
Let me at once, I pray, the grave behold;
And thou hast led me where I had no thought,
And to a tomb thou'st led me, dark and cold.
Never again for me the bells shall sound,
No kind of mirth shall any more be found;
They of my house shall go in mourning clad:
For I am left by those whose love I had.

LI

Oh che t' ho fatto, ramerino e salvia?
Oh che t' ho fatto, mazzo di viole?
Oh che t' ho fatto, che m' hai reso l' alma?
Oh che t' ho fatto, che m' hai reso il core?
Oh che t' ho fatto, che 'l core m' hai reso?
Hai fatto come Giuda, e m' hai tradito.
E che t' ho fatto, che m' hai reso il core?
Hai fatto come Giuda traditore.

LII

Sarebbe meio non t' avessi ma' visto,
La lingua non t' avesse mai parlato:
Non averei lo mio core afflitto,
Nè men l' avrei tanto addolorato.
E non avrei lo mio core in pene;
Bello, per amar te non ho mai bene:
E non avrei lo mio core in guai;
Bello, per amar te non ho ben mai.

LIII

Chi me l' avesse detto una sol volta
Che avessi a diventar vostra nemica,
'N qualche maniera mi sarei disciolta,
Di voi non mi sarei tanto invaghita.
Di voi non mi sarei 'nvaghita tanto:
Ogni mio riso m' è tornato in pianto.
Di voi non mi sarei 'nvaghita, o amore:
Ogni bel riso è tornato in dolore.

A TREACHEROUS DEED

O rosemary and sage, what's this? Alack!—
What have I done to thee, sweet cloves who art?
What have I done?—my soul thou hast sent back!
What have I done?—thou hast returned my heart!
What have I done?—thou'st sent my heart to me:
Thou'st been like Judas, I'm betrayed by thee.
What have I done?—my heart thou'st sent again:
The way of Judas-traitor thou hast ta'en.

IT HAD BEEN BETTER

Better it were if thee I'd never seen,
And if my tongue with thee had never spoken:
Then had my heart not so afflicted been,
Nor should I have it now so sorrow-broken.
I should not have in so much pain my heart;
Through loving thee, in joy I find no part:
I should not have my heart in woe like this;
Fairest, through loving thee all good I miss.

IF FORETOLD

If one to say to me had ever thought
That I should be your enemy one day,
After some manner loosening I'd have wrought,
So much in love I'd ne'er have let me stay.
Of you I had not dreamt throughout these years:
Now every smile of mine is turned to tears.
Of you, O love, I had not been so filled:
Every sweet laugh for me in pain is stilled.

LIV

Se tu mi lasci, io me ne diletto;
Solo mi basta il tuo viso vedere.
Son la tua dama, e sono il tuo dispetto;
Trovane un' altra, mi farai piacere:
Trovane un' altra, chè il mio cor si strugge,
Ma non voglio andar dietro a chi mi sfugge;
Trovane un' altra, chè il mio core è inquieto,
A chi mi sfugge non voglio andar dietro.

LV

Era disposta di non ti parlare
Se t' incontrassi in mezzo d' una via.
L' ho fatto il voto, e tu non mel guastare;
Non posso far di meno, anima mia.
L' ho fatto il voto non ti parlar più,
Non posso far di men, così fa tu.

LVI

Ti voglio amar sino all' ultimo giorno,
Finchè ti sento, bello, ricordare.
E quando ti vedrò i parenti intorno,
Allor mi sforzerò di non ti amare:
E quando ti vedrò la sposa accanto,
Lo formerò il partito, e farò il pianto:
E quando ti vedrò l' anello in dito,
E farò il pianto, e formerò il partito.

LVII

Fiore di pero.
E per istrada me lo immaginavo,
Fusse fatto per me questo veleno.

NOT TO BE FOLLOWED

If thou dost leave me, 'twill be my delight;
It is enough for me to see thy face.
Thy chosen am I, yet have thy despite;
Find thee another, so thou'lt do me grace.
Find thee another,—for my heart it dies,
Yet would I not go after one who flies:
Another find,—my heart's disquieted,
Yet would I not go after one who's fled.

RENOUNCING

I was disposed to speak with thee no more
If thee upon a road I chanced to meet.
I've made the vow, thou shalt not win me o'er:
I cannot e'er do less, my soul most sweet.
To speak with thee no more, I've made the vow:
I cannot e'er do less, the same do thou.

LOVE'S DISMISSAL

I want to love thee till that last day come,
Until I hear the priest thy name say o'er.
But when I see thee with her folk from home,
I'll force me then to love thee nevermore:
And when I see thee stand beside the bride,
I'll weep, and let my love no more abide:
And when thy finger with the ring I see,
I'll weep, and to love's end determine me.

PRESENTIMENT

O white pear-tree!
And to my mind it came upon the way:
What if this poison is prepared for me?

LVIII

Ho tanto pianto, ho tanto sospirato,
Che dalla lungi m' avevi a sentire;
Il tuo bel nome l' ho tanto chiamato,
Nè mai ti sei degnato di venire;
Ora che se' venuto, ti ringrazio,
Che m' hai fatto il tuo leal servire;
Va pur dove ti par, ch' io non ho pena,
Dalle tue mani son deliberata.

LIX

E' suona l' or di notte, e non la senti:
Alla finestra tu gli ha' fatti i pianti,
Ma non giovano i pianti, nè i lamenti.

LX

O Dio, che doglia!
L' anello che mi desti era di paglia.
Di casa mia tu puoi baciar la soglia!

LXI

E m' hai lasciato! tuo danno, tuo danno!
E non sarà gia più tua servitora.
E per un' altra a me m' hai dato bando,
Credevi di trovar qualche signora;
E se è signora, sappila tenere,
Non la straziar come tu m' hai fatto a mene;
E se è signora, sappila guardare,
Come m' hai fatto a me non la straziare.

THROUGH THE FOREST

DELIVERED

So much I've wept, so greatly I have sighed,
Thou hadst to hear from far my voice of pain:
Upon thy beauteous name so much I've cried,
Yet never once to seek me didst thou deign:
Now that thou'rt come, I thank thee sure with pride
That I to be thy loyal slave am ta'en!
—Go where thou wilt, for it is naught to me:
From out thy hands I am at last set free.

SHE WILL NOT RELENT

The midnight hour doth strike,—thou dost not hear:
Well hast thou wept before the window there,
But no lament availeth now, nor tear.

NO MORE

O heaven, what woe!
The ring thou gavest me was but of straw.
My doorstep now thou mayest kiss, and go!

SERVE NOT THAT OTHER THUS

And thou hast left me! thine the loss, I say!
And I no more thy servant will remain.
Me for another thou hast sent away,
Thy thought was that some lady thou wouldst gain;
If she's a lady, that thou *keep* her see!
Torment not her as thou hast done to me;
If she's a lady, then to guard her learn;
As me thou'st used, torment not her in turn.

LXII

Alzando gli occhi veddi il cielo armato,
E la fortuna contra me far guerra.
Per me vedo il veleno apparecchiato,
Per me ne scurirà 'l sole e la terra.
Per me ne scurirà la terra e 'l sole:
È[1] . . . che morta mi vuole.
Morta mi vuoi e morta mi vedrai:
E dopo morte, contento sarai.
E dopo morte, gli spiriti miei
Ti verranno a cercar dove tu sei:
E dopo morte, gli spiriti allora
Ti verranno a cercar, bella persona.

LXIII

Oimè, crudele amante, crudelaccia!
A voi vi si può dir cuor di crudele.
Quando m' incontri, ti volti la faccia:
Mi fai provar quant' è amaro lo fiele.

LXIV

Alla bellezza gli si è dato il bando:
Non si canti mai più stornelli al mondo;
E la causa n' è stata Ferdinando.

LXV

Requie,[2] chè più non t' amo, o core ingrato,
Rinnego il tempo che t' ho conosciuto,
E maledisco il tempo che t' ho amato:
Per te non chiedo nè pietà nè aiuto.

[1] "Here follows," says Tigri, "the name of the *damo*."
[2] *Requie*="it is ended: there is no more to be said."

THROUGH THE FOREST

AT BAY

I raised mine eyes: the sky in arms was up,
And Fortune urged against me bitter fight.
I see the poison ready for my cup,
The Sun, the Earth, for me shall lose their light:
The Earth, the Sun shall darken all for me.
—That traitor who would have me dead, 'tis *he!*—
Thould'st have me dead, and dead thou'lt see me soon,
And when I'm dead, thou'lt reckon it a boon.
But when I'm dead, my ghost, O false of heart!
Shall come to seek thee wherso'er thou art:
And when I'm dead, my ghost shall leave its place
And come to seek thee out, O fair of face!

OH CRUEL HEART!

Oh cruel, cruel!—love I held so sweet!
To you the word: *A heart of cruelty this!*
You turn away your face whene'er we meet:
You make me know how bitter poison is.

ALL LIFE IS GONE

All beauties henceforth far from me I fling:
No more Stornelli in the world I'll sing;
'Tis Ferdinando who hath caused this thing.

BURIAL OF LOVE

'Tis left! I love no more, O heart ingrate:
That time I've known thee is abjured by me,
That time I've loved thee do I execrate:
I ask nor aid nor pity leaving thee.

LXVI

In alto in alto vo' fare un palazzo,
In alto in alto, sulla bella altura.
A ogni finestra vo' tendere un laccio
A tradimento, per tradir la luna:
A tradimento, per tradir le stelle,
Perchè restai tradito dalle belle:
A tradimento per tradir il sole,
Perchè restai tradito dall' amore!

LXVII

Fossi padrona la vorria far fare
Una tagliata lunga dieci miglia;
E vorrei pur far piovere e tonare,
Tirar i venti di gran maraviglia.
E vorrei far tonare a' sette cieli;
Sien sospiri d' amore aspri e crudeli.
Far piovere vorrei a sette venti;
Sien sospiri d' amore aspri e dolenti.

LXVIII

La vo' fare una tavola d' invito,
Gli vo' invitar gli affortunati amanti:
E da mangiar gli vo' dare il mio core,
Da bere gli vo' dar lagrime e pianti.
Pianti e sospir saranno i servitori
Che serviranno a tavola gli amanti;
La tavola sarà la morte oscura:
Piangete, sassi, e sospirate, mura!
La tavola sarà la sacra morte;
Piangete, sassi, e sospirate forte!

OF THE PALACE OF TREACHERY

A Lover's Song

On high, on high, a palace gleaming pure,
On high I'd rear it on the beauteous height,
At every casement I would weave a lure
Of treachery to enchant the moon by night:
Of treachery to betray the stars at morn,
Since that by beauty I'm betrayed to scorn;
Of treachery to deceive the sun by day,
Since that by beauty love did me betray.

AN OUTBURST

If I were mistress I would have them make
Ten miles of cutting-down the forest trees;
I'd cause the rain, the thunder, forth to break,
The wind to blow most furious o'er the seas.
Through seven heavens I'd make it thunder mad;
—'Twould be for sighs of love, so bitter sad.
Through seven winds I'd make it wildly rain;
—'Twould be the sighs of love and bitter pain.

A HAPLESS LOVER'S SONG

I wish for guests a table to prepare,
The hapless lovers I will thither call:
Thereon I'll set my heart to be their rare,
And tears and weeping give for drink to all.
Weeping and sighs shall be the servants there
Who'll serve the table in that lovers' hall;
The table shall be death, obscure, alone:
—Weep, O ye rocks, and sigh, thou wall of stone!
The table shall be dark accursed death:
—Weep, O ye rocks, and sigh with groaning breath!

LXIX

Nel mezzo al mare c' è le scure valli,
E c' è le rose di pungenti spine.
Di tanto bene, m' hai volto le spalle,
Dopo la morte non c' è medicine.
Dopo la morte non c' è più riparo;
Prima mi desti il dolce e poi l' amaro.
Mi desti il dolce per farmi diletto,
E poi veleno per farmi dispetto.
Mi desti il dolce per farmi desire,
E poi veleno per farmi morire.

LXX

Amor, che m' hai lassato tanto a torto,
Ero la dama tua sempre fedele:
In mezzo al mar m' hai lasso senza porto,
E rotte e fracassate son le vele:
Ora non spero più d' aver conforto;
Ora non spero più lume vedere;
Non piango mica il ben che t' ho voluto,
Piango le falsità che t' ho creduto.

LXXI

Sento Sant' Anna che suona a distesa:
Ahi! credo che sia morto l' amor mio.
Campane mie, non sonate tanto:
Il morto è sotterato, è fatto il pianto.

LXXII

Quando t' amavo io, t' amava il sole,
T' amava il cielo, la terra, ed il mare:
Ora non t' amo più, nessun ti vuole.

SWEET, THEN BITTER

Oh valleys dark do lie far out at sea,
And there was found the rose with thorns that tore.
From all that good you've turned your back on me,—
No! after death there is no medicine more.
No! after death there is no chance to save:
At first the sweet, the bitter then you gave.
The sweet you gave me first for my delight,
And poison after for my soul's despite.
You gave the sweet that I for it might sigh,
And poison then you gave to make me die.

SHE WEEPS NOT HER LOVE BUT HIS FALSENESS

Love, who so wrongly hast forsaken me,
I was thine own whose love did never fail;
Without a port thou'st left me far at sea,
And torn in pieces now is every sail.
No more I've hope that comforted I'll be;
No more I've hope of light that I may hail;
I do not weep my love to thee, out-thrust,—
I weep the falsities that took my trust.

LOVE OVER

I hear "Saint Anna" sounding far o'erhead:
Ah me! I think my lover must be dead.
My bells! toll out so great a sound no more:
The dead is buried, and the weeping's o'er.

LOVE FROM THE SUN

Love from the Sun thou hadst with love from me,
The Heavens loved thee then, the Earth, the Sea:
Now that I love no more, none wanteth thee.

LXXIII

Fiorin d' argento.
E per amarvi voi ho pianto tanto!
Povero pianto mio, gettato al vento!

LXXIV

E quanto tempo ho perso io per amarte!
Egli era meglio avessi amato Iddio!
Del paradiso n' averei una parte,
Qualche santo averei dal lato mio.
E per amarvi voi, fresco bel viso,
Io mi ritrovo fuor del paradiso:
E per amarvi voi, fresca viola,
Del paradiso mi ritrovo fuora.

LXXV

Melangolo, melangolo spremuto.
Non piango, bello, te che m' hai lasciato;
Piango dal troppo ben che t' ho voluta.

LXXVI

Non piango mica che m' ete lasciato,
Manco ch' ete acquistato un' altra dama,
Piango i sospiri miei gettati al vento;
Mi fai morir da povera innocente.
Mi raccomando a un altro, oh Dio Signore!
Chè a un giardiniere non gli manca fiore.

IN VAIN

Ah, silver flower!
Through loving thee I've wept how many an hour!
Poor tears of mine to wandering winds made o'er.

WASTE

What time I've lost in loving thee, false heart!
If God I'd loved, far better 'twould have been!
In Paradise I now should have a part,
Some saint upon my side I'd have, I ween.
Through loving thee, fair countenance of morn,
I find me out of Paradise, forlorn:
Through loving thee, sweet clove at morn in flower,
I find me out of Paradise this hour.

TOO EAGER

O pressed-out orange, bitter to the taste!
I weep not thee, lad, gone from me at last;
I weep the too great love I gave in haste.

SHE COMMENDS HERSELF TO THE DIVINE GARDENER

I weep; but in no wise for your forsaking,
Nor yet because another love you're taking:
I weep my sighs that on the winds I've spent;
To death you're sending me, though innocent.—
—To Thee, O God, the Lord, I turn me back!
For to a gardener flowers do not lack.

LXXVII

Tutti gli uccelli l' hanno per usanza
Di farlo il nido nella primavera:
E io che ce l' avevo la speranza,
E m' ero messa in una bella spera,
E m' ero messa in una rama bella,
Adesso mi ritrovo in piana terra:
E m' ero messa in una bella rama,
Adesso mi ritrovo in terra piana.

LXXVIII

Mi misi a fabbricare un ber castello,
Credendo d' esser io la castellana.
Quando fu fabbricato e fatto bello,
Mi fu levato la chiave di mana. . . .
E sopra quella porta c' è un cartello
Che chi l' ha fabbricato stà lontano.
E io, meschina! che l' ho fabbricato,
Con pianti e con sospiri l' ho lasciato:
E io, meschina! che lo fabbricai,
Con pianti e con sospiri lo lasciai.

LXXIX

Nel mio giardino ci ho messo un limone,
Che coltivai con gran sudori e pene.
Ora fa frutti per altre persone!

LXXX

E me ne voglio andar verso Fiorenza.
'Na volta ce l' avevo la speranza,
Ora non ce l' ho più: ci vuol pazienza.

A DREAM OF A NEST

All of the little birds, by custom old,
Are wont in time of Spring the nest to make:
And I whose heart such hope as theirs did hold,
Upon a sunlit tree my place did take;
All on a beauteous branch I set me then:
But now I find me on flat ground again:
All on a beauteous branch a place I'd found,
But now again I find me on flat ground.

HER CASTLE

I set myself to build a castle fair,
Believing that of it I'd have command.
When it was builded and stood finished there,
The key thereof was taken from my hand. . . .
And o'er the door a board doth writing bear
That she who built it be to distance banned.
So I, poor wretch, who built it there to dwell,
I left it thus, with sighs, and tears that fell:
And I, poor wretch, who've built the castle fine,
I've left it now, with tears and sighs of mine.

LABOUR

I in my garden did a lemon root,
The which I tended with much care and sweat.
And now it makes for other persons fruit.

TO SERVE IN FLORENCE

Away to Florence I am fain to go,
Once I had hope of happiness,—not now.
Ah well! one must have patience here below!

LXXXI

Dov' è la voce mia ch' era si bella?
Dov' è la voce mia ch' era si alta?
Era sentita da tutta la terra,
Era ascoltata da una villa all' altra:
E da una villa all' altra era sentita;
Dov' è la voce mia, dove l' è ita?

LXXXII

Non posso più cantar come solevo
Perc' ho perduto il fior della mia voce;
Perchè ho perduto un amante che avevo.
Chi m' aiuta cantare, alzi la voce:
Chi m' aiuta cantare, l' alzi forte;
Per un amante mi convien la morte.

LXXXIII

Vedete là quel rusignol che canta?
Col suo bel canto lamentar si vuole.
Così fo io se qualche volta canto:
Canta la lingua, e addolorato è il cuore.
Canta la lingua, e il cuore è addolorato:
Chi mi voleva bene, or m' ha lasciato.

LXXXIV

Fior di limone.
E la canzone non si canta bene,
S' il core non è pieno di passione.

WHERE IS MY VOICE?

Where is my voice that was so sweet and strong,
Where is my voice that was so high and clear?
Once over all the fields 'twas heard in song:
They heard it at that farm from this one here:
They heard it when from one to other sent;—
Where is my voice that's gone,—say where it went.

THE FLOWER OF HER VOICE

An Answer at the *Veglia*

Not as I sang can I sing any more,
For I have lost the flower of my voice;
Have lost a lover whom I had before.
Let her sing loud who doth to help make choice:
Let her who helps me, raise her voice on high:
For lover lost, it seems as I should die.

THE NIGHTINGALE

You see that nightingale whose song doth rise?
With her sweet song she would lament her state.
So 'tis with me, if e'er I sing, likewise:
My tongue doth sing, my heart is desolate.
My tongue doth sing, my heart in grief doth moan:
He who hath loved me, now hath left me lone.

SONG AND THE HEART

Lemon of Spring!
And Song is thus, that well one cannot sing
Unless a heart of passion one can bring.

LXXXV

Era una volta, e mi chiamavo degno,
Quando da' tu' begli occhi ero degnato;
E della barca l' ero il primo legno:
Di voi, bellina, il primo innamorato.
Ora non t' amo più, tu non mi degni:
Rotta la barca, e sfracassati i legni.
Ora non t' amo più, tu non mi apprezzi;
Rotta la barca, e i legni in cento pezzi.

LXXXVI

E m' hai lassato e l' hai fatto il dovere:
Di te non mi dovevo innamorare:
Ero nel mare, e vedevo le vele;
Vedevo lo mio amore navigare;
Ero nel mare, e vedevo lo foco:
Il nostro amore era per durar poco.
Ero nel mare e vedevo la fiamma:
Vedevo il nostro amor, fuoco di paglia.

LXXXVII

Ora che tu m' hai lasso, vivo in pace;
Nel mi' cuore non sento più dolore.
Uscita son d' un ardente fornace,
Entrata sono in un felice amore:
Uscita son d' una fornace ardente,
Entrata sono in un amor per sempre.

THROUGH THE FOREST

A BROKEN BOAT: HE SINGS

Time was,—and worthiness I then could claim—
When by thy beauteous eyes my worth was proved;
Then of the boat the chief-mast I became,
Became of thee, most fair, the first-beloved.
Now by thee (loved no more) no worth is given:
—Broken the boat, the mast in pieces riven;
Thou, whom I love not, set'st no price on me:
A broken boat, mast-shivers on the sea!

BRIEF LOVE: SHE SINGS

And thou hast left me—rightly; nought bewail:
I should not so have set my love on thee.
I was far out at sea, and saw the sail;
I saw my love a-steering toward me;
I was far out at sea, and saw the fire:
For brief enduring rose our love's desire.
I was far out at sea, the flame I saw:
I saw our love: a fire that fed on straw.

SHE SINGS OF HEALING

Now, left by thee, I live in peace at last:
My heart no more the long-borne torture feels.
Out from a blazing furnace I have passed,
And entered into happy love that heals.
I've passed from out a tossing furnace-blaze,
And entered into love that lasts always.

LXXXVIII

Non mi vuo' amar perchè son poverello?
Vo' che t' insegni chi ha l' argento e l' oro?
Ama Cupido, chè l' è ricco e bello:
Amalo lui, che l' ha la vena d' oro.[1]

LXXXIX

Son nato poverino e non son degno
Di vagheggiar sì nobil creatura:
La povertà la guasta ogni disegno;
Chè mi son messo troppo in grande altura.
Ma voi per gentilezza vi vo' amare:
E tu per povertà non mi lasciare.

XC

Se mi pensassi che tu, bel, mi amassi,
Amor ti porteria di mano in mano.
Dopo 'n vorria che tu mi abbandonassi,
E io li spendessi i miei pensieri invano.
E se pensassi che mi dessi il cuore,
Ti scriveria sopra il libro d' Amore.
E se pensassi che mi dessi l' alma,
Ti scriveria sopra il libro che parla.
E se pensassi che mi dessi il petto,
Ti scriveria sopra il libro per certo.

XCI

Bella, se tu m' amassi volontieri,
Certo che l' averesti trovo' l cambio.
Se tu avanzi da me, perchè non chiedi
Quel che si puole aver senza dimando?
Se tu avanzi da me, chiedi e domanda:
Se non ti basta il cor, la vita e l' alma.

[1] Petrarca: "*Onde tolse Amor l' oro, e di qual vena?*"

A NEW LOVE

A poor lad I, so me thou wilt not love?—
Would'st have me teach thee who great wealth doth hold?
Love Amor, rich and fair all men above:
Love him, for lo! he hath the vein of gold.

ENNOBLING LOVE

I'm born in poverty and have no claim
To court a maid so noble and so bright:
For poverty indeed spoils every aim;
I've set myself upon too great a height.
Yet gentlehood I have in seeking thee:
So thou, for poverty dismiss not me.

LOVE FOR LOVE

If I might think thou loved'st me, fair Friend,
I'd bring thee, on and on, increasing love.
My fear is thou might'st leave me in the end,
So all these thoughts of mine in vain should prove.
If I might think thou gavest me thy heart,
I'd write thee in the Book of Love thy part.
If I might think thou gavest me thy soul,
I'd write thee in the Book that tells the whole.
If I might think thy breast was given to me,
I'd write thee in the Book with certainty.

EXCHANGE

Maid, if of your free will your love were brought,
You'd certainly have found exchange from me;
Why then not ask (if I to serve have aught)
Those things which, with no asking, yours may be.
If aught I have to serve you, ask the whole:
If heart's too little, then the life and soul.

XCII

Fiorin di mela.
E quando la mi' mamma m' allattava,
—Figliuola sfortunata!—mi diceva.

XCIII

Quel dì che ti portorno a battezzare,
Il prete riscontrasti per la via.
Le fasce che t' avevano a fasciare
Eran tessute di malinconia:
La culla che t' aveva da cullare
Era legno venuto di Turchia.
Io benedico le fasce e la culla,
E chi ti battezzò, bella fanciulla.

XCIV

Se tu mi lasci, lasciar non ti voglio:
Se m' abbandoni, ti vo' seguitare:
Se passi il mare, il mar passare io voglio:
Se giri il mondo; il mondo vo' girare.
Se passi il mare e con pianti e con pene,
Con te voglio venir, caro mio bene:
Se passi il mare con pene e con guai,
Con te voglio venir dove ne vai.

XCV

Fiorin di dittamo.
Sei stato il primo amore, e sarai l' ultimo;
E questo si può dire amor legittimo.

FORESEEN

Apple-flower see!
And when my mother nursed me on her knee,
—*My little maid unfortunate!*—said she.

HER SORROWS ARE BLESSED BY LOVE

That day they carried thee to be baptised,
The priest, it fell out, met thee on the way.[1]
The swaddling-bands that were for thee devised
With melancholy woven all were they:
The cradle that to cradle thee they had
Was wood that once had come from Turkey sad.—
I bless the swaddling-bands, the cradle thine,
And him who thee baptised, Fair Love of mine.

LOVE, IF THOU LEAVE ME

Love, if thou leave me, I will not leave thee:
If thou forsake me, following I'll be found:
If thou the sea cross o'er, I'll cross the sea:
If Earth thou wander, Earth I'll wander round.
If thou cross o'er the sea with tears and pain,
I'll come with thee, my love and only gain:
If thou cross o'er the sea with grief and woe,
I'll come with thee, wherever thou shalt go.

DICTAMNUS

Flower-*dittanie.*
The first love hast thou been; the last thou'lt be:
This may be called the Love of Constancy.

[1] A bad omen? In some Northern parts of Scotland the fishermen think it unlucky if they are met by anyone in clerical dress (minister or priest) as they are on their way to set out to sea, and they will return home and start again.

XCVI

Giovanettin che vesti di verdello,
Dammi il tuo cor, che lo farò beato;
E levami dal cor questo coltello,
Gli è tanto tempo che c' è l' hai piantato.
E levami dal cor queste gran pene,
Son per amarti e per volerti bene.
E levami dal cor questi gran guai,
Son per amarti e non lasciarti mai.

XCVII

Le pene che mi dai, tutte le scrivo:
Tempo verrà che noi le leggeremo.
E noi le leggerem foglio per foglio:
Quante più me ne fai, meglio ti voglio.
E noi le leggerem carta per carta:
Quante più me ne fai, più m' entri in grazia.

XCVIII

Dov' è quell' arancin che a te donai?
Tienne di conto, e fa che salvo sia.
Quando quell' arancino tu aprirai,
Dentro ci troverai l' anima mia:
Dentro ci troverai 'l mio afflitto cuore,
Lettere d' oro, e scritto il tuo bel nome:
Dentro ci troverai 'l mio core afflitto,
Lettere d' oro e 'l tuo bel nome scritto.

LOOKING FORWARD

Lad who dost dress in green, so fresh and fine,
Give me thy heart that I may make it blessed;
And take thy knife from out this heart of mine,—
'Tis long since thou didst plant it where 'tis pressed.
And from my heart this hurting pain remove:
I wait that I may give thee faithful love.
And from my heart this hurting sorrow take:
I wait with love that ne'er will thee forsake.

HER BOOK

The pains you give me I write down, my sweet:
The time shall come when we will read them through.
And we will read them over, sheet by sheet:
The more you give, the more my love for you.
And leaf by leaf we too shall read them o'er:
More pains you give, my grace you enter more.

HE TELLS OF THE ORANGE AND THE HEART

Where is that orange that I gave to thee?
Take care of it and have it kept as thine.
When thou shalt ope that little orange, see!
Within it thou shalt find this soul of mine.
My suffering heart thou'lt find within the same,—
Letters of gold, and written thy fair name:
My suffering heart thou'lt find that it doth hold,—
Thy fair name writ, and letters all of gold.

XCIX

E me ne voglio andà' di là dal mare,
E più nuove di me non avirete.
Una stella vi lasso per segnale:
Quando s' oscurerà, bella, piangete.
E quando quella stella sarà oscura,
Bella, piangete, che so' in sepoltura.

C

Morirò, morirò, sarai contenta,
Più non la sentirai mia afflitta voce!
Quattro campane sentirai sonare,
'Na piccola campana a bassa voce.
Quando lo sentirai 'l morto passare,
Fatti di fuora, che quello son' io.
Ti prego, bella, viemmi a accompagnare
Fino alla chiesa per l' amor di Dio.
Quando m' incontri, fallo il pianto amaro,
Ricordati di me quando t' amavo.
Quando m' incontri, volgi i passi indietro,
Ricordati di me quand' ero teco!

CI

È fatta notte, e lu sole è calato,
La bella mia nu' l' è vista ancora,
L' avissi vista tu, compagno mio,
Me la putissi dà' la bono nova?
I l' aggio vista dinto Cappucini
Addenucchiata a l' autare maggiore,
'Na cosa sola l' è sentuto a dire:
Uh, lasselo campà' lu primo amore!

HE TELLS OF THE DARKENED STAR

I wish to go beyond the seas afar,
And nevermore shall news be heard by thee.
Only, for sign I leave to thee a star:
When it shall darken, loveliest, weep for me.
And when this star shall darken utterly,
Then, loveliest, weep, for in my grave am I.

A PROCESSION

I'll die, I'll die,—my woeful voice no more
Thou'lt have to hear, and this will please thee well.
Thou'lt hear the bells a-tolling, all the four,
And one that soundeth low, a little bell.
When thou shalt hear the dead man pass thy door,
Oh come thou forth, for that dead man am I.
Come, Sweet, to follow with me, I implore,
Unto the Church, for God's dear charity.
When thou dost reach me, bitter weeping make,—
Remember me when thou my love didst take.
When thou dost reach me, turn thy steps behind,—
Remember me when still our love was kind.

IN HIS SICKNESS: A SONG OF APULIA

Evening is here, the sun has ceased to shine,
And I have not yet seen my fair Sweet-Heart,
Say, hast thou seen her, dear companion mine,
And canst thou some good news of her impart?
—I saw her in Capuchin Church to-day,
Kneeling before the Altar High she strove,
One thing, one thing alone, I heard her say:
Oh, grant that he may live, my only love!

CII

Giglio dell' orto, perchè ti lamenti,
Che sempre t' ho portato a lato al cuore?
Falla la scritta, ch' io me ne contento,
Mettila in mano a' giudici e dottori.
Falla la scritta come il mio cuor dice:
Se tu avrai questo cor, sarai felice:
Falla la scritta come il mio cuor t' ama,
Giura di non amare un' altra dama.
Falla la scritta come il mio cuor vuole,
Giura di non avere un altro amore.

CIII

Sei piccolino, e piccoli fai i passi,
Ma non mi sei già piccolo nel core.
Quando cammini, vai a occhi bassi,
E 'nnamorar mi fai colle parole:
E 'nnamorar mi fai come tu sai;
Durala, caro ben, la vincerai.[1]

CIV

Vorrei sapere come vi chiamate.—
Domenico gentil, come sapete.—
E pigliate lo specchio e vi specchiate,
E non vi fate bello, perchè sete.
Che sete bello ve lo dico io:
Domenico gentil, porti il cor mio.
Che sete bello diran le persone:
Domenico gentil, porti il mio cuore.
Che sete bello lo dicon la gente:
Domenico gentil l' amerò sempre.

[1] According to the proverb: *chi dura, la vince*="He that tholes overcomes." (Scots Proverb.)

COVENANT

O garden lily, wherefore this lament?
For thee against my heart I always bore;
The writing make that this doth me content,
To judges and to doctors give it o'er.
The writing make how thee my heart doth tell:
If so this heart thou have, thou shalt do well;
The writing make how loves thee this my heart,
And swear to give no other maid my part.
The writing make how wills this heart of mine,
And swear to have no other love but thine.

HIS CHARM OF SPEECH

Small is thy stature,—short these steps that passed,
Yet in my heart thou art indeed not small.
When thou dost walk, thine eyes are downward cast,
But, with thy speech, in love thou mak'st me fall:
Fall deep in love thou mak'st me, thou dost know;
Dear, hold thou on: to thee shall victory go.

DOMENICO, THE GENTLE

Love, I would ask you of the name you took.—
Gentle Domenico they call me, you know.—
Now, lift the mirror, there at yourself look,
Make you not fair, for you're already so.
Yes, love, I tell you this, that you are fair:
Gentle Domenico, you my heart do bear.
Yes, that you're fair hath one to other told:
Gentle Domenico, you my heart do hold.
Yes, that you're fair do all the people say:
Gentle Domenico, him I'll love alway.

CV

Giovinottino, piccolo e bassetto,
Quanta grazia tenete nel parlare!
L' amor non si misura col passetto,
Non v' è statera ove si può pesare;
E non v' è nè statera nè bilancia,
E di pesar l' amor non c' è l' usanza:
Non v' è statera nè v' è pesatore,
Non c' è l' usanza di pesar l' amore.

CVI

Le cose piccoline son pur belle!
Le cose piccoline son pur care!
Ponete mente come son le perle:
Son piccoline, e si fanno pagare.
Ponete mente come l' è l' uliva:
L' è piccolina, e di buon frutto mena.
Ponete mente come l' è la rosa:
L' è piccolina, e l' è tanto odorosa.

CVII

Tutti mi dicon che son nera nera:
La terra nera ne mena il buon grano.
E guardo il fior garofan com' è nero,
Con quanta signoria si tiene in mano!
Tutti mi dicon che il mio damo è tinto,
A me mi pare un angiolo dipinto:
Tutti mi dicon che il mio damo è nero,
A me mi pare un angiolo del cielo.

LITTLE OF STATURE

Sweet lad of mine, who art so short and small,
How great the grace thou holdest in thy speech!
One never thinks of measuring love at all,
There are no scales to balance each to each;
No scales nor balance have we *that* to prove,
It's not our wont to weigh and measure love:
No scales we find,—nor one the weights to lay,—
It's never been the custom love to weigh.

"*LITTLE, BUT ROSES*"

The little things are, notwithstanding, fair!
The little things are precious to us all!
Think of the pearls—[upon my necklace there—],
They have their price, although they are so small.
Think how it is with yonder olive-tree:
'Tis small, and yet good fruit it gives to thee.
Think how it is with any rose, [like this]:
'Tis little, and how great its fragrance is!

DARK COLOURING

That I am dark, so dark, all say to me:
From earth that's dark the finest grain doth grow.
The clove-carnation too is dark,—and see!
Held in the hand how lordly it doth show!
All tell me that my love is dark of face,
To me he has a pictured angel's grace:
All tell me that my love is darkly tanned:
To me he seems an angel from heaven's land.

CVIII

Giovanettino che vai 'n lontananza,
Una grazia ti chiedo in cortesia:
E pregala per me la mia speranza,
Il giorno quando sete in compagnia.
Il giorno quando sete in canti e suoni:
E pregala per me non m' abbandoni;
Il giorno quando siete in suoni e canti:
E pregala per me che non mi lasci.

CIX

Ho visto 'n mezzo al mare un verde alloro
In forma d' un amante che m' amassi;
Mi voleva donare un vaso d' oro,
Perchè l' amassi, e te t' abbandonassi.
Per te, bellina, ne languisco e moro;
E per le altre non moverei passi:
E per le altre passi non ho mosso;
State allegra, ben mio: mio core è vostro.
Mio core è vostro, e non sarà di me:
Chi vuole lo mio cor, lo chieda a te.
Mio core è vostro, e non sarà d' altrui:
Chi vuole lo mio cor, lo chieda a vui.

CX

E me ne vado via, caro mio bene,
E lascio lo mio cor nelle tue mani:
E dagli aiuto, e consolalo bene.

THROUGH THE FOREST

FOR A DAY TO COME

Sweet Heart, who goest to that far-off place,
A boon I ask thee for, in courtesy:
And 'tis my hope that begs for me this grace
That day when you shall be in company.
That day when you shall songs and music make:
It begs for me thou wilt not me forsake:
That day when all are making music, song,
It begs that thou may'st still to me belong.

MY HEART IS THINE

A laurel green I saw far out at sea
In form of one who love to me did make;
A vase of gold she wished to offer me,
That I might love her, and thyself forsake.
But O, Sweet Heart, I pine and die for thee:
And for these others not a step I'd take:
And for these others ne'er a step of mine!
Stay in good cheer, beloved, my heart is thine.
My heart is thine, no more with me its home:
Whoe'er would have my heart to thee may come.
My heart is thine, none else shall it receive:
Who wants to have my heart may ask thy leave.

SUCCOUR

And I, my precious one, must now depart;
Behold, I leave within thy hands my heart:
Then give it aid, console it by thine art.

CXI

Se mi partissi, e 'n vi dicessi addio,[1]
Parebbi mi partissi all' adirata.
E se mi parto, vi lascio il cor mio,
Che lo teniate fino alla tornata:
E fino alla tornata lo tierrete;
Se non farà per voi, mel renderete.

CXII

Non posso più cantar che non ho core,
È dentro il vostro petto rinserrato.
Sia alimentato dallo vostro amore,
Che gentile è la stanza che ha trovato.
Mi ha detto che di lì uscir non puole;
Per te gli è nato, e per te morir vuole.

CXIII

Partenza amara, dolorosa e trista!
Addio, a rivederci, o gentil fiore.
Se mai trovate qualche lingua trista,
Vi prego a non dar retta alle parole.
Se retta alle parole voi darete,
Per lingua d' altri m' abbandonerete.

CXIV

Fior di limone.
Se dicon mal di noi, caro mio bene,
Son rosari per te, per me corone.

[1] A Rispetto preserved in a manuscript of the fifteenth century begins in the same way:

"S' i' mi partissi e non dicessi adio,
Cholla mia amante ben parrei crucciato."
(Cod. magliab. 568. v. Rubieri, p. 188.)

IN PLEDGE

If making no farewell I should depart,
'Twould seem as though in wrath I went away.
And since I go, I leave to thee my heart,
That thou may'st keep it till my coming day.
And keep it till my coming back again:
If 'twill not do for thee, thou'lt give it then.

ALIMENT OF LOVE

I cannot sing, because no heart have I:
Within thy breast it is locked up and bound.
Let then thy love its aliment supply,
For fair and choice the room that it hath found.
That forth therefrom it cannot win, it saith:
For thee 'twas born, for thee 'twould welcome death.

OF DARK REPORTS

Oh parting bitter, dolorous and sad!
Farewell, most gentle flower, until we meet!
If e'er from gloomy tongues a tale be had,
I pray thee heed not what such folk repeat.
If heed to all the words that pass thou take,
For tongues of others thou shalt me forsake.

TRANSMUTATION

Lemon-flower fair.
If any speak ill words of us, these are
O love, thy Rosaries, my Crowns, of prayer.

CXV

È pur venuto buio e mezzanotte,
Di stelle ricoperto è il ciel sereno;
E andarmene vorrei, ma sto qui forte;
E mi converrà ber questo veleno.
E mi converrà far questa partita:
Rubare un core a 'na misera vita!
E mi converrà far questa partenza:
Rubare un core, e non chieder licenza!

CXVI

E va, che Iddio ti dia la buona andata,
E la tornata sia dolce allegrezza!
E va, che Iddio ti dia felici eventi,
E l' acqua chiara, vino ti diventi:
Iddio ti dia felice cammino,
E l' acqua chiara ti diventi vino.

CXVII

Fiore di grano.
Amici più di prima noi saremo;
Amici più di prima da lontano.

CXVIII

La strada di Firenze è grande e liscia;
Felice chi l' ha presa a passeggiare!
L' ha presa l' amor mio, o poverino!
Firenze bella, fatelo tornare.
Firenze bella, i giorni conterete,
E lo mio amor me lo rimanderete.

HE TAKES WITH HIM HER HEART

Darkness has fall'n and midnight on the hill,
With stars the sky serene is covered o'er;
And I would now set forth, yet stand I still:
Needs must I drink this poison at thy door.
Needs must I now the words of parting say:
—For life so poor a heart to bear away!—
Needs must I now this parting, love, achieve.
—To bear away a heart, nor ask for leave!—

HER BLESSING

Go now,—a going good, God give thee, lad,
And may thy coming home be sweet and glad!
Go now,—God give thee good success to cheer,
And turn for thee to wine the water clear:
God prosper thee upon this road of thine,
And turn for thee the water clear to wine.

MORE THAN EVER

Flower of the grain.
Friends more than ever we shall yet remain;
Friends more than ever, hills between the twain.

O FLORENCE FAIR

The road to Florence is both smooth and broad;
Happy are those who've gone wayfaring there!
My love,—ah poor dear love!—has ta'en that road:
Make him return to me, O Florence fair.
O Florence fair, count quick the days that lack
Till he may leave, then send my true-love back.

CXIX

Quando ti déi l' addio 'n fondo di scala,
Il mio cor diventò come la cera. . . .
E sempre penso alla partenza amara.

CXX

E quando mi partii dalle tue sede[1]
Ero un giovane perso per le strade,
E lo mio core gridava mercede.

CXXI

Quando passaste i monti, anima mia,
Mi parve nelle tenebre restare:
Il cuor dal petto mi portaste via,
Come volete ch' io faccia a campare?
È la speranza mia che mi tien viva,
Chè spero un dì che abbiate a ritornare.
Chè spero un dì, che ne ritornerete
A sciogliere il cor mio che preso avete.

CXXII

Non abbadar che dalla lunga sia,
Son dalla lunga e ti vo' salutare;
E ti vo' mandà' scritto in fede mia,
E dalle stelle ti vo' fa parlare.
E ti vo' mandà' scritto per un breve
Lettere d' oro e quanto ti vo' bene:
E ti vo' mandà' scritto sur un foglio
Lettere d' oro, e quanto ben ti voglio.

[1] *Sede* for *sedi*=seats. So in Dante *le tue rede* for *i tuoi eredi*.

THE MELTING HEART

When at the stair's foot thee Farewell I bade,
My heart became like wax that heat has had. . . .
And all my thoughts are on that parting sad.

LOST

When from thy haunts beloved I parted, Sweet,
I was a lad that's lost upon the street,
My heart kept crying: *Pity! I entreat.*

ONLY BY HOPE

When thou didst leave the mountains, on that day
It seemed to me I was in darkness left:
Thou from my breast the heart didst bear away,
How wouldst thou have me do who've borne such theft?
It is by hope that still in life I stay:
One day thou wilt return to me bereft.
One day, I hope, thou wilt return once more
To loose the heart that thou didst take before.

HE WRITES

Do not thou mind that I so distant stay:
I'm distant far, but thee to hail I seek;
A letter in my faith I'd send away,
And by the stars with thee I'd win to speak.
And I would send by written line to tell
In golden letters how I love thee well;
And I would send to tell by written sheet
In golden letters how I love thee, Sweet.

CXXIII

Fior d' ogni fiore!
All' amor mio una lettera ho mandata,
Col sangue del mio core l' ho fiorita.

CXXIV

Sospiri miei, andate ovè vi mando,
Andate all' amor mio gentile e bello;
Ditegli che una lettera gli mando,
Che, se la legge, gli è scritta piangendo:
E se la legge, è scritta con amore,
Sigillata col sangue del mio core:
E se la legge, è scritta con desio,
Sigillata col sangue del cor mio.

CXXV

Sospiri mia, sospirate forte,
Arrivate alle porte di Toscana,
E dite all' amor mio che piango forte,
Che lui se ne ricordi della dama.
Che lui se ne ricordi di venire;
Un petto senza cuor non può morire:
Che lui se ne ricordi del ritorno,
Un petto senza cuor non vive al mondo.

CXXVI

Mi par mill' anni che l' ora ne venga
Di questo luogo la partenza fare;
Non divien dal paese non sia bello,
Divien da me, ch' io non ci posso stare:
Al mio paese ci ho lasciato un fiore,
Sto di lontano, e ne sento l' odore.
Al mio paese ci ho lasciato un giglio,
Sto di lontano, e mi par di sentillo.

THE "FLOURISHED LETTER"

Flower of each flower.
Unto my love I have a letter sent,
With my heart's blood I've flowered its ornament.

THE LETTER'S SEAL

Ye sighs of mine there where I speed you wend,
Unto my love so fair and gentle go;
Tell him that I a letter to him send,
Which if he reads, 'tis writ with tears that flow.
Which if he reads, with love the same is writ,
Sealed with the blood of this my heart is it:
Which if he reads, 'tis writ by me who pine,
Sealed with the blood of this poor heart of mine.

THE GATES OF TUSCANY

O sighs of mine, sigh strongly more and more,
Till so ye reach the gates of Tuscany,
Then tell my love that I am weeping sore,
Tell him to keep his Maid in memory.
Tell him to keep in memory to come back;
A bosom cannot die that heart doth lack:
Tell him to keep in memory to depart,—
A bosom nowhere lives that lacks a heart.

THE FLOWER AFAR

To me it seems as 'twere a thousand year
Till from this village I can take my way;
'Tis not from any lack of beauty here,
'Tis from myself who can no longer stay:
For I have left a flower at my own,
Far off I bide, and feel its fragrance blown.
For I have left a lily on that hill,
Far off I bide, and seem to feel it still.

CXXVII

E lo mio amore gli è lontano le miglia;
Lo mando a salutar per una stella.
Le genti se ne fanno maraviglia.

CXXVIII

O rondinella che voli per l' aria,
Ritorna addreto, e fammelo un piacere,
E dammela una penna di tu' alia,
Chè scriverò una lettera al mio bene.
Quando l' averò scritta e fatta bella,
Ti renderò la penna, o rondinella:
Quando l' averò scritta in carta bianca,
Ti renderò la penna che ti manca:
Quando l' averò scritta in carta d' oro,
Ti renderò la penna e il tuo bel volo.

CXXIX

Rondinella, che passi monti e colli,
Se trovi l' amor mio, digli che venga;
E digli son rimasta in questi poggi
Come rimane la smarrita agnella.
E digli son rimasta senza damo,
Come l' albero secco senza il ramo;
E digli son rimasta abbandonata,
Come l' erbetta secca in sulla prata.

A SKY COURIER

And my true-love is miles from me afar:
I send my greetings to him by a star.
At this the people in amazement are.

A BORROWED PEN

O swallow, flying, flying through the air,
Return and kindly grant to me a loan:
Give me a feather from thy wing so fair,
For I would write a letter to my Own.
When I have written it as it should be,
I'll give the feather, swallow, back to thee:
When I have written it on paper white,
I'll give the feather for thy lovely flight:
When all the sheets of gold are written, then
I'll give thy feather and thy flight again.

A MESSAGE

O swallow, o'er mountain and hill that art gliding,
If thou meet with my true-love then tell him to come:
And tell him that I, on these slopes left abiding,
Am left like the lamb that is lost from her home:
And tell him I'm left, since my true-love departed,
Like the dry tree that sighs for the bough that has been.
And tell him I'm left behind, lonely, deserted,
Like the dry grass that once on the meadow was green.

CXXX

Al basso enn' ite a star le fresche rose,
Quassù c' è resto le pungenti spine.
Han fatto come il Sol quando si copre,
Che non riluce più per le colline.
Han fatto come te, persona mia;
Tutte le fresche rose enn' ite via.
Han fatto come te, persona bella;
Tutte le fresche rose enno in Maremma.

CXXXI

La sera per il fresco è un bel cantare,
Le fanciullette discorron d'amore:
Una con l' altra inviano a ragionare;
E dicon: l' hai visto il nostro amore?
E dicon: dov' è andato il nostro damo?
—E non lo vedo, e nel cantar lo chiamo.
E dicon: dov' è andato il nostro amore?
—E non lo vedo, e l' ho sempre nel core.

CXXXII

O bello che di maggio rivenisti,
Passasti per lo mezzo alla Toscana.
Dove passasti, gli alberi fioristi;
D' oro e d' argento portasti la rama.
Poi alla sera dove tu dormisti,
Rose e viole il tuo fiato sperava.[1]
Alla mattina quando gli occhi apristi,
Allora appunta[2] il sole si levava:
Bello d' amor vi possono chiamare;
Vostri begli occhi fanno il sol levare.

[1] Ovid, of Flora: "*Dum loquitur, vernas efflat ab ore rosas.*"
[2] As it were *abbellito, adorno.*

WINTER LAMENT ON THE MOUNTAINS

The roses fresh have gone down there to bide:
Up here 'tis but the piercing thorns are left.
Like to the Sun they've done, when he doth hide
So that his splendour from the hills is reft.
They've done like thee, my visage bright of cheer:
All the fresh roses now are gone from here.
And they like thee, bright countenance, have done:
To the Maremma every rose has gone.

IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING

At cool of evening concert sweet is heard,
The little maids do then of love hold speech:
One from an other taketh up the word,
And: *Hast thou seen our love?* is asked by each.
They say: *And where is gone our lover dear?*
—I see him not, in song I call him here.—
They say: *Where can it be our lover stays?*
—I see him not, he's in my heart always.

ON THE HOMEWARD ROAD

Lad who in May these "hills of home" came o'er,
Up through the land you passed to Tuscany.
Where'er you passed, the trees their blossoms bore:
You held the branch of gold and silver high.
Then, where you slept, when unto night it wore,
You breathed out roses, pinks, in slumber's sigh.
When your sweet eyes you oped at morn once more,
At that same moment rose the Sun on high:
They well may call you: *Love's adornëd one;*
Your beauteous eyes at morn awake the Sun.

CXXXIII

Giovanettino, mi garbate tanto!
Più che non garba il mare alla sirena.
Quando che non vi vedo, piango tanto,
E mi si gela il sangue in ogni vena:
Quando che non vi vedo e non vi sento,
Mi ricordo del nome, e mi contento:
Quando che non vi vedo e non vi trovo,
Mi ricordo del nome, e mi consolo.

CXXXIV

O sol che te ne vai, che te ne vai,
O sol che te ne vai su per que' poggi,
Fammelo un bel piacer, se tu potrai,
Salutami il mi' amor, non l' ho visto oggi.
O sol che te ne vai su per que' peri,
Salutameli un po' quegli occhi neri;
O sol che te ne vai su per gli ornelli,
Salutameli un po' quegli occhi belli.

CXXXV

Dove sei stato, speranza mia bella,
Consumamento[1] della vita mia?
Io credo ben che tu sei stato in cella,
O veramente fra la signoria:
Credo che tu sia stato in un bel coro;[2]
T' avivo perso, amor, ma t' ho ritrovo.

[1] Boccaccio. [2] Petrarca: *l' amoroso coro.*

COMFORT IN HIS NAME

Sweet Heart, the way thou pleasurest me is such!—
More than the Siren's pleasured by the main.
When'er I see thee not, I weep so much,
And then my blood doth freeze in every vein:
Whene'er I see thee not nor hear thy voice,
I call to mind thy name, and I rejoice:
Whene'er thyself I cannot find nor see,
I call to mind thy name, and comfort me.

O FARING SUN

O sun who farest onward hour by hour,
O sun who up these hills dost take thy way,
Do me a pleasure, if 'tis in thy power,
Salute my love, I've seen him not to-day.
O sun who farest by these pear-trees, hark!
One moment greet for me those eyes so dark;
O sun who farest where the rowans rise,
One moment greet for me those beauteous eyes.

OUT OF SIGHT

Where hast thou been, O thou my hope most sweet,
Thou who my life consumest unto smoke?
I think thou'st been in Heavenly retreat,
Or truly staying with the gentry-folk:
I think in some fair Choir thou didst remain;—
I'd lost thee, but I've found thee, love again.

CXXXVI

Ecco apparita l'alba e giunto il sole,
Ecco apparite le piacevolezze:
Ecco apparito chi tiene il mio core,
E me lo tien con tante gentilezze:
E me lo tien con gentilezze tante;
Ecco apparito il mio fedele amante:
E me lo tien con gentilezza e amore;
Ecco apparito chi tiene il mio core.

CXXXVII

Quanto sete garbato, o giovinetto!
Tenete lo mio cor per servitore.
Legato sete col fior del mughetto,
Accompagnato col fior del limone.
Limone è giallo, e la foglia è verde;
Questo è del buon amor, che mai si perde:
Limone è giallo, e la foglia l' è bruna;
Questo è del buon amor: mai s' abbandona.

CXXXVIII

O albero di perle caricato,
Colonna a cui s' appoggia l' alma mia;
Da grande e da piccin t' ho sempre amato.
Felice chi t' ha messo in signoria![1]
Felice chi t' ha messo il latte in bocca!
La fece quella stella bianca e rossa.

[1] In the lordship of love.

Ch' altro non desira,
Ch' alla sua signoria soggetta stare.
Cino da Pistoia, *Sonetto.*

HIS GENTLE HOLDING OF HER HEART

Ah! there appears the dawn, the sun doth shine!
Ah, there appear the pleasant things that bless!
There he appears who holds this heart of mine,—
He holds it for me with such gentleness;
He holds it with so many gentle ways;
Ah, there appears my love who faithful stays:
He holds it with such love and gentle art;
Ah, there appears that one who holds my heart.

LOVE UNFADING

O lad of mine, thou art to me all fair!
Thou holdest this my heart in service meet,
Thou'rt bound with lily of the valley rare,
Accompanied by the flower of lemon sweet.
Gold is the lemon, green its leaf doth grow:
Such is good love which ne'er doth lessening know:
Gold is the lemon, dark its leaf doth stay:
Such is good love: it ne'er doth pass away.

LOVE SERVING HIM IS BLESSED

O tree whose boughs with purest pearls are laden,
Pillar whereon doth lean this soul of mine;
I've loved thee, first and last, as child, as maiden,
Happy is she who makes her service thine!
And happy she her babe with milk who fed!
This star she fashioned that is white and red.

CXXXIX

Avete le bellezze di Natura;
E se la morte non ci dissepara,
Vi voglio amare infin che il mondo dura.

CXL

Ascolta, o giovinetta: questo è certo:
Scriverti voglio nel libro d' Amore.
Di non lasciarti mai te l' ho promesso,
Siccome fece Deva e lo suo amore;
Andiedono a morì' in de un deserto:
Funno coperti di rose e viole.
La sepoltura sai che fu di pene:
Funno pietre preziose, ambre e catene.
La sepoltura sai che fu di marmo;
Funno pietre preziose, ambre e corallo.

CXLI

E non ti lascerei, bello, giammai,
Se credessi alla fin perder la vita.
Sempre d' un buon voler mi troverai,
Come la generosa calamita;
Come la calamita generosa:
E d' averti a lasciar non mi par cosa.

CXLII

Acqua di rio.
Teco sarò di luglio e di gennaio,
Dove tu muori te, morirò anch' io.

LIKE NATURE

The beauties of great Nature's self are yours;
And if Death part us not with his strong powers,
I'll love thee ever while the world endures.

LOVE THROUGH ALL EARTH'S PAIN

Listen, O maid, this thing is sure and fast:
I wish to write thee in the Book of Love.
Ne'er to forsake thee I my word have passed:
Such troth as Eve's and her dear mate's 'twill prove,
They went to die within a desert,—yet
Of roses, gillyflowers, had coverlet;
Their sepulchre, thou knowest, was of pains:
But *there* were gems and amber, golden chains.
Their sepulchre indeed was marble strong,—
But *there* did coral, gems, and amber throng.

SHE WILL BE AS THE LOADSTONE

Leave thee, belovëd, that I would do never,
Not though I looked to lose my life at last.
Thou'lt find in me a love that's good for ever,
Like to the generous magnet holding fast.
Like to the generous magnet am I true:
To leave thee seems a thing I could not do.

WATER OF THE BROOK

Brook never dry.
With thee I'll be in January and July;
Where'er thy death shall come, there, love I'll die.

CXLIII

Giovanettino che battete il ferro,
Degno sareste di batterli l' oro.
E v' amo quanto un caro mi' fratello,
E v' ho donato il core a peso d' oro:
Il core a peso d' oro v' ho donato;
Deccovi l' alma, lo spirito, il fiato.

CXLIV

Nel mezzo allo mio petto è una ghirlanda,
E ce l' ho scritto il nome di Clorinda.
Quattr' angioli del ciel suonan la banda.

CXLV

E uno e due e tre, poche parole:
Colonna fabbricata in alto mare,
Colonna che sostien questo mio core.

CXLVI

Fiorin d' abeto.
L' abeto è lungo e fatto a crocettine:
L' amor cominci, e non abbia mai fine.

SHE SINGS OF THE GIFT ON EARTH

O lad who hammerest iron, thee I hear,
And think to hammer gold thou worthy art.
I love thee as thou wert a brother dear,
And I have given thee, weight of gold, my heart.
My heart, in weight of gold, I've given to thee:
Here are soul, spirit, and the breath of me.

HE SINGS OF THE MUSIC IN THE SKY

Hid on my breast a garland wrought doth lie,
Clorinda's name I've lettered there for aye.
Four angels sound the music in the sky.

THE COLUMN ON THE HIGH SEAS

Few words, few words, as *one*, and *two*, and *three;*
A Column built far out upon the Sea:
A Column that sustains the heart of me.

BEYOND

Flower of fir-tree.
The fir is high: and made with crosslets, see!
May love begin, and never-ending be.

A SONG FROM SARDEGNA

Unu culumbu biancu
Lu tenz' in dommo mia,
Chi lu tent' e-rrecreo.
Unu culumbu biancu.
S' amore tu' e-mmia,
S' er posta dae Deus,
Mai non dè 'bbenner mancu.

THEY SING OF THE DOVE

A dove all white and shining,
'Tis held in house of mine:
I cherish it with care.
A dove all white and shining:
This love, my heart's and thine,
If God hath set it there,
'Twill never know declining.
'Tis held in house of mine:
'Twill never know declining
If God hath set it there,
This love, my heart's and thine.
I cherish it with care,
This love, my heart's and thine:
'Twill never know declining
If God hath set it there.

H. G. Warrack
May 1913

SERIE TERZA

COLOMBA DEL SASSO

(NINNE NANNE)

SERIE QUARTA

FIORI PRATENSI

(CANTI E PREGHIERE DI FANCIULLI)

THIRD SERIES

DOVE IN THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK

(LULLABIES)

FOURTH SERIES

MEADOW FLOWERS

(CHILDREN'S SONGS AND PRAYERS)

PRELUDIO PER SERIE TERZA

ANNINNIA DI SARDEGNA

A ninnia a ninnia,
Sa rosa isparta mia,
Drommidi e reposa,
S' isparta mia rosa.
Lassami sa cumbatte,
Sa rosa mia isparta.
De mamma s' allegria,
Sa rosa isparta mia.

PRELUDIO PER SERIE QUARTA

CANTO SICILIANO

San Ciuvannuzzu ccu la picuredda
Ca rriri e ssciala ccu nuostru Signuri,
Si portanu a sta figgia virginedda
'Mmienzu li stiddi, la luna e lu suli.
'Mmienzu lu suli, la luna e li stiddi
Jiòcanu ccu l' armuzzi picciriddi:
'Mmienzu li stiddi, lu suli e la luna
Maria cci porta la parma e la crûna.
Vo' er a la vo'.

PRELUDE FOR THE LULLABIES

MOTHER'S SONG

Slumber soft be thine,
Sweet budded-rose of mine.
Sleep thou and still repose,
My sweet new-budded rose.
Move not these restless feet,
My rose new-budded, sweet.
Thy mother's joy a-shine,
Sweet budded-rose of mine.

PRELUDE FOR THE CHILDREN'S SONGS

THE PLAYMATES

Little Saint John, who has the Lamb most mild,
With our sweet tiny Lord doth laugh and run;
And lo, they bear this Baby, maiden-child,
With them amid the Stars and Moon and Sun.
Amid the Sun and Moon and Stars do they
Together with the little souls make play:
Amid the shining Stars and Sun and Moon
Mary doth bring the palm this Babe to crown.
Lullaby, oh!

COLOMBA DEL SASSO
(NINNE NANNE)

I

Fai la nanna dolce lume,
Fai la ninna ninna nanna-na',
Le mie braccia per te son piume,
Fai la ninna ninna nanna-na'.
Fai la nanna, mio conforto,
Fai la ninna ninna nanna-na',
Nel mio seno anch' io t' ho porto,
Fai la ninna nanna nanna-na'.

II

Fate la nanna, e fatela con Dio!
Fatela voi, che la farò ancor io;
Fate la ninna, e fatela, la nanna!
La bimba è bella, e l' è della su' mamma!
Della su' mamma, e del su' babbo ancora;
Questa bambina è nata in buon' ora:
Nata in buon' ora, ed in buon' ora sia,
L' ora che tu nascesti, anima mia!

III

Fate la nanna, coscine di pollo,
La vostra mamma v' ha fatto 'l gonnello
E vi ci ha messo i fiorellini attorno:
Fate la nanna, coscine di pollo.
Fate la nanna e possiate dormire,
Il letto vi sia fatto di viole,
E le coperte di quel panno fine,
La coltrice di penne di pavone.

DOVE IN THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK
(LULLABIES)

MOTHER'S WINGS

Hush-a-bye, sweet light, I safely hold thee,
Hush-a-bye, oh hush-a-hush-a-bye!
My two arms around are wings that fold thee,
Hush-a-bye, and hush, oh hush-a-bye!
Hush-a-bye, my babe, my comfort, rest,—
Hush-a-bye, and hush, oh hush-a-bye!
Here I've brought thee carried in my breast;
Hush-a-bye, and hush, oh hush-a-bye!

SLEEP, BABE AND MOTHER!

Lullaby, babe, and with God be thy rest,
I also will sleep, with thee on my breast.
Then lullaby one, and lullaby other:
The baby is fair,—she belongs to her Mother;
Of Mother and Daddy too she is the dower:
This little maid was born in good hour.
Good was the hour, and blest may it be,
The hour of thy birth, sweet soul of me.

CRADLE-SONG

Oh, lullaby, oh! little downy chick sweet,
Thy Mother for thee has a pretty frock sewn:
Little flowers she has made round about it that meet:
Oh, lullaby, oh! little chick of my own.
Oh, lullaby, oh! sweet slumber be thine,
Thy bed be of clove-pinks gathered together;
The blankets must be of that cloth so fine,
And for quilt we'll have many a peacock's feather.

FIORI PRATENSI
(CANTI E PREGHIERE DI FANCIULLI)

I (Siena)

Pioggerella, non veni'!
San Giovanni sta a dormi'
Sulle braccia del Signore.
Resti l' acqua, e venga il sole!

II (Siena)

Piove e c' è il sole.
La Madonna coglie il fiore;
La coglie un gelsomino . . . .
Egli è nato Gesù Bambino.
E ne coglie uno di più,
E lo dà al suo Gesù.

III Preghiera (Lucchese)

Vieni, vien, Gesù Bambino,
A posare il tuo capino
Sul guanciale del mio letto!
Vieni vieni, chè t' aspetto!
Vieni vieni, non tardare!
Senza te non posso stare.

IV (Pisano)

Questo letto ha quattro canti.
Io ci aspetto quattro santi:
Due da capo e due da piè.
La Madonna è qui da me.

V (Pisano)

Angiolin[1] bellin bellino,
Con quel capo ricciolino,
Con quegli occhi pien d' amore,
Gesù mio, ti dono il cuore.

[1] A childish misnomer of the Christ-Child in a picture.

MEADOW FLOWERS
(SONGS AND PRAYERS OF CHILDREN)

WHEN IT RAINS

Shower of rain keep far away!
Wee Saint John asleep doth stay
In the arms of Jesu dear.—
Rain keep back, and sun come here!

WHEN THERE IS SUNSHINE AND RAIN

See, there is sun and a shower,
The Madonna gathers the flower;
She gathers a jasmine white . . . .
He is born, Babe Jesu, bright.
And one more she gathers there
To give to her Jesu fair.

PRAYER AT BED-TIME

Come, oh come!—Thy little head
On the pillow of my bed
Lay it down, Babe Jesu dear!
Come, oh come, I wait Thee here.
Come, oh come, make no delay!
Without Thee I cannot stay.

FOUR CORNERS

Four corners has this bed of mine,
I wait four saints that here will shine:
Two at the foot, and two at the head.
The Madonna is here beside my bed.

THOSE EYES FULL OF LOVE

Little angel by my bed,
With that little curly head,
Eyes that full of love do shine,
Here's my heart, O Jesu mine!

VI (Lucchese)

A letto, a letto me ne andai,
E quattro angeli scondrai:
Due da piedi, due da capo,
Gesù Cristo dal mi' lato;
Dal mi' lato, che mi disse
Che posasse e che dormisse,
Che paura non avesse
Nè di giorno nè di notte,
Nè nel punto della morte.

VII (Lucchese)

A letto, a letto me ne vo,
L' anima mia a Dio la do;
E la do a San Francesco,
E mi butto giù nel letto.

VIII (Pisano)

Io vado a letto
Con una croce in petto,
Un angiolino bianco;
C' è lo Spirito Santo,
Un' anima maggiore,
Gesù Cristo salvatore.
Gesù Cristo è lo mio padre,
La Madonna è la mia madre,
San Giuseppe è mio parente.
Dormo ben sicuramente.

IX

(S. Stefano di Calcinaia)

Vi saluto Maria!
Salutate Gesù per parte mia!

A CHRISTIAN CHILD

'Way I went to bed to get,
There with angels four I met:
Two by feet and head to bide,—
Jesus Christ was by my side;
By my side, and told me clear:
Lay thee down and sleep, my dear.
Do not thou have any fear
Nor by day nor night, said He,
Nor when dying thou shalt be.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP"

To bed, to bed away I go,
My soul I unto God bestow;
And unto my Saint Francis dear,
And down in bed I cast me here.

WASHED AND READY

Now I go to bed to rest,
With a cross upon my breast,
A little angel white and fair;
The Holy Spirit He is there,
There a soul of heaven I find,
Jesus Christ, the Saviour kind.
Jesus Christ, my Father, He,—
Mary, Mother is to me,
Kinsman is Saint Joseph good.
Sure in safety sleep I should.

IN PASSING BEFORE AN IMAGE OF THE MADONNA

I hail thee, Mary sweet!
From my part Jesu greet.

X (Valdelsa)

Gesù mio, d' amore acceso,
Non v' avessi mai offeso
Nè con fatti nè con parole!
Gesù mio, vi dono il cuore.
Gesù mio, santo e buono,
Io vi chieggo perdono
Di tutt' i mie' peccati,
Presenti e passati.
Mio buon Gesù,
Non v' offenderò mai più.

XI (Siena)

Entro in chiesa, e vedo Cristo.
Alzo gli occhi al Crocifisso:
Alzo gli occhi, al ciel guardai;
Di Gesù m' innamorai:
Feci animo per salire;
Lui mi disse:—Non venire!
Vieni prima a confessare,
Se vuoi l' anima salvare.
Vieni, vieni, o peccatore,
Giorno e notte, a tutte l' ore!

A CHILD'S PRAYER OF PENITENCE

Jesu mine, of love aflame,
Would I had not earned Thy blame—
Nor in deed, nor yet in word!
Thee my heart I give, O Lord.
Jesu mine, so holy, good,
Thee for pardon pray I would
For my sins both first and last
In the present and the past.
Jesu mine, whom I adore,
I will ne'er offend Thee more.

COME UNTO ME

The Church I entered, and on Christ I gazed.
Unto the Crucified mine eyes I raised.
I raised mine eyes, and looked to heaven above;
For Jesu then my heart was filled with love.
Courage I took to climb the altar stair;
He said to me: Of coming thus beware!
Come first to make confession of thy sin
If thou would'st for thy soul salvation win.
Come, come, O sinner, take to me thy way;
Come, come, at all the hours, both night and day.

SERIE QUINTA

IL RUSCELLO

(CANZONI SACRE NARRATIVE)

SERIE SESTA

LUCE CADENDA

(CANTI RELIGIOSI)

FIFTH SERIES

THE WATER-BROOK

(SONGS OF SACRED STORY)

SIXTH SERIES

FALLING LIGHT

(SONGS OF THE SOUL)

PRELUDIO PER SERIE QUINTA

CANTO SICILIANO

Lu Signuruzzu, quannu iddu jucava,
Suliddu a 'n agnunieddu si mittia,
Tutti i pizzudi 'i lignu ca truvava,
Tutti 'n forma di cruci li mittia. . . .

PRELUDIO PER SERIE SESTA

CANTO SICILIANO

Bedda jurnata ca ci agghiurnau,
Ca quantu è bedda sia ludatu Diu.
Gesuzzo ppi li stradi mi scuntrau,
Mi calau la tistuzza e mi rridiu.
Lu chiovu di lu pettu si scippau:
—Teniti chistu ppri l' amuri miu.

PRELUDE FOR SONGS OF SACRED STORY

THE BEGINNING OF A STORY

The little Lord, in Joseph's shed at play,
Into a corner by Himself would get,
And all the bits of wood that round him lay
Into the form of crosses He would set. . . .

PRELUDE FOR SONGS OF THE SOUL

"O HAPPY DAY THAT FIXED MY CHOICE"

Beauteous the day that broke upon me there
And for its beauteousness God praisëd be!
About the roads He met me, Jesu fair,
He bent His gracious head and smiled on me.
Then slipped the key from out my bosom's care:
—*Lord, for my love, this take and keep with Thee.*

LA NINNA NANNA DELLA MADONNA

Stava drento alla capanna
Maria, figlia di Sant' Anna,
E, mirando 'l suo bel Sole,
Li dicea queste parole:
—Dormi, dormi, o cuor di mamma!
Fai la ninna e fai la nanna!

Dormi, figlio tenerello,
Dormi, figlio vago e bello!
Chiude, chiude i lumi santi,
Le tue stelle fiammeggianti!
Dormi, dormi, o cuor di mamma!
Fai la ninna e fai la nanna!

Non si accende 'l nostro fuoco,
Noi viviamo in basso luoco.
Io ti bacio le mascelle
Bianche, fresche e tenerelle.
Bacia, o figlio, la tua mamma!
Non più ninna e non più nanna!

Vedo su dall' Oriente
Tre corone risplendente:[1]
Porteranno per ristoro
Mirra, incenso e un dono d' oro.
Bacia, o figlio, la tua mamma!
Non più ninna e non più nanna!—

[1] "Crowns," *i.e.*, "Kings."

SLUMBER-SONG OF THE BLESSED MOTHER

Mary, daughter of Saint Anne,
Sitting in the Hut began
Thus to her fair Sun to say
While she watched Him as He lay:
Heart of Mother, sleep, oh sleep!
Rest Thee, Babe, and quiet keep.

Sleep, O little tender Son,
Sleep, O fair and lovely One!
Close these holy lights of Thine,
Thy two stars that softly shine!
Heart of Mother, sleep, oh sleep!
Rest Thee, Babe, and quiet keep!

Not too well our fire doth go,
We are in a place that's low.
I must kiss Thy cheeks so oft,—
Fair and white and fresh and soft,—
Kiss Thy Mother, little Son,
For Thy sleeping time is done.

Coming from the East I see
Three Crowns shining gloriously:
To restore Thee they will hold
Incense, myrrh, a gift of gold.
Kiss Thy Mother, little Son!
Now Thy sleeping time is done.

LA SACRA FAMIGLIA

Maria lavava,
Giuseppe stendeva,
Suo Figlio piangeva
Dal freddo che aveva.
—Sta zitto, mio figlio,
Chè adesso ti piglio!
Del latte t' ho dato,
Del pane 'un ce n' è.—
La neve sui monti
Cadeva dal cielo:
Maria col suo velo
Copriva Gesù.

LA PASSIONE

—Dove vai, madre Maria,
Sola sola per questa via?—
—Vo cercando 'l mi' figliolo:
È tre giorni che 'un lo trovo.—
—Lo trovai da piedi al monte
Colle man legate e giunte:
Sulla spalla la croce avea;
La portava, e non la potea:
Sangue rosso lo versava,
La Madonna l' asciugava.
L' asciugava con gran dolore . . . .
Oggi è morto il Redentore!

BY THE STREAM OF THE VALLEY

Sweet Mary was washing,
While Joseph laid, drying,
The Baby was crying
For the cold that came on.
Oh hush thee, my darling,
I'll take thee this moment,—
Of milk I have given thee,
Of bread there is none.
The snow on the mountains
From heaven was falling:
Then Mary her veil took
And covered her Son.

AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNT

Where, Mary, dost thou stray,
All lone upon this way?—
—I cannot find my Son:
Three days I've searching gone.—
—Him at the Mount I found,
His hands were joined and bound;
—The Cross His shoulders bore;
He could not lift it more:
—Red blood from Him did drop,
His Mother dried it up.
—With anguish this she dried . . . .
To-day the Saviour died.

I

Se volete saper chi è lo mi' amore,
Èglie quel buon Gesù che regge 'l mondo;
A quello sì che gli ho donato 'l cuore,
Perchè mi doni 'l regno suo giocondo.
E quello sì che lo vo' sempre amare,
Lasciare 'l mondo, e Dio seguitare:
E quello sì che lo vo' amar sempr' io,
Lasciare il mondo, e seguitare Iddio.

II

Lunga distesa mi pongo nel letto;
Ho da pensare che devo morire:
M' arraccomando a Gesù benedetto:
Chi è devoto di Lui 'un può mai perire.
M' arraccomando alla divina luce,
Chè 'l Figliuol di Maria l' è morto in croce!
O cuor del mio Gesù, che m' ha redento,
In pace mi riposo e m' addormento.
Santi del ciel, per mio agliuto vi chiamo:
Dite a Gesù che, ben dormendo, l' amo.

III

Spirito Santo, entrate nel mio cuore,
Venite a visità' l' anima mia;
E fate che sia serva del Signore,
Della Beata Vergine Maria.
E mi rivolgo con amaro pianto,
M' arraccomando allo Spirito Santo:
M' arraccomando alla Madre d' Iddio,
Sia nell' ora del transito mio!

THE CHOICE

If you would know my Love and chosen part,
'Tis that kind Jesus who the world doth rule;
To Him it is that I have given my heart,
That He may give His realm of gladness full.
And this is He whom I would love below,
I'd leave the world, and following God I'd go:
And this is He whom I would ever love,
I'd leave the world, and follow God above.

PRAYER AT NIGHT

Full length I place myself in bed to rest;
Unto my dying hour I thought must give:
Commend myself I would to Jesus blest:
None e'er can perish who on Him doth live.
Commend me to the Light Divine I would,
For Mary's Son hath died upon the Rood!
Heart of my Jesus, who redeemed me so,
In peace I rest me and asleep I go.
Now for my help I call you, Saints above:
To Jesus say: *though sleeping, Him I love.*

A WOMAN'S PRAYER

O Holy Spirit, enter Thou my heart,
Come to this soul of mine and stay as Guest;
A servant of the Lord,—make this my part,
And also of the Virgin Mary Blest.
With bitter weeping now to God I wend,
Me to the Holy Spirit I commend:
Commend me also to Christ's Mother dear,
May she be with me when I pass from here.

DA SICILIA

PREGHIERA DI ANGELA AGNELLO

Cieca nata di Monreale della fine del secolo XVIII

L' arma mi nesci e lu cori mi sfila
Pr' un pocu d' acqua di la tò funtana!
Havi tant' anni chi nni sugnu priva,
Havi tant' anni chi nni su' luntana!
O Diu, via, dunamilla l' acqua viva
Comu la dasti a la Samaritana!

FROM SICILY

THE SOUL A-THIRST

Prayer of a Blind Woman

My soul doth fail, my heart is dying slow
For but a little water from Thy well;
It is such years that lacking it I go,
It is such years that far from it I dwell.
O God, come, give to me the living water
As Thou didst give it to Samaria's daughter!

FINIS

AMOR DE CARITADE

Risponde l' Alma:

Amore, Amor Gesù, son giunto a porto;
Amore, Amor Gesù, tu m' hai menato,
Amore, Amor Gesù, dammi conforto;
Amore, Amor Gesù, si m' hai infiammato;
Amore, Amor Gesù, io son morto;
Fammeti star, Amor, sempre abbracciato
Con teco, trasformato
In vera caritate
E in somma veritate
Di trasformato amore.

Amore, Amore grida tutto 'l mondo:
Amore, Amore ogni cosa clama:
Amore, Amore, tanto se' profondo,
Chi più t' abbraccia sempre più t' abbrama.
Amore, Amor, tu sei cerchio rotondo;
Con tutto 'l cor, chi c' entra, sempre t' ama;
Chè tu se' stame e trama:
Chi t' ama di vestire
Dai sì dolce sentire,
Che sempre grida Amore.

Dalla Canzone del Beato Jacopone da Todi, sec. XIII.

THE END

TO THAT HIGH LOVE WHICH IS CHARITY

THE SOUL REPLIES:

Love, Love Divine, I reach the Haven, led
Love, Christ, by Thee; therefore is love my claim.
Love, Love Divine, let me be comforted;
Love, Christ, Thyself hast caught me in Thy flame;
Love, Jesu-Love, look on me: I am dead.
Love, I would cling to Thee till I became
Transformed of Thee: the same
In highest Charity
And utmost Verity
Through Love's transforming gaze.

Love! Love! the whole world cries, *Thine every part!*
Love! Love! each creature calls, *Be hailed in me!*
Love, Love, Thou art so deep beyond man's heart
More to embrace is more to long for Thee.
Love, Love, the spirit's Perfect Sphere Thou art:
Who enters, loves Thee wholly, endlessly.
Woof, warp, Thou art, and he
Who Thee for robe hath found
With peace is folded round
And calleth *LOVE* always.

OLEUM EFFUSUM NOMEN TUUM

APPENDIX I

VILLAGE LIFE

BARGA

APPENDIX I

VILLAGE LIFE

A SONG FROM ROMAGNA

E' chenta in vetta a l' elbar um aragnól,
E' chenta e' chenta e um dis stal bell paról:
La tua muretta la t' vô bèn assai . . .
E' chenta e' chenta e non si ferma mai.[1]

THE SONG UNCEASING

Hid in the trees a nightingale sings there,
She sings and sings, and says this word so fair:
The maiden whom thou lovest loveth thee...
She sings and sings and never cease doth she.

PRELUDIO

Bella bellina, quando vai per aqua
La via della fontana ti favella;
E' l rusignol che canta per la macchia
E' va dicendo che sei la più bella.
Sei la più bella e la più graziosina,
Sembri una rosa colta sulla spina;
Sei la più bella e la più graziosetta,
Sembri una rosa in sulla spina fresca.

THE ROAD TO THE WELL

When thou dost go for water, fairest love,
The roadway to the well doth murmur praise:
The nightingale that singeth in the grove
That thou art fairest calls in many a phrase.
Thou art the fairest, sweetest, maid of morn,
A rose thou seemest found upon the thorn:
Thou art the fairest, sweetest, ever seen,
A rose thou seemest on the briar green.

IN ARCADIA

Non vi maravigliate, giovinetti,
S' io non sapessi troppo ben cantare;
In casa mia non c' eran maestri,
Nè mica a scuola son ita ad imparare.
Se volete saper dov' era la mia scuola,
Su per i monti all' acqua, alla gragnuola.
E questo è stato il mio imparare,
Vado per legna e torna a zappare.

BEATRICE'S SCHOOLING

Be not amazed, young men and maidens dear,
If not too well the way to sing I know;
For in my house no masters did appear,
Nor yet to school for learning did I go.
If of my school you'd like to hear the tale:
'Twas up the mountain mid the rain and hail.
And this has been the learning that I've found:
I go for wood, come back to dig the ground.[2]

[1] Fiorita di Canti Tradizionali. E. Levi . . 13. (Firenze: Bemporad).

[2] Improvised by Beatrice of Pian degli Ontani (Plain of the Alder-trees) near l' Abetone; printed thus by her friend Miss Francesca Alexander in her *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*; also given by Tigri, with slight variations, in his *Guida della Montagna Pistoiese*.

APPENDIX I

A REAPER

The first time that I saw you, maiden fair,
Was in a cornfield where you came and reaped:
You'd tucked your skirt up well, and then and there
You set to work, and quick the row you sweeped:
I saw you working, and your way admired;
I saw you fair, and that my love inspired.

IN A FIELD OF SIENA

Young girl that in the field hast work begun,
And with thy great straw hat dost seem the Sun,
Fair thief-of-hearts they call thee, every one.

HARVEST WOMEN'S SONG

The night is falling and my master sighs:
"Oh, far too short has been the day!" he cries.
Well, if 'tis short, some extra let us get,
So go and tell the sun he must not set.
And if 'tis short, the extra must be given:
We'll have to tell the sun to keep in heaven.

THE MAREMMA MAN

Come, briskly! says the reaper of the plain,—
Cut to the ground, and gather every grain:
Cut to the ground, and gather every ear,
Unless the master's scolding you would hear:
Cut to the ground, and gather every spike,
Unless the master's scolding you would like.

WASTE OF THE WEAVER'S TOIL

If you but knew of bitterness how full
Oft is the life that these poor weavers live!
For all day long they work and card the wool,
At evening all their pence to play they give.

COUNSEL OF WISDOM

If of your soul's salvation sure you'd make,
For *veglia* to the taverns do not go:
Ne'er in your hands the cards for playing take:
And do not fond of telling gossip grow.
So many tales, so many wretched tales:
Where peace hath been, there sudden war prevails.

THE CHOIR OF MOUNTAIN LADS

"Bring in the May"

May-month is here, the lemon flowereth sweet:
The goodman of the house respectfully we greet.
May-month is here, and flowering is the bough;
The maidens with their swains, we greet them now.
May-month is here, the flowers in bloom have sprung:
Greet we the maids, and greet their lovers young.

GREETINGS OF THE MAY

Our greetings of the May we bring
Unto this house of worth and praise,
Which honour high has earned always;
And therefore here we wish to sing.

We greet the goodman of the house,
And after him we greet his spouse.
We know he's in Maremma bare:
God knows,—may He support him there.

THE MINSTREL ARRIVES

In Name of God, and my first visit here!—
For never have I sung within this place.
'Twould need a tongue that fluent is and clear,
A blessed speech indeed of beauteous grace:
'Twould need the Latin to give language meet,
Rosina, fairest maiden, thee to greet.

THE SALUTATION

I greet the walls of this rock-village now,
I greet the window and the dweller there.
Thee first I greet, O noble one, for thou
Hast gathered been mid roses white and fair:—
Mid roses white and flowers fair and tall;
I greet the maidens and their lovers all:
Hast gathered been from buds and roses white;
I greet the maidens and their swains to-night.

'TIS EASY

Stornelli mine, they to a bushel reach!
Here's Love within who them to me doth teach,
And then the violin, it plays for each.

RIFIORITA

O little fair one, how do things go?
—Well for to-day, but the next who can know?

STEP FORWARD

And of *stornelli* I've so many here,
'Twould take six vessels, sure, the freight to bear!
Let him who'd get the good of them draw near.

CATCHES

And of *stornelli* I some thousands sing:
Lasses, to buy them, quick be gathering;
They sell like pins: fifteen a farthing bring.

LEARN

Barley a-blow.
You have not the stornelli?—learn them now:
Take up the Alphabet,—to school with you!

WASTING AND WANTING

If all day long I sing, then lacks my bread,
But if I sing not—everything on earth!
My father "Good-for-little" was, they said,
And they will call me too of little worth.
Of wooers—more than fifty whom I've had—
All, one by one, I've lost through song and mirth.
And if I lose one more who doth remain,
Little shall I have got, and less shall gain.

SINGING FOR CHEER

I want to sing and gain a happy mind:
I'll keep no more my melancholy state:
My anxious thoughts I'll give unto the wind,
My load to whomsoe'er will bear its weight.
My brooding thoughts I'll give unto the sun:
The bearing of my load—to any one!

APPENDIX I

ABSENT ALL WINTER

If only I were Abbot, I would make
An interdict, round all the world to send.
I'd say no shepherd e'er a wife should take,
For in Maremma eight long months they spend.
In May-time to their homes our men come back,
But in September they return, alack!

BITTER WATERS

All the Maremma's praises to me sing:
To me Maremma bitter is, and bad.
The bird that flieth there doth lose its wing,
And lost is his old sweetheart by the lad.
My heart all trembles when I seek that shore,
With fearing that we two may meet no more.

THE STRANGER

The stranger's love doth but a year endure,
For in his village is his sweetheart, sure.
The stranger's love a month doth only fill,
For in his village is his sweetheart still.
The stranger's love doth only last a day,
For in his valley doth his chosen stay.

A MAREMMA MAIDEN SINGS

Yes, go! and may four stars accompany thee:
When thou again art on the mountains high,
Thou'lt cast a glance where these low Marshes be.

HER EYES BEREFT

What shall they do, these eyes of mine so blest,
When they are far from thee for half a year?
What shall they do that love thee, loveliest?
A weariness they'll find these hamlets here.
A weariness this country will become:
To heaven I'll pray for thy returning home;—
A weariness these long and lonely days:
To heaven I'll pray for thy return always.

TOO FAR AWAY

Too far away the ancient walls so dear,
My well-belovëd is too far away.
A prison dark to me it doth appear
That I from good so great must distant stay.
Must distant stay from that fair lily-flower,
Whom still to see and hear I thirst each hour;
Must distant stay from that fair branch and strong,
Whom still to see and hear, athirst I long.

RESTORATION

A paradise to me Cevoli seemed,—
'Tis now a hamlet smitten to the ground:
For hence has gone that face so fair that gleamed,
And lit with beauty every place around.
Yes, he has gone;—but come again he will:
Cevoli and its walls with light he'll fill.

IN THE FRESHNESS OF THE MORNING

In morning's freshness there they sing aloud,—
The Lasses feel that love is now upgrown,
And they to talk within that doorway crowd:
Who then of us that handsome Lad shall own?
They in that doorway stand and counsel make:
Who then of us that lily fresh shall take?

MILITARY SERVICE

And if, my own, you go a-soldiering,
For three whole years you'll have to stop away:
My soul to melt away for grief you bring:
One hour without you I can never stay.

TO VICTOR IMMANUEL: O VITTORINO

And my love goes a-soldiering with them all;
O Victor dear, for my sake place him well,
And make him sergeant, please, or corporal.

COMRADES

O neighbour lads who go, as my lad must,
Off to the war, look to him, I implore:
Tell him that arms laid on the ground would rust,
For he has never lived in camp before.
Tell him he must not sleep in the open air:
—The keys of his dear heart in mine I bear.
Tell him in hollows damp he must not sleep:
—Through all earth's time the thought of him I keep.

COUNTRY MILITIA

Whene'er I see you on these hills appear,
Wearing that sword that shines so sunny-bright,
You make me in my heart such gladdening cheer,
That all your folk I bless in my delight;
And all this State I bless, that for our land
Has set you as a soldier in its band.

DEEP IN THE HEART

Love's floweret see!
The things a man can ne'er forget are three:
Country, and friendship, and first-love they be.

NAPOLEON

Whene'er Napoleon came and battle made,
The leaves of every tree did shake afraid:
With bolted shot he fired the cannonade!

AFTER ALL

Napoleon, count thyself no warrior great;
At Moscow thou didst find a hardish nut,
And 'prisonment in Elba was thy fate.

GARIBALDI

Sweet, why such care?
Thou'lt lose me not though to the field I fare,
For Garibaldi is my Captain there!

UNITED ITALY

"Woodbine!" I cry.
Italian am I: for nought else care I:
At Rome Long Live the King of Italy!

PROTEST

Victor Immanuel, what's your plan to be?
Our finest youth you want them all away.
My love when will you give him back to me?

HOME TO SIENA

O heavenly angels, make a garland fair!
Send me an order with the trumpet's blare,
That back to Fontebranda I repair.

APPENDIX I

AT LAST

It seems to me I've been three thousand years
In seeing, love, again thy face serene;
I've worn my life out with my clothes in fears,
It seems as though a galley-slave I'd been.
I've worn my heart, with it my life, away. . . .
To see thee, love, I've had so long to stay!
I've worn my life away with weeping strong. . . .
To see thee, love, I've had to wait so long!

IN ABSENCE

Think'st thou, belovëd one, how I have stayed
In all this time that thee I have not seen?
As lone as Turk who is a renegade,
Or Jew who's lost the Blessed Faith I've been:
Ev'n as a Jew that's of the Faith bereft,
So have I been, with thee far distant left.

HIS WHISTLE

That is a distant whistle that I hear,—
It is my true-love I can surely tell.
Yes, it is he who's softly drawing near:
He comes again to her who loves him well.
He comes again to her poor heart of woe:
It is my love,—whoever wills may know.
He comes again to his sweetheart so sad;
It is my love,—I know his whistle glad.

UNSCATHED

O welcome, valorous lily, strong and fair,
No blight on thee the southern sun hath wrought.
I greatly feared the grievous climate there,
Lest from thy splendour it had taken aught.
But what I feared has nothing proved to be;
And I with joy my "Welcome" say to thee:
And what I feared has unto nothing come,
And filled with joy I bid thee *Welcome home!*

IN TIME FOR THE BALL

How long a time the Sun I have not seen:
At last this morning I beheld him rise.
And with such splendour this sunrise hath been,
That all the people are in great surprise:
It is a marvel here to everyone,
How o'er this village now hath risen the Sun:
They're greatly marvelling here, the people all,
Because the Sun hath risen on our ball.

THE DANCE OF *THE WHEEL*

Ci son tre stelle che giran la ruota:[1]
Una ce n' è che fa la romanesca,
E lo mio amore è nel mezzo che giuoca,
E balla e canta alla contadinesca.
Balla e canta e non mette un piede in fallo:
Porta il vanto e l' onor di questo ballo.
E balla e canta e un piè 'n fallo non mette:
Porta 'l vanto e l' onor delle bellezze.

[1] Dante: "*Come da più letizia pinti e tratti—. . . quei che vanno a ruota—Levan la voce, e rallegranno gli atti.*" A dance, like *la moresca* or *la furlana*, in which the dancers, holding each other by the hand and making a circle, wheel round one who stands in the middle.

GINGARING

There are three stars *the Wheel* that circling go,
And one of them doth act the *Gingaring*.
She in the midst, my love, her play doth show,
And in the peasant style doth dance and sing.
She sings and dances with no trip or fall:
'Tis she who bears the honours of this ball.
She sings and dances with no slip of feet:
'Tis she who takes the prize as fair and sweet.

PARTNERS

Yes, I will show you how the young girls go
When dancing with a lad who does not please;
They follow down the room as stiff and slow
As if their feet had taken some disease.
But when they dance with those they favour, why!
They have not wings, yet they begin to fly.
And when they're dancing with their lovers dear,
So many winding serpents they appear;
And when they're dancing with their choice, they're cured
Of all the pains their little feet endured.

THAT EVENING

O clover fair!
Since first I saw you at the dancing there,
You've made me lose my brain in love's despair.

THE SEVEN BEAUTIES

Seven beauties should the woman count in all
Before she claims the title "exquisite":
She ought to stand, without the slipper, tall,
And blooming, not by art, clear red and white;
Her shoulders wide in span, her waist-girth small:
Lovely her mouth, her noble speech, delight.
And if to this she addeth golden hair,
Behold the woman who is sevenfold fair.

A LIST

Far out at sea a column I have seen:
There round the table notaries fourteen
Wrote down the diverse beauties of a queen.

GIFTS

I learnt from Cupid's self his gentle art:
Venus her tresses golden did impart.
And love, first love, is springing from my heart.

MEANS

Would'st thou I taught thee how to win love's luck?—
Rise in the morning ere the Sun hath power,
Go to the orchard and the iris pluck,
Then set it on the fire to boil an hour.
When boiled an hour the iris-water stands,
Then wash thy face therein with thy white hands.

WHICH?

The house of these two brothers there I see,
And which of them to love I stay in doubt;
The taller seems the handsomer to me,
The shorter seems the sun a-shining out;
If one is fair, then little less the other,
If one's the rose, the jasmine is his brother;
If that one's fairer, this one scarce doth miss:
If that's the rose, the lily white is this.

APPENDIX I

TWO COMPANIONS

This surely is the hamlet of the Fair,
The little garden of the maids in love.
Companions are ye, sisters ye appear,
And ye appear companioned stars above.
Companions of the Sun and Moon are ye:
And one of you consumes the heart in me.

FOUR ALMOND TREES

I've seen four almond trees that flowered on high:
They touched the earth with their young leaves so fair.
I see them as they come in couples by:
It seems they come from Life Eternal there.
It seems they come with blithesome hearts and free:
I do not think, Sweet Sir, they come for me.

IN THE WIND

You've little curls that like to ships are made:
Each little wind doth blow them round your head;
But chiefly by that northern wind they're swayed!

HER GOLDEN RINGLETS

Say, who has curled these little ringlets dear?—
They're like to make me die, the way they twine!
Who rolled them for thee so they rings appear
Upon that lovely forehead crystalline?
Thy Mother was it?—or thy Aunt, may be?
—These little rings consume the life in me!
Was't Mother, Aunt, who did these ringlets roll?
—In me they are consuming life and soul!

UN ANGIOLIN FATTO DI STUCCO

Lad of the ringlets spun of golden thread,
They suit you well, their carrying-well you know!
They suit you well, they beautify your head;
You seem a little angel sent below.
They suit you well, they make you all a-gleam:
A stucco angel in the church you seem.
They suit you well, they beautify your eyes:
You seem an angel sweet of Paradise.

SHE SHOULD BE GRATEFUL

If thou art fair, let Fortune thanks receive;
Give thanks to her who tears for thee hath spent;
Thy thanks to Sun and Moon for favours give,
And then let thanks to Paradise be sent.
And then give thanks to Holy Paradise
That made so fair thy face, so dark thine eyes.
Thank Paradise and Mother for their parts:
They made that face which fireth all our hearts.

BORN IN ROME

Thou hast been born in Leo's city fair,
And thou wast christened in the Vatican,
There where the Latin race doth rule, and where
Is that fine tomb within the Lateran.

When thou, sweet maid, at morning risest, there
Thou renderest light for all the Roman clan ;
When thou at morning risest, maiden sweet,
The Moon turns silver : her the Sun doth meet ;
When thou, sweet maid, at morn dost rise, behold !
The Moon turns silver and the Sun turns gold.

CARRIED TO ROME

When thou wast born, O flower of Paradise,
For christening unto Rome they carried thee ;
His Holiness uncovered then thy face
And begged that he thy godfather might be ;
Thy mother seeing thee so very fair,
The name of *Morning-star* put on thee there ;
Thy mother seeing thee so very sweet
Gave thee the name of *Morning-star* as meet.

THE WONDER OF HER EYES

I have not ever seen a fairer thing
Than this sweet light that from thine eyes doth move.
I thought : A lily's here !—a rose did spring ;
A ship away upon the sea did rove.
I thought it was a lily, 'twas a star,—
The light of thy sweet eyes that shineth far :
I said : A star !—and 'twas a sun most great,—
It was a ship that fared with love for freight.

WELCOME

Ah ! here he comes, a welcome, welcome guest !
Ah, here he comes who welcome is to stay !
Give him a chair that he may sit and rest,—
He makes the roses flower along the way ;
He makes the roses and carnations flower :
All day and night you're in my heart each hour.
The hours of day and night are twenty-four :
You're in my heart all these, and one hour more.

SHE MAY BE PROUD

'Tis you who're welcome, youth from down the dale !
Welcome as feast in middle of the week !
You're fairer than the lily of the vale,—
Feel proud—indeed she may, that maid you seek.
And if 'twere I, both proud I'd feel and glad,
To be so plain [1] and have so fine a lad.

HOW CAN I SING?

I cannot sing,—I have no more my heart :
I have it only prisoned in thy breast,
Itself has told me it will ne'er depart
Since far too well 'tis entertained as guest.
That it would ne'er depart it said to me :
For thee 'twas born, and it would die for thee.
Itself has told me it will ne'er return :
For thee 'twould gladly die, for thee 'twas born.

[1] She says "*si brutta*," so as to give greater praise to him ; but she does not think it.

APPENDIX I

WORDS!

Whoe'er a fitting verse for you would turn,
To know the "Calepino"[1] well would need;
He'd need to have been at the school to learn
The Latin language fine to write and read;
At any hour to read and write it too:—
No master he of self who loveth true.
In prison lies whoe'er in love doth fall,
Bound hard, through heat and cold, in seasons all.
Who loveth true, in prison bound remains;
Through heat and cold he ever lies in chains.—
Oh, all are words, are words,—that come from art!
But those of love lie deeper than the heart.

AT THE *VEGLIA* (OR EVENING GATHERING)

I'm little, and on me to sing you call?
These bigger ones would take it ill of me.
These other girls, they have their sweethearts all,
Below myself they would not wish to be.
But if a sweetheart I had also had,
To sing about my story I'd be glad:
And if already I'd a sweetheart too,
I'd gladly sing and tell my verse to you.

IMPROVISING

Rispetti two I wish to improvise
While in this charming company we stay.
It seems to me I'm far in Paradise,
Where finest gold with pearl they do inlay;
Where they inlay with silver, gold most fine:
I hold you fairest, were a hundred mine.

RESPONSE TO A RISPETTO

So, thou hast sung, now I will do my part:
And, sure, to answer thee my will I bring.
Thou from my breast hast borne away the heart:
Unless thyself wert here, I could not sing.
Thou from my breast the heart hast carried clear:
I could not e'er have sung, wert thou not here.

A MATRON COMPLAINS

How many songs and rhymes of years byegone
A troop of bairnies scatters from my head!
This girl wants slippers, that boy's shoes are done,—
They wake at midnight asking me for bread.
To think that I should come to such a pass:
A husband's asked for by the youngest lass!
I'd rather give him to the eldest girl:
She will not have him,—and my head's a-whirl.

AN INTRUDER AT THE *VEGLIA*

I'm little, but I've come along with these,—
You ought to give me room the rest beside.
Don't send me to the firewood corner, please,
Nor bid me in the washing-boiler hide.

[1] So was called, from the name of the author, a Latin dictionary of the seventeenth century, with the interpretation in various languages. The meaning is: he would need to be very learned, or, as they say, to be a grammarian.

I'm little and my years are few, that's why
Though I should like to woo, I cannot try.
If one day heaven that I may try will grant,
To woo the love of stones and rocks I'll want:
If one day trying shall to me befall,
I'll win the love of sun and moon and all.

EXPERIENCED

To be in love's a thing you well may dread!
Come home at supper-time you cannot eat,
You find excuse and say you "feel your head":
Your mother's anxious, her distress is great:
Your mother o'er you lamentation makes;
You droop your head, but 'tis your heart that aches.

HE QUOTES FROM ARIOSTO

Ruggiéri-like I'd part from thee, most dear;
When he from Bradamante parting had,
Three days he stayed, the noble cavalier,
Without or food or drink, and weeping sad.
See then how great the ill, how great the woe,
To be a lover, how it bringeth low!
Oh! see how grief doth follow good in all
If one's a lover: see what doth befall!

THE SAILORS GIVE NEWS OF HER HEART

Amidst the high seas I have voyaged o'er,
Dropped there my wretched heart has surely been;
I've asked it from all sailors of that shore,
They've told me such a thing no one had seen:
I've asked where I should look, from sailors two,
They've told me that my heart I've given to you:
I've asked where I should look from sailors three,
They've told me that my heart I've given to thee.

RHYME BITTER-SWEET

A song I have to say that's brief and fair,
Of lemon, orange, and of poison blent:
Writ by the hand of damsel high and rare
Who to the world in our time was not sent.
Who was not born into the world nor came:
To hear you speak, their haste the waters tame;
Who came not to the world nor there had birth:
To hear you speak, the waters cease their mirth.

COME, CUPID, JUDGE!

Cupid, who art the judge of love's affairs,
Judge of this case and show what thou dost find:
And tell me which the greater trouble bears,
The man who goes, the woman left behind?[1]

THE SIREN'S WARNING

I've seen a Siren the high seas above,
She made great weeping on her rocky seat.
She said: O maiden, do not fall in love;
She could not speak; her weeping was so great!
She could not say it; weeping choked her breath:
—Ah! for a lover, well for me were death!

[1] A widely-spread rhyme (perhaps of literary origin). A southern version adds the answer.

APPENDIX I

THE WEEPING FISHES

I saw the Siren sitting on the shore
Beneath a cliff; she very greatly wept.
I saw a crowd of fishes weeping sore
Because of those sweet words she saying kept:
So many fishes weeping did I see;—
Then think what I shall do, who so love thee!

PAGANS

Were they but painted, all thy beauties grand,
And brought King Pagan of the East before![1]
His crown he straight would give into thy hand,
To thee a present wishing to make o'er.
And he'd proclaim to all men of his land
That they should not be pagans any more.
All pagans thus into the Faith would move:
They'd make them christians, then they thee would love:
All pagans turned unto the Faith should be,
They'd make them christians, and they'd then love thee.

CHIARA-STELLA

I fled to Turkey, of love's power afraid;
There comes and steals my heart a Turkish maid.
That she was christian I had been quite sure:
But Turk the daughter, Mother pagan pure:
I said to her: Go, have thee christened still,
For love a Turkish maid I never will.

[1] *Pagano* was king of the Bulgarians.

And get thee "Shining-Star" as name most meet,
And I shall call thee Lovely Pagan Sweet;
And get to thee the name of "Shining Sun,"
And I shall call thee Love's Sweet Pagan One.

A MASTER OF SONG AT THE *VEGLIA*

Oh didst thou know, and could'st thou tell to me,
How many grains of corn a heap do make,
How many drops of water has the sea,
How many miles a day the sun doth take,
Lad, if to me this knowledge thou impart,
I'll say that thou of song the master art;
Lad, if to thee this teaching shall belong,
I'll say that thou the master art of song.[2]

"CHE BELLA STELLA CH' È ACCANTO ALLA LUNA UN ANGIOLINO TIEN PER SUO SERVENTE"

How fair that star is that is next the Moon!
A little angel doth its work fulfil.
Sad 'tis for him who's born to ill-fortùne,
And unto whom the folk do show ill will!
And unto whom the State ill will doth show;
Sad 'tis for him who's luckless born below!
And unto whom the neighbourhood bears scorn:
Sad 'tis for him on earth who's luckless born!

[2] This Rispetto recalls the contest of the two shepherds in Virgil, *Eclogue* III, where it is said: '*Dic quibus in terris*,' etc.

SUN AND MOON

Sink down, O Sun, for 'tis no longer light,
Wait not the coming of thy sister there,
For she is wont to rise upon midnight
That she may not be seen; she is so fair.
She is so fair, and shines as thou hast done:
Therefore she's called the sister of the Sun.

SUN AND WIND

And oh! so many times I've begged the Sun
That not so fast he'd haste upon his way:
He's answered that this thing could not be done,
He's so much in the wind he cannot stay.

AT THE *VEGLIA:* THE DIFFERENCE

A drowsy haze has fall'n across my sight,
The wish to sleep has overtaken me.
Some lads have certainly come here to-night,
But he who should have come I do not see.
If he had brought that fair-adorned face,—
No! in these eyes had slumber found no place:
If he his sweet enchanting face had shown,—
No wish to fall asleep should I have known.

THE HOSTESS SINGS

A little thought into my *eyes* has come,—
I'll wait a minute,—'twill no longer keep.
Young people, cease your singing and go home,
For it is now high time to go to sleep.
Let every one go home who is well-bred,
For here the custom is to go to bed.
Let well-bred folk go home, for as I've told,
To go to bed is here a custom old.

THE *VEGLIA* BREAKS UP

Of four words only is the song I sing;
'Twill be of nine if you will but add five.
Only we have forgotten one chief thing,
Still to our Player we have thanks to give.
I thank the Player with the tunes he had,
And, after him, I thank you, handsome lad:
I thank the Player for the tunes he played,
And, after him, I thank you, charming maid.

AN EMBLEM

O lad of songs, and who so well dost sing,
A pretty kerchief thou deserv'st to get,
All round and round embroidered in a ring,
And in the midst a clove-carnation set;
And in the midst a white carnation fair:[1]
—Pursue thy love, for mine shall fail thee ne'er.
And in the midst a double clove-pink fine:
—Pursue thy love, for double groweth mine.

[1] "*Una viola bianca*," "*una viola doppia*." Although in Latin *viola* was primarily like the Greek v(ion), the name of the March violet, it was used in classical writings as a name for stock-gillyflowers (*viola alba*), and wallflower or yellow stock-gillyflower (*viola lutea*). Theophrastus classed the snowdrop ("Candlemas Violet") and the snowflake under the name of *leukoion*, which was rendered by Gaze *viola alba* = *viola bianca* = white violet. "Violet" and "Gillyflower" became as it were "pet-names" for favourite flowers that had some resemblance of form or aroma (or were linked in some way by fancy) to the March violet or to the clove-gillyflower. Here the singer may mean double white stock, but the clove (*Dianthus Caryophyllus* = garofalo = gillyflower, called also *viola*) would be better for embroidery.

A SERENADING BAND

Halt, my companions—go no farther on!—
The house now of that happy one we're near:
Remove your hats, I pray you, everyone,
For she, the queen imperial, dwelleth here.
Here dwells the queen, and here her dwelling lies,
And here she dwells who doth consume mine eyes.
Here dwells the queen, here dwells the flower apart,
And here she dwells who doth consume my heart.

TO THE PARENTS

We are beginning now this serenade,
Dear people, for you are at home, we know.
You have a daughter young, so sweet a maid,
The side you keep her in, we pray you show.
And if perchance in slumber she is laid,
To wake her with two words you'll kindly go.
Tell her her lovers here their way have found:
They've greeted her with songs and music's sound.
Tell her that here her friends have come in throngs:
They've greeted her with music and with songs.

LOVE SLEEPETH NOT

I come by night, I come heart-passionate,
I come,—of thy fair sleep it is the hour.
If I awake thee, my offence is great,
For so I sleep not, nor to sleep empower.
If I awake thee, my offence is deep:
—Love sleepeth not, nor yet permitteth sleep.

"O SPECCHIO D' UMILTÀ"

I see the house, but not the lovely face;
The window that doth give me heart I see,
And Paradise, it seems, is in that place.
Come forth, O mirror of humility!
Come forth unto the door, nor be afraid!
I shall defend thee with the naked blade:
Come forth, and wholly trust me for the rest!
I here defend thee, sword upon my breast:
Come forth, I pray, and have not any fear!
For, sword on heart, I will defend thee here.

SHE HAS SUNG

I wish to answer her who's sung from far;
In answer to her ladyship I'd sing.
I wish to answer her, the morning star,
Who unto us such courtesy doth bring.
With all the courtesy that she will use
I'll answer her if more to sing she'll choose.

WATCHERS

Depart now, maiden fair, depart and sleep:
Of gillyflowers the bed be made for thee:
I wish that by the bolster watch to keep
Twelve shining stars may come, and sunbeams three.
I wish the moon may come to stay in front:
Remember me, fair daughter of a count.
I wish the moon may come beside thy head:
Remember me, fair lily blooming red.
The morning star may come beside thy feet;
Remember me when thou shalt rise, my sweet.

LEAVE-TAKING

I see the dawn that wishes forth to glide:
I beg my leave and would no longer sing;
For now one sees the windows opening wide,
And hears the bells of all the country ring.

E. Harper

And hears them ring in heaven and ring on earth:
Adieu, sweet jasmine, maid of noble worth.
And hears them ring in heaven and ring in Rome:[1]
Adieu, sweet jasmine, fair one in thy home.

A GREETING AND A GIFT

From mountains where the Sun doth rise to shine
Unto the Player greeting I assign,[2]
And unto thee, fair maid, this heart of mine,

A SIGN OF FAVOUR

They keep a pretty custom in this place,
To give a kerchief to the Player kind:
It is embroidered round and round for grace,
In midst—for heart—a lemon is designed.
If round and round embroidered be a bough,
Before the Player is thy sweetheart now.
If in the midst embroidered be a rose,
Before the Player thy fair bride it shows.
If round and round the hem be lace let in,
Before the Player is the maid thou'lt win.

HE PICTURES THE MAIDEN

And when you rise, O little maid, at dawn,
Then with the Cross you sign yourself, I know:
And when you dress, and draw your stockings on,
What grace of pretty ways in all you show!
And when to early Mass you forth have gone,
How many friends there are that with you go!
How many friends—how many a gallant lad,—
I love you for your eyes that shine so glad:
How many friends and maidens with you meet;—
I've fall'n in love with all your beauty sweet.

AS APRIL SWEET

Young lad, the graceful walking that you show!
And how it suits you well, your charming face!
You make the earth to tremble where you go,
You make the trees to flower in every place.
You make the trees to flower all round about,
As April sweet doth bring the roses out.

AT THE WELL

Wood-floweret fair.
Take up thy pitcher, to the well repair:
O shining star, I'm waiting for thee there.

WHERE LOVE STAYS

Nettle-flower fair!
Please do not mind my dress that is threadbare:
It is not in the clothes that love doth dwell,
It is within the heart,—thou knowest well.

[1] "Roma" stands for all that is beautiful on earth.

[2] "The Sonatore" is the accompanist, who plays (generally on the violin) between the songs the "Sonata," a little interlude, which is sometimes called the "passagallo." (Fr. Sp. "pasacalle"=a Spanish country dance.) There is an old proverb: *Tal sonata, tall ballata* ("As is the tune, so is the dance"), for which the dictionary gives as equivalent, *Tal proposta, tal risposta* ("As the suggestion, so the response").

APPENDIX I

HER WORTH

For riches, O sweetheart, I'd love thee ne'er,—
Not if three mountains all of gold were thine,—
But for thy lovely looks, thy manners fair:
Thy nobleness is worth a treasure fine.
Thy nobleness is worth a Duchy old:
A pearl thou art that's threaded in the gold;
Thy nobleness is worth a treasure found:
A pearl thou art upon the golden ground.

LA GENTILEZZA DELLE TUE PAROLE

Dost think thy riches could my love awake,
Thy mountains, though they had been made of gold?
I love, I love thee for thy beauties' sake,
The gentle speech that thou with all dost hold.

GIUSEPPE

About this roadway up and down has gone
Beppe,—I know his walk, oh, well enough!
I knew him by the things that he had on,
A little waistcoat of dark woollen stuff;
By what he'd on his head I knew him best:
A little cap the colour of his vest;
By what he'd on his feet I knew him too,—
Go see him, if you think this is not true;
I knew him by his socks of crimson spun,—
And Beppe's eyes are brilliant like a Sun:
His silken socks, his shoes that are so fine,—
And worth all coin are Beppe's eyes that shine.

STEPS AND SIGNS

Whene'er I see you by the road draw nigh,
I fall to counting every step you take.
At every step of yours I draw a sigh,
So step by step new sighs of mine you make.
Tell me, dear love, which make the greater sum,
These steps of yours, these sighs from me that come?
Tell me, dear love, when both are counted o'er,
My sighs, your gallant steps, which number more?

A CHANGE OF PLACE

My sighs, my sighs, so many as you be,
Depart from me and make a change of place.
Unto my love's house get you speedily,
And when you've reached it, sigh a little space.
And when you've reached it, sigh and say *Alack!*—
Without my love you must not here come back.

DISCRETION

Pass here discreetly when thou'rt walking past,
That we're in love the neighbours may not say.
Thou'lt bend thy head, I mine, and from good heart
The greetings of us two will find their way.
The Feast-day comes for every saint apart,
If faithfully we love, 'twill come, our day:
For every saint in turn his Feast comes round;
And ours shall come if love be faithful found.

THE EXCUSE

O little girl, you in the doorway stand,
And for excuse you hold a book you've found,
Should Beppe pass, 'twill close within your hand.

HER MOTHER ON GUARD

Lad, when you pass how angry me you make,
Because you start your whistling tunes to sound!
My mother follows every step I take,
For she's been set up by her neighbours round.
But fair you are, I'll marry you some day:
Without your love I really cannot stay.

UN TESORO E UN DENARO

Yes; bitter love!
Man's liberty is worth a treasure trove,
And woman's, *that* doth worth a penny prove.

THE VALLEY OF THE MOUNTAIN

The mountaineer, when in the plain below,
Says in *his* country all doth richly grow;
He wears two clove-pinks on his vest, in truth
He is, for mountaineer, a handsome youth!
Two pinks are on his cap [behind his ear]:
A handsome youth, to be a mountaineer!

FOR ANOTHER

Lad, who along this road of ours dost roam,
Do not turn back,—I'm singing not for thee;
I'm singing for my love who's far from home,
For my dear love, who's fairer far to see.

A QUESTION

What is the use of passing, passing, here,
If all the time you have no girl to care?
Your shoe-soles will be soon worn out, I fear!

THE ANSWER

Whene'er I like I'll pass, in sun or shade,
The roads to me are not prohibited!
'Tis not by you I have my shoe-soles made.

PULLED UP

Lad, you keep passing here, and you will need
To tell me what idea's in your head,—
If *me* you mean, it's a mistake indeed!

GOSSIP

Oh, but this is the place of slanderous speech:
One cannot even once a-passing go.
If one does pass, then each begins to each:
—"That lad is deep in love with so-and-so."
My malediction on this place be sent!
—Where peace there is, they set up a lament.
My malediction on these quarters be!
—Where peace there is, they set up jealousy.

NO FREEDOM

I'd like my vengeance on this road to wreak,
Because one cannot to a young man speak,
But all the idle tongues to chatter seek.

O CAGNOLIN!

Along this wretched neighbourhood's highway
Without a stick one cannot ever pass.
A dog's down there—no good to him, I say!—
Who barks at every person, lad or lass.
—O little doggie, do not bark at me!
I want thy mistress, and I want not thee:
O little doggie, bark not at the wind!
I want thy mistress,—and now her I find.

THEY SAY:

Radish flower gay.
These lying tongues, just let them talk away:
Love him who loves, and let them say who say.[1]

SLANDER TOUCHES NOT LOVE

They're angry with me, both the sea and shore,
They're angry with me, Moon and Sun, and all,
He's angry with me, he who loved before:
Through evil tongues this mischief did befall.
But let them blaze, these tongues to lies that turn!
They cannot flame the sea,—that will not burn.
Yes, let them blaze, these tongues where'er they be!
They cannot set on flame the soundless sea.
Yes, let them blaze, these tongues that slanders frame!
The wide unending sea they cannot flame.

ENVY GIVES FALSE REPORTS

O lad of beauty, lad of honour sure,
To those who counsel badly, give no heed,
For what these persons have is envy pure.
They tell you things most marvellous indeed:
Things I have never said and never thought,
To you in writing and in speech are brought.

NEVER MIND!

Yes, let them talk, and let them talk, my dear,—
Those evil tongues that speak but to the wind.
My love, let things come clear, let things come clear;
Whoever waits the time, will clearing find.
Let him clear up, whom clearing doth behove;
Each one will clear himself with his true-love.
Let him clear up, whose heart for clearing seeks:
He'll clear himself when with his love he speaks.

ADVERSE TONGUES

O lily, who art making people talk,
Thou should'st have told me not to love thee so.
There are those hating me on earth who walk;
All pray to God that thou from me may'st go.

1 "Thay haif said. . . . Quhat say thay? . . . Lat thame say." Old motto of the Earls Marischal, given to Marischal College, Aberdeen, 1593.

BLESSED THE HOUR

Six stars so clear.
Blest be the hour I looked upon my fair,
Blest be the hour I tarried with my dear.

WITHOUT FEAR

I wish to take a husband, and 'tis thou,
They're nought to me, the troubles that I'll know;
Don't let us think of *after*, but of *now!*

A PASQUA ROSA[1]

I'd like to marry at next Whitsuntide;
Empty may be the house where I shall bide:
But where I have my love, I've all beside.

UNFAIR!

Flower of the plain.
Unto the girls a gilded palm, to reign,
Unto the boys for life the galley chain.

WHILE THEY WOO YOU

Flower of the vine.
Yes, at the *Veglia* quite as saints they shine;
But when they've caught you they are tormenta fine!

1 "*Pasqua rosa*" (or *di rose*) is a name for Whitsuntide, the roses being then in flower. *Pasqua* (Scots: *Pasch, Pase*) is used by the people of Italy for other solemn days besides Easter—*e.g.*, Christmas=*Pasqua di Natale*, or *de ceppi, il ceppo* being a pyramidal structure of wood or cardboard much in favour, especially in Florence, before the recent introduction of the Christmas Tree. Its successive shelves bore fruit and confections, and it was decorated with lighted candles (v. *Il Natale fiorentino*, L. di Lora. Firenze. Giulio Giannini & Figlio. 1912). *Pasqua de' morti* is All Souls' Day, for which there are cakes made with dried grapes—*pan de' morti* ("bread of the departed"),

VISAGE AND HEART

Flower of the bean.
The face indeed, but not the heart is seen:
Thou'rt fair of face, my love that does not mean.

FREE CHOICE

I want to take a husband to my mind,
Daddy, he wants to give one of his kind,—
But 'tis not he, 'tis I, the thing will bind.

BETTER

The flower of vinegar to bless I've come.
Better to stay on as a girl at home
Than have the woes of luckless wife, like some.

ESCAPE

I wish to go away beyond the sea,
And I shall take the Sun for company,
That people may not think some ill of me.

MIRA CHE MADRE DI POCO CONSIGLIO VUOL MALE A CHI VUOL BENE ALLO SUO FIGLIO

What have I done unto her, O sweetheart,
That such ill-will and hate thy Mother shows?
She'd have me love thee not, who lovely art:
Well, to content her, let thy love now close.—
A mother, sure, who little sense has won,
To bear ill-will for good-will to her son!

NAVIGATING

Tell me, what should I do, my lover dear,
That from thy parents I may win some grace?
Thy mother such ill-will to me doth bear,
Thy father cannot look upon my face.
Of thee to make complaint I have no need,
A faithful lover thou hast been indeed.
Steer thou, who hast the sails, across the seas;
And I myself will steer as love shall please.

APPENDIX I

RENUNCIATION

I have been told your folk it doth not please
That you, my dearest sir, should hither come.
If come thou canst not, set their minds at ease :
Stay not for love of me in war at home.

IF DESTINED

Thy folk are not well-pleased—no more are mine,
Oh look then with what heart we love, my Own !
But we shall marry if 'tis fate divine.

A MOTHER'S PRETENSIONS

Oh, how thy Mother's full of notions vain !
And how she sets up this her daughter's pride !
It seems as if she were the Queen of Spain,
And that Cammilla fair, the Venice bride.

A FIELD-WORKER OR A CRAFTSWOMAN

I know that thou another Lass hast found :
A moment, of thy favour, her I'd see,
If she's an artizan or digs the ground,
If she's a contadina born, like me.
She may be richer and more fair, I wis :
Do what thou wilt, a peasant still she is.

WITHOUT CAPACITY

Flower of the nut.
To make a contadina thou'rt not fit,
We're frightened by that voice that seems to cut.

LA ROBA LA VA E VIEN

How many folk there be that wed for wealth !
But he can work for goods who has good health.
Our goods, they come and go as doth the wind :
What use for them without content of mind ?
Our goods, they like the sea return, depart :
What use for them without content of heart ?

O CLOUDS

O clouds of heaven, what can you be about,
That all together you do not unite
To help poor girls their hearts who go without ?

A GARDENER

Lemon-flower blown.
Away to be a gardener-girl I've gone,
Because in love no fortune have I known.

NON STA BENE

" The door, and not the window, use," 'tis said ;
Go by the way that reason doth approve.
And 'tis not fitting for a modest maid
Her heart to take and proffer to her love.
It is not fitting for a maiden meek
To go and proffer what her love should seek.

WITHOUT RESPONSE

Flower of the salt.
You thought to soar up to the heavenly vault,
But, rising fair, you found the Wing's default.

TOO SOON

How many tricks she's at, this little fool!
She'd gather flowers, and Spring is far off still,
Act Mistress, and she has not been at school!

PRETENSIONS

Carrot in flower.
Here in this place are girlies loved,—galore.
There's much gentility, and little dower.

QUITE ORDINARY

Young girl, make not so great a fuss and show:
For certainly thy mother's not a queen,
Thy father is not king of France, I know:
Thy sister is a peasant lass, I ween.

UPSETTING AIRS

Fair maid who hold you far too high aloft,
You make yourself be wooed with many an air.
To him who speaks, you scarce give answer oft,—
"*Too much of greeting you could never bear.*"
Not from an Alexander Great you're sprung,
Nor o'er some realm are you the mistress high;
So tin receive, if gold away you've flung:
And if you want not love, take enmity.

NOT GREATLY SUPERIOR

The ear of Indian corn yourself you hold,
I hold me of the wheat the flower fine:
You deem yourself the Venice *scudo* gold,
I deem me as the coinage Florentine:
The Florence coin when changed doth discount gain,
There's little of a rise betwixt us twain.

MERITERESTE UNA BELLA SIGNORA

Lad of the hands so delicate and fine,
Keep them not quite so much exposed for show;
All think a pair of cuffs might well be thine
Of gold and silver, to the Feast to go;
Thou'rt worthy of a lady fair, no doubt,
Of gold and silver full unto the throat.
Thou'rt worthy of a girl of grandest grace,
With gold and silver filled unto the face.

QUESTA PUTTELLA

Oh quante me ne fa questa puttella?[1]
Sta sulla porta e non mi vuol parlare,
Manco se fosse qualche signorella!
Io non l' ho vista mai 'n carrozza andare.

HER AIRS

Oh how that childie puts it on with me!
She stands within her door,—no word I get.
So grand!—she might some little lady be!—
I've never seen her in her carriage yet.

LA POVERTÀ NON GUASTA GENTILEZZA

Saying that I'm no Queen you go about:
Nor yet are you the King of Spain's next heir.
When for the fields at morning you go out,
Your carriages don't wait to take you there.
You mock my humble state, but poverty
Can never spoil the true gentility.
Of my condition poor you make a mock,—
And, after all, like me on foot you walk.

[1] The Italian must be given for the charm of its tender satire, as also for the word *puttella*, which Tigri notes as used for *fanciulla* "*in un antico comento di Dante*," adding that *putto* and *puttino* are in Giambullari.

PARENTAL PRUDENCE

And so to me my mother always said
On mountains here I should not look to wed.
But little grain the mountain lad e'er sees,
And all his trust is in the chestnut trees;
And if the chestnut harvest turn out bad,
Love is all over for the mountain lad.

THE DOWRY

Indeed to me my mother always said:
The dower the man is after, not the maid.

PROTEST

What have I done, O widow most malign,
That thou to me thy daughter wilt not yield?
Nor patch nor vineyard have I asked of thine,
Nor ev'n a pair of oxen for the field.
To thee for gold nor silver have I sent;
Thy daughter give me, then I am content:
Nor gold nor silver have I claimed—not I:
Thy daughter give me, otherwise I die.

A DAUGHTER'S REPROACH

O April leaf!
Now that you've made me send away my love,
Both night and day you make me die of grief.

"UN CANZONA—RAGAZZE"

You've little ringlets twisted round like "*Ss*,"
You look as if you were a "Sing-the-lasses";
In singing me you'll never have successes.

FALLEN BLOSSOM

Mulberry flower.
At eve you promised Rome and all things rare;[1]
But meagre were your words in morning's hour.

[1] "*Prometter Roma e Tomá*,"—that is, to promise things many and great, and almost beyond the possibility of bestowal. Some think that Toma is added for the sound, an invented assonance; with greater probability others derive the phrase from the Latin: *Romam et omnia*. There is, in fact, a saying: *veder Roma è veder tutto*, "to see Rome is to see all," because, according to another saying: *chi Roma non vede, Roma non crede*, "He who does not see Rome, does not believe in its marvels."

"FIORE D' ASSENZIO"

Absence indeed!
To drink of absence deep I have been made!
The more you give me o't, the less I heed.

A LOST CHANCE

Flower o' the peach.
The lads have all taken their lasses, one each;
You had one and lost her, she's now out of reach.

TOO FICKLE FOR ME

You're doing like the leaf, O maiden young,
You give yourself before all winds to skip;
A store of sweethearts in a boat you've flung:
In time you will have quite filled up the ship.
When once the ship is full 'twill sink, and then,
Nor first nor second, *me* you'll have again:
When once the ship arrived in port shall be,
Myself alive nor dead no more you'll see.

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCE

Fair maid, with eight-score lovers at your call,—
Nay, surely ten-score of them there must be;—
And when you look from out your window, all
Perched like a flock of starlings there you see;

Love one of them, and all the rest disband :
If this shall fall to me, the cost I'll stand.
Love one of them and send the rest away :
If this shall fall to me, I'll patient stay.

"I TROPPI CUOCHI GUASTAN LA CUCINA"

O little maid !
Within your web how many lads are laid ?
—Too many cooks but spoil the broth, 'tis said.

RAMBLING

Your carryings-on, lad, of the peas remind,
Which like to fix themselves on branches all.
If e'er some pretty face you chance to find,
At once you sally forth in love to fall.
These girls your name upon you soon will set :
Love's traitor is the name that you will get.

O GIRASOLE

O turnsole, how to turn all round you use!
Turn on, for so one better shall be found !
And get yourself a pair of iron shoes,
That summer, winter, you may still go round.
When once your iron shoes are worn away,
You'll come to me, and *Better found not!* say.

TRICKS

You've long long ringlets from your head that flow
All thrown upon one side you make them go :
O little fool, who is it you've got now ?

NOT A WORKER

Pretty ; but fit
To be a contadina,—not a bit.
A basket take and in the market sit.

UNA VENTAROLA

Amaranth flower.
A weather-cock of all the winds you are :
One heart you have, to many 'tis made o'er.

"WHEELING-BRAIN" = "*GIRA-CERVELLO*"

'Tis "Wheel-about" that you I'd like to call,
Because you do not prove a faithful swain.
One day the villa, and the next the hall,—
To be in love with every lass you feign.

PASTIME

Just let me rove about what time I will :
Weep not, my dear, I ne'er will thee forsake.
Were there a thousand maids I'd come back still,
'Tis thee I love, with them but fun I make.
Ev'n if for twenty years I stayed away,
Thou'rt ever in my heart both night and day.

CONDITIONAL

Fly, dove, as far as ever thou art fain,
Rise up as high as may thy wings attain,
So but into mine arms thou fall again.

"E SE NON AVRÒ DAMI, STARÒ SENZA"

Patience be mine if thou hast me forsaken,
And if my heart has wounded been by thee.
If thou indeed another love hast taken,
Is therefore ended all the world for me ?
And if 'tis ended, I'll have patience still :
Having no lover, do without I will.

APPENDIX I

HE SURVIVES

Maid who hast left me and I have not died;
Look! though 'tis eve, for me doth rise the sun:
And to the happy port my bark doth ride,
Though help of thy sail it hath nowise won.
My ship the port to enter doth not fail,
Although it had to go without thy sail.

PLENTY MORE

And if there were one only well, I wis
That all the people soon of thirst should die:
But in our parish so much water is,
That all the country round it doth supply.
For us there's plenty of our water pure,—
And lovers too, without yourself, be sure.

PLUCK

I'd make a merry song and not a wail!
In prison let a man keep up his pluck.
The sailor who in storm has lost his sail,—
He goes on crying: Hey for luck, good luck!
Good luck, Good luck! I go on crying then:
I hope a good time comes,—but know not when.

FROM ALL QUARTERS

What care I if no more thou lovest me?
There is no dearth of lovers here to hand.
A boatful of them has come in by sea,
Another has arrived from Turkey's land:
Another of them from Volterra's part;
—Like it or not, a digger just thou art;
A cartful of them hails from Piombino;
—Like it or not, thou'rt just a contadino.

"IO MORIRÒ, MA NON DI GELOSIA"

You think I'm like to die for you, fair youth,—
I'll die indeed, but not of jealousy;
For lovers, these are found and found, in sooth
Far better than your noble majesty:
A boatful of them has come in to shore,
And that same boat my Chosen hither bore.

A WARNING FROM ÆSOP

With thee may hap as with the dog of old
Which made his way to that sweet river's brim;
He in his mouth a bit of bread did hold
Which mirrored by noon's ray seemed two to him.
To get the one, he let the other fall,
And so, alas, was left with none at all:
Such thing may likewise happen unto thee,
Left without her, and also without me!

MISAPPREHENSION

You think that you will bind me with a thread,—
No rope there is with which you'll e'er bind me!
You think I'm lame, and yet I walk, well sped,
You think I'm blind, and still the light I see.
You think I'm not aware, do not perceive:
Before my eyes a veil I do not leave.

FAR OTHERWISE

You thought within you that your words had force
A tiger, lion, to a lamb to turn:
You thought the sun to stay upon its course,
The sea-waves to enclose within an urn.
You thought that by your chain I should be led:
You hardly had me even by a thread.
You thought you had me all with chains enwrapt:
You had me by one thread; and now 'tis snapt.

ACCUSATION

O lad, you at our Gatherings appear,
And stay with us an hour, then go from here;
You make excuse that "Mother wants you home":
But me you leave, and to a new love roam.
You make excuse that "Mother's wanting you":
My house you leave, and seek a love who's new.

WARNING

Flower o' the mint.
Who passes down my stair has no ascent,
Who from my heart goes out, shall ne'er be in't.

NO TRUST

To walk abroad by night I must give o'er,
Because the moonlight is averse to me.
Of dealings with the folk I'll have no more,
Because no faithfulness at all I see.
For dealings with the folk no more I've mind,
Because in nothing faithfulness I find.

CHOLER

Flower of love's hay.
Dear, take not anger in your heart to stay;
They quickly die who yield to anger's sway.

JEALOUSY

There is not any ship that drives so fast
As does the ship where jealousy is mast.

NO CURE

And if you're jealous, then you'll die, be sure;
You may take any medicine whatsoe'er:
For jealousy you'll never find a cure.

VARIETY

I studied diligent the Book of Love,
To lovers all the sentence fixed it gave,
Which cross to some, to others kind did prove.

O FORTUNE PARTIAL! "*O DEA FATALE!*"

Fate-Ruling Spright!
Thou with the cloak of love art amp'y dight,
But in respect to me thou bearest spite!

CONTRAST

Let him not go unshod who thorns doth sow,—
Nor let him murmur who no cause hath had.—
In winter showers celestial fall below:
But every season of my love is bad.
Boons from the air keep falling, earth receives:
For me there falleth neither rain nor leaves.

APPENDIX I

"FIORE DI LINO"

Flax in the wind.
You charm me not, are not unto my mind;
And if I take you, 'twill have been destined.

STRANGE

How can it be?
I eating, drinking, sleeping, think of thee,
And thou hast never thought at all of me!

"L' ARCANO" THE SECRET OF THE HEART

Go, gentle leaf, as lightning 'twere that shined,
On my behalf the secret held, display;
Go thou that countenance serene to find,
And tell her that I've lived in dream astray;
And tell her, wanting her I've greatly dwined,
Since that I've found myself so far away.

TRANSFORMATIONS

If, to escape me, thou a stag wilt be,
To stop thee I'll myself a lion make;
And if a bird in air thou fliest free,
To falcon I shall turn that bird to take.
If as a fish thou dive adown the sea,
Into a net I'll change me for thy sake;
And if, at last, thou win the form of light,
As butterfly I'll follow to thy height.
Now to my hope adored, go, leaflet, flying;
And if she ask of me, tell her I'm dying.

NARCISSUS DROWNED

Fair, do not as Narcissus did, I pray:
He wished to love no maid on earth, they tell,—
Then grew in love with his sweet face one day.
It happened that he passed above a well;
He gazed and gazed on what within it lay:
So with his likeness there in love he fell.
See what his fate was, as the story saith:
When once he loved, he gave himself to death.

REFUSAL

Who hath commanded you to give me love?
I in the world was,—not of you aware;
Mine eyes, cast down and hid, I let not rove,
And in my fancy you had entered ne'er.
Ne'er in my fancy were you, nor my thought;
Fair youth, from life of yours I wish for naught:
Ne'er in my fancy were you, nor my mind;
I in your person nothing wish to find.

ENTRANCED

Narcissus white.
A prisoner of love is now my plight
Through bending on thy fairest face my sight.

THE POSY

Be thus the posy that I sent you known,
Which flowers of seven colours brought to you;
Green carrieth hope, and yellow is love's own,
Red is for vengeance, jealousy hath blue;
My purity of heart by white is shown,
And black my melancholy figures true.
—O peacock, kindling torches where you turn!
Love's traitor, come my wasting life to burn.

AFTER ALL THIS

Dost thou not remember, Moslem renegade,
Greatness of my love, and time I brought it thee?
Nothing more of wine than water cold I made,
Snow as roses seemed, and gillyflowers, to be;
All thy tones of voice were sweetest serenade,
Yea, thine arrows, striking, joyed the heart in me:
See then, O thou Fair, if thou complaint canst find!
I have lost my nights 'mid water and 'mid wind.

DO IT QUICKLY

Thou fain wouldst see me dead?—A hatchet take;
Do as fair Judith did, who went to wreak
The vengeance down on Holofornes' neck.

HE WILL DIE

Pepper flower high.
No, doubt it not indeed, I'll die, I'll die;
And when I shall be dead, then thou wilt cry.

THE BOLT

Amidst the seas I was and I was told
That she had wedded been, my lady sweet.
I raised mine eyes to heaven, and said: *Behold*
O Christ, I cannot bear this news I meet!
I raised mine eyes to heaven: I said this prayer:
O Lord, such grief as this I cannot bear!

THE LITTLE MAID

Laddie, let's take each other by the hand:
To-morrow I must go,—or ev'n to-day;
And I am going to such a foreign land:
Who knows I shall not die upon the way?
And if I die, and do not e'er come back,
With lowered eyes, Oh follow virtue's track;
And if I die, nor ever homewards wend,
With lowered eyes to virtue's track attend.

THE LONELY DOVE

The turtle-dove who's lost his comrade fair,
A way of life that is most dolorous chooses:
He seeks a stream and entering bathes him there,
And then for drink that turbid water uses;
The haunts of other birds he will not share,
The trees a-flower, for poising he refuses:
He bathes his wings and beats his breast, apart.
He's lost his little love: oh anguished heart!

A LOVER'S DEATH

I hear Porcari tolling through the air,
And I believe my love has died to-night:
A burning candle's at his bed's head there,
I from the window see its shining light.
And now I see that bier that comes below . . . .
Oh, my heart's mirror, do not, do not, go!
And now I see it brought, and coming near . . . .
Good-bye, my Love! Good-bye, my Very Dear!
And now I see that bier that passes on . . . .
Good-bye! my Love,—Good-bye!—from me he's gone.

APPENDIX I

COMPANIONS

I had but one companion of my heart,
To tell her all my secrets I was fain.
Companion, you have played a traitor's part,
From me the lover whom I had you've ta'en.
Companion dear, you should not have done so:
You knew that he was mine; then let him go.

AN APPEAL

Companion dear, to whom I did impart
All of my secrets, and in you believed,
And you had fall'n in love with my sweetheart,
And I, unhappy creature, ne'er perceived.
Companion once, companion you'll be still,
And my sweetheart give back to me you will.

A COMRADE'S COMMISERATION

Unhappy lad! you wished to comfort me,
And now there's need that you should comfort get!
You knew not how to watch and hold you free,
And now the snares of love are round you set.
Unhappy he who yields to love his prime
In flower of his years before the time.

FROM EXPERIENCE

Companion mine, I feel a fear for thee
That thou in love too much thyelf dost fold.
Watch that it happen not as unto me,
To whom, for fennel, bitter rue they sold.
And they for fennel sold me rue, alas!
I tell it thee,—for me it came to pass:
They sold me rue for fennel,—think it o'er:
I tell it thee: 'twas done to me before.

"HEIGH-HO!"

Sure, men are traitors with deceiving arts:
One single soul they have,—a hundred hearts!

ESCAPE

I've mind to go away unto the shore
And learn the practise of the fish's art.
The fish to coast at morn comes swimming o'er,
At midday out to sea retires apart.
At midday it retires the rocks below:
If thou art leaving me, I shall do so.

"CARA COMPAGNA, DILETTA CUGINA"

Dearest companion, sweetest cousin mine,
What thou mayst bid me, I would do it all.
It grieves me, darling, for this heart of thine,
Because too deep in love thou'st let it fall.
Thou'st let thyself be caught within love's noose,
I seek, but know not how, the snare to loose.
Thou'st let thyself be bounden with a chain,
I want to free thee, and I try in vain.

SINGING FOR A FRIEND

I have been begged by my companion dear
To sing a rhyme as though from her it came.
She's deeply fall'n in love with some one here,
But of that one she would not tell the name.
She has not told it me, nor will she tell
How she is dying, lad, beneath your spell:
She has not told the name, nor will she say
That you, fair lad, have stol'n her heart away.

HER APPEAL TO HIS COMPANIONS

He's angry with me, that sweetheart of mine,
O comrades kind, do get him peace to make.
Bring him for *veglia* here some evening fine:
With stories we shall all his thoughts uptake.
How many stories are there, and short tales!—
Where war is raging, peace, slipped in, prevails.

THE LITTLE ONION

(As sung at Orvieto, Latium)

Poor me! I'm one of things that are forgot—
A little onion left beside the fire;
The other eatables have all their lot,
For Little Onion no one doth inquire.
But when the Little Onion comes to mind,
Burnt up she'll be and nought of her you'll find.

AN ONION OVERLOOKED

(As sung at Barga, Mountains of Lucca, Tuscany)

Poor little me! I'm one of things forgot!—
I'm like the onion left the fire beside.
The other viands are prepared and hot,
The onion, little noticed, there doth bide.
But time will come when thou'lt forgotten be;
Then of the onion thou'lt remember thee;
But time will come when you're forgotten,—*you!*
And then the onion you'll remember too.

HIS PRETENDED ANGER

How many times I've made it seem as though
Towards thee I anger had; and yet I'd none!
But now, that thou art faithful well I know,
I love thee with true heart, and am thine own:
Now know I well that thou most loyal art,
I love, and still would love thee, with true heart.

LET BYEGONES BE BYEGONES

I truly thought, O Fair, that thou wast dead,
No mention of thee even did I hear;
The roses in the garth were blossoming red,
I thought to make the garland for thy bier!
Into my grace thou hast come back to stay,
And now the garland we shall throw away.
Into our grace thou hast returned at last,
And to the winds the garland we have cast.

BENEVOLENCE

Flower of the mint.
If to a heart true-love hath e'er been sent,
Goodwill doth always keep a holding in't.

PROGRESS

O rowan tree!
I've watched a little cart a-building be,
From clumsy block came something fair to see:
We'll love well soon and better presently.

APPENDIX I

"OH QUANTE, QUANTE!"

How much 'twill take!—
How many stones to build the bridge there, look!—
How much one's self a faithful swain to make!

VOSTRO BEL VISO NON MUTA COLORE

The Sun doth sink, yet keeps its roseate hue:
Thy countenance doth never lose its peace.
They say that having wrath means favour true,
Each wrath that cometh, it doth love increase;
Each wrath that cometh, it doth love refine:
I hope to find that former grace of thine.

STILL

Flower of the broom.
Where once has come enkindling of the flame,
A little spark will stay to light that room.

THE BENDING TREE

The tree doth go where doth its top incline,
The man returns to where in love he is:
The tree doth go where leads the top for sign,
The man returns to that first love of his:
The tree doth go where low the branch doth bend
The man returns unto his first-love Friend.[1]

1 "L' albero va dove pende la rama,
L' uomo ritorna dalla prima dama."

THE CHAINS OF GOLD

And so five hundred little chains of gold
Have bound, belovëd, this your heart to mine:
In every chain there is a knot, behold!
The which nor you nor I can e'er untwine.

TWO WORLDS

Flower of the cone!
To Paradise without a stair thou'rt gone.
Thou speakest with the saints, then comest down.

AN ENCIRCLING GUARD

O fair young girl, whose golden tresses fall,
By name of Veneranda thee they call;
To guard thee round, the youths go marching all.

A LOVER IN DREAMLAND

Into a wondrous garth I went one day,
With juniper and golden-rod set round;
In midst thereof a stripling young did stray:
He seemed as treasure great that I had found.
Methinks that that fair face I recognise,—
A paradise the shining of your eyes!
Methinks I recognise his language pure:
The shining of your eyes must kill one, sure!

"*ALMEN MI PARE*"

You are indeed the youth of greatest charm
That could in heaven or earth discovered be.
Your colour delicate has ta'en no harm,
You've gentle blood,—at least it seems to me.
You've gentle blood and gently smiling eyes,
You'd make to love you even Paradise!

SHE WOULD HAVE HIS FAIRNESS UNKNOWN

O flower of beauty, blooming all the year
Through all the seasons fair thou dost abide.
For those who see thee, and for those who hear,
There is no ending of the sweet Spring-tide.
O flower of beauty, mid the people go,
And that thou'rt fair thou shalt not fail to know.
O flower of beauty, do not let them see:
I'd have thy fairness known to none but me.

ON THE DAY OF HIS BIRTH

When thou wast born a valley came to be,[1]
Between the sun and moon was born a star;
The olive sprang to give the palm to thee,
The spice was born to bring thee scent from far;
The Indian corn appeared, also the wheat;
And thou, with roses in thy hand, my sweet:
The Indian corn appeared, the millet fine,
And thou, with roses on thy breast a-twine:
The Indian corn appeared, with it the tare,
And thou with roses at thy neck, my Fair.

A BIRD COVERED BY THE SUN

O see that splendid bird that through the air
Is flying covered by the sun with light!
So is the way thou showest, stripling fair,
When from thy house thou comest forth to sight.
When from that house of thine thou forth dost go,
The air and earth with flowers thou dost sow:
When forth thou goest from that house of thine,
The air and earth thou deck'st with flowers fine.

[1] A valley and these other things that she holds to be of beauty and worth.

I LOOKED ON HIS FACE

One day, my love I looked him in the eyes:
He seemed a little clove-pink in a vase,
A little angel out of Paradise.

A BUDDING MAID

As pepper, black these eyes beneath your brow;
As cherries, red these little lips below;
God make you good!—for fair, you are that now.

"HER FOREHEAD CLEAR"

Clearer than water of the fountain, thou,
And sweeter thou than that Malvagia wine.
The rising sun finds mirror in thy brow;
Rachel and Leah both thou dost outshine.
When thou with star-set brow thyself dost show,
I love thee even more than mother mine.

ALL LOSE THEIR HEARTS

And oh! of maids the loveliest maid you are
That could in earth be found or heaven above!
Than opening rose you're coloured fairer far:
Whoever sees you, straightway falls in love.

Who sees you, and his heart can keep his own,—
He is not born, or love he has not known : [1]
Who sees you and his heart is not your thrall,—
He knows not love, or is not born at all.

A LOVER'S NAME

My love, he's called—what *is* he called by them ?—
I don't remember what was once his name :
But now he's called *Sweet Jasmine on the Stem*.

GROW NOT MORE LOVELY

Lad, grow not any fairer than you are,
Or soon I'll see you as a lily rise ;
You will become a flowër, then a star :
And then anon you'll pass to Paradise.
And then to that High Glory you will go;
Sweet, who of virtue's prize the palm dost show.

"GLI OCCHI PER RIGUARDARLO IL PARADISO"

Sweet, thou hast lips that come from coral red,
Eyes made that they might Paradise behold :
Without a flaw thou to the world wast led,
Narcissus' self was not so fair of old.
Thy hair is coloured yellow, and each thread
Seems spun in Paradise of purest gold :
Thy lovely hair, these golden locks of thine,
Have, somehow, ta'en from me this heart of mine.

[1] "E chi vi vede e non vi dona il core,
O non è nato, o non conosce amore."

HIS FAIR COLOUR

Sweet lad who hast in Paradise been born,
What need hast thou thus seeking flowers to go ?
Thou hast so many in thy face of morn !—
Of white and red and colours all they show.
So many are in this thy face most fair,
They seem a garden-full of roses rare.

ASK THY MOTHER

Maid, I would like to love thee, please, a bit !
So ask thy Mother if she will approve.
And if she laughs, then put no faith in it,
And if she silent stays, then follow love.
Then follow this love-wooing,—and beware :
Do not for coral change the pearl that's rare.

BETROTHED

By whom it pleaseth thee thy greetings send :
Thou'lt have good answer given on my part.
Be it by thine own kindred or some friend,—
Always thou'lt find goodwill in thy sweetheart.
By friend or by thy kindred send to me :
I hold unchanged the love I promised thee.

IN THE APENNINES

At Cutigliano I a flower did sow,
And from Lizzano here I see it blow :
My love so sweet, the flower is that doth grow.

HE IS A THIEF

Thou little traitor, thou hast stol'n my heart :
At least thou might'st have asked for it from me !

If thou with love hadst begged it for thy part,
I would with mine own hands have giv'n it thee.

EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY

Thou hast accused me that I've stol'n thy heart:
I have not seen it, I can truly swear.
But if thou'st lost it, seek it everywhere,—
If 'tis not found, I'll give of mine a part.
Go then and seek this missing heart of thine,
If 'tis not found, I'll give thee some of mine.

A NOBLE ORNAMENT

If I must leave thee, be not wroth with me,
I give my word that I will come again;
My heart in highest pledge I leave with thee,
That thou may'st have no reason to complain.
Take thou my heart and make a necklace fine,
Thus with thine own I'd do, if it were mine;
Take thou my heart, and make a crown to wear,
Thus would I do with thine, my lady fair.

A GIFT

My love, I have him a long mile away!
He's sent a greeting,—what is that to me?—
But if he sends his heart, then *it* may stay.

L' AMBASCIADORE

My love has gone to stay in Lucca fair
That soon a gentleman he may become;
I'd like to send a greeting to him there,
But cannot trust the messenger from home.
One little word that's by the true-love sent,
Is more than all that messengers invent;
One little word from him is more to me
Than of his friend's a hundred thousand be.

DANGER

If in these parts I had abode to make,
My soul too surely would endangered be.
To other parts I now return would make,
Where my sweet hope doth dwell awaiting me.
Where my sweet hope doth dwell, my heart of hearts;
There's one that loves me well in other parts:
Where my sweet hope doth dwell, my very soul;
In other parts is one who owns me whole.

EXPLANATION

I pass and pass,—and to the road I've right,—
But not for you, fair maid, do I pass there;
For I've a sweetheart far away from sight,
Who is than you three thousand times more fair.
I do not say that fair you may not be,
But still you are not pleasing just to me.

A LETTER TO CARÒLA

My soul, my precious and adorëd one,
With trembling hand I take my pen to write.
My Muse is not a daughter of the Sun:
Dense is the forest here and dim the light.
Caròla fair, my theme is of the heart:
My lovely little shepherdess thou art.

APPENDIX I

NEWS OF HER TRUE-LOVE

Sweet flower of thyme.
Oh, let me sing because so blithe I am:
I've had a letter from my love [in rhyme].

A MESSAGE

If speech were in the power of the trees,
And I their countless leaves for tongues could get,
For ink could take the water of all seas,—
If Earth for paper, grass for pens were set:
Some pages, spite of all, would wanting be
To write, my Heart, the love I have to thee.[1]

COMPLIMENTS TO THE MAIDEN'S SCRIBE

Salute for me your Scribe, my Fairest, then:
I know him not, nor know who he may be.
He seems a master-poet amongst men,
So skilled he proves himself in poesy.
Instructed well, and with a ready pen,
A new Apollo he appears to me,
Who's drunk of Helicon's old fountain fair,
And by the Muses nine been crowned there.[2]

HER ATTRACTION

To see S. Peter's I set out for Rome,
And when half through the Colonnades I'd come,
I thought of you, and forthwith turned for home.

1 This widely-spread Rispetto is held to be of literary origin.

2 The end of one of the love-letters composed in *ottave rime* by peasants, or, in some cases, by village scribes.

HE SINGS OF ONE KISS

Millet that grew.
If there's one kiss, I want it not from you,
But I will take them, if you give me two.

RESTORING LATER ON

Flower of the pine.
If thou would'st have me take a kiss of thine,
I'll give it back to thee when thou art mine.

HIS WALK

I would 'twere eve before a Holy Day,
And next day with no work from morn to night:
Through all the hours I'd by the window stay,
To see my love whenever pass he might.
And though he were to pass by moonlight dim,
The way he walks would make me sure of him.

THE VIEW SPOILT

From all the roads I'd traffic ban and trade,
And all the gates I'd have them go and bar,
And all these slopes, to plains I'd have them made,
Since they for me a view so lovely mar.
And all the oaks, I'd like them cut and laid,
Those that send out their lesser foliage far:
Those that have foliage so far down that grows
That they conceal my Love when past he goes.

HIS SWEETHEART AND HIS HOME

Raising mine eyes to heaven I saw a star:
Which, while I gazed, the light of two did take.
So brightly shining and so fair you are,
The tears from my heart to rise you make.
You make the tears rise from out my heart;
Fair maid, you have been born of beauteous Art:
Led here by Art, brought up by Wisdom's skill;—
This is first love and pass the mark it will.
This is first love, that leaves all else behind:
Father one leaves for love, and Mother kind.
Father I leave, and Mother, brothers' plays,
On those sweet eyes of yours to come and gaze:
Father I leave, and Mother,—all at home,
For this dear joy, an hour with you, to come.

APART

"*Macchia fondata in un bosco deserto.*"

Green copse that far in darksome wood dost lie,
I came to contemplate thy beauties fair:
Of paper, pen and ink I took supply,
But could not draw the face of Nature there.

A WEEK

On Monday thou dost seem to me all fair,
On Tuesday thou dost seem a flower to me;
On Wednesday a flower that's new and rare;
On Thursday gathered gillyflowers I see;
On Friday loveliest maid of all thou'rt shown,
On Saturday thou art a blossom b'own:
And afterwards when follows Sunday morn,
Thou seemst to me a rose upon the thorn.
But when to Monday it comes round again:
The rose that's on the thorn is gathered then.

THE PRETTIEST SONG

And I of the stornelli know but one;
The same I sing unto my love alone;
A song so pretty, sure is known to none.

INSCRIBED IN THE BOOK OF LOVE

Son piccolina e son di quindici anni,
E m' hanno messa al libro dell' Amore;
M' hanno levato li mie' adorni panni,
E m' hanno messa una vesta da bruno.[1]
Vesta da bruno e cinturin d' argento:
Amane uno, e lassane andar cento.
Vesta da bruno, e cinturino d' oro:
Lassane cento, e amane uno solo.

I am but little, fifteen are my springs,
And in the Book of Love they've writ me down;
They've taken off my pretty coloured things,
And put on me to-day this sombre gown.
A gown of black, a silver belt to-day:
—Love one, and let a hundred go away.
A gown of black, a little belt of gold:
—Let hundreds go, and one love only hold.

[1] The black gown of the Tuscan bride.

APPENDIX I

FROM WHENCE IS THAT FLOWER

Thou art the fairest flower the mountains show;
Fairer than could be sought by heart of mine,
And every one who sees me fain would know
Where I have gathered gillyflowers so fine.
Where I have gathered these no more they'll meet.
—Whence was thy birth, O flower of virtue sweet?
Where these I gathered, none were left to bring.
—Whence was thy birth, O flower sweet of Spring?

Vo' siete il più bel fior che sia in montagna;
Più bello, che desidera il mio core.
E chi mi vede, ognun me ne domanda,
Dove l' ho colte si belle viole:
Dove l' ho colte non ce n' era più.
—Dove se' nato, fior della virtù?
Dove l' ho colte, che più non ce n' era.
—Dove se' nato, fior di primavera?

UN FIORE

Questo è un fiore
Che ve lo manda amore;
Amore ve lo manda
E vi si raccomanda.
Il fiore è bello
E l' amore è garbato;
Però ringrazio voi
E chi me l' ha mandato.[1]

THE SENDER

This is a flower, see!
Which Love doth send to thee;
Love it to thee doth send
Himself to recommend.
The flower is very fair,
And charm of Love doth bear.
Therefore my thanks to you:
To him who sent it too.

1 "*Garbato.* Sometimes this word comes to have the same meaning as *grazioso, gentile, piacente.* And so, it seems to me, it is to be understood in a petty *cantilena* which I have heard not seldom resounding amongst the woody wilds of the Pistoian Mountains. Now, I have not set myself to trace out the origin and the true authors of these songs; but I rejoice to have been able to gather them from the rough lips of the common people."—Giuliani: "Saggio d' un Dizionario del Volgare Toscano," p. 259, Vol. II., *Delizie del Parlare Toscano.*

APPENDIX II

CANTI VARII

VARIOUS FOLK SONGS
NARRATIVES
CHILDREN'S GAMES, RHYMES AND RIDDLES

APPENDIX II

VARIOUS SONGS

UNA FOLETTA

Pastorella gentil,
Vaga più che l' april,—che cosa è questa?
Soletta in questo dì,
Sconsolata così—per la foresta?

A LITTLE *FOLLY-SONG* OF LOVE

Shepherdess so gentle,
Lovelier than April, what is this?—Oh hearken!
Hast thou all day gone
Thus so sad and lone—where the forests darken?

O VIOLINA

O violina, tu hai le gote rosse!
O babbo mio, me l' han tinte le more.
O violina, insegnami le more.
O babbo mio, le more son alle siepi.
O violina, insegnami le siepi.
O babbo mio, l' hanno mange le capre.
O violina, insegnami le capre.
O babbo mio, enno passato i monti.
O violina, insegnami li monti.
O babbo mio, li ha coperti la neve.
O violina, insegnami la neve.
O babbo mio, l' ha distrutta il sole.
O violina, insegnami lo sole.
O babbo mio, il sole l' è 'n del mare;
Sarà difficil se lo vuoi trovare.

CROSS-QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS

O little gillyflower, thy cheeks are rosy!
O daddy mine, they're dyed so by the brambles.
O little gillyflower, show me the brambles.
O daddy mine, they're growing in the hedges.
O little gillyflower, show me the hedges.
O daddy mine, they're eaten by the she-goats.
O little gillyflower, show me the she-goats.
O daddy mine, they've passed beyond the mountains.
O little gillyflower, show me the mountains.
O daddy mine, they're covered by the white snow.
O little gillyflower, show me the white snow.
O daddy mine, 'tis melted by the hot sun.
O little gillyflower, show me the hot sun.
O daddy mine, 'tis gone down in the deep sea;
To find it there a long long time will keep thee.

I GIORNI DELLA SETTIMANA

La bella donna, che ha perso la rocca,
In tutto il lunedì la va cercando,
Il martedì la trova tutta rotta:
Il mercoledì la va assettando,
Il giovedì poi pettina la stoppa:
Il venerdì la va arroccando,
Il sabato col fuso si trastulla,
Passa la settimana e non fa nulla.

APPENDIX II

HOW THE WEEK GOES

The Maiden Fair has lost her distaff, so
The whole of Monday searching she doth spend,
Tuesday she finds it, broken all,—what woe!—
And Wednesday she gives the wreck to mend.
On Thursday she begins to comb the tow,
And Friday for its winding she will lend;
On Saturday she trifles with the spindle,—
So doth the week's work into nothing dwindle.

I GIORNI

Lunedì lunediai,[1]
Martedì persi la rocca,
Mercoldì la ricercai;
Venerdì l' inconnocchiai,
Sabato mi lavai la testa,
Perchè Domenica è Festa.

A WEEK

Monday meant: *From work abstain!*
Tuesday I the distaff lost;
Wednesday I searched in vain;
Thursday found it once again;
Friday set it into train.
Saturday I washed my head,
For Sunday's Feast-day hallowëd.

[1] With certain artisans, as in former times with the *battilani* (those who did the "felting" or "waulking"—the beating into close, firm texture of the damp web of woollen cloth), "it was a custom to keep Monday as a Holiday, hence the expression *far la lunediana*, or simply *lunediare*." (Faire le Lundi = to keep St. Monday.) "There was once upon a time a poor mason or bricklayer in Granada, who kept all the saints' days and holidays, and Saint Monday into the bargain."—Washington Irving's *Alhambra* (1832).

NARRATIVE SONG

LA PESCA DELL' ANELLO

(*Una Cantilena*)

Ell' eran tre sorelle,
e tutt' e tre d' amò:
Rosetta, la più bella
si mise a navigà',
Nel navigar che fece,
l' anello gli cascò.
—O pescator dell' onde,
vieni a pescar più quà;
Pescami lo mio anello,
che mi è caduto in mar.—
—Quando l' avrò pescato,
cosa mi vuoi donà'?—
—Cento zecchini d' oro,
una borsa recamà';—
—Non vo' tanti zecchini
nè borsa recamà',
Solo un bacin d' amore,
Se tu me lo voi dà'.—
—Cosa dirà la gente
se ci vedrà bacià'?—
—Dirà che l' è l' amore
che ce lo farà fa'.—

THE FISHING OF THE RING

There were three lovely sisters,
In love were all the three:
Rosetta, the most lovely,
Set out to sail the sea.
In the sailing that she made there,
The ring fell from her free.
—O fisher of the ocean,
Come, fish where lower I be;
Fish up my ring for me, kindly,
For 'tis fallen into the sea.

H.C. Preston Jacobsen
1913

When I have fished the ring up,
What wilt thou give to me?—
—A hundred sequins golden,
A purse with embroidery.—
—I seek not so many sequins,
Nor purse with embroidery,
Only a kiss of true love,
If thou wilt give it to me.—
—What will they say, the people,
If us they kissing see?—
They'll say that this is true love
That I will be making to thee.

CHILDREN'S GAMES

I

Two children make, by clasping each other's hands, a seat, on which a little girl is set; then they sing:

Here's the bride, to-day she marries,
Two hundred rings her finger carries:
A hundred here, a hundred there,
Here's the bride who on doth fare!
To the Church her way she takes.
Here's the bride the nut who breaks!

II

The children sing this song, holding each other by the hand so as to form a chain, whilst they march about through the streets. At the last line the smallest girl bends down more than she is able, and sinks to the ground; then they begin again from the beginning.

Line so long that's all of love!
Break the nut, its flavour prove
With a bunch of gillyflowers
White and red: who wants of ours?—
Wants them here a little lass. . . .
Fall to ground the smallest!—Pass!

III

The little girls form a circle, in the centre of which stands a girl who acts Sandruccia (Alexandrina—Alexie), *and beginning to circle round her they sing:*

Kneel down, O Alexina!
Dindino and dindella.
Kneel down, O Alexina!
Dindino and cavalier.

Alexina *replies, kneeling down:*

I've knelt me down all fairly,
Dindino and dindella.
I've knelt me down all fairly,
Dindino and cavalier.

The little girls begin again to sing:

To sleep, O Alexina!
Dindino and dindella.
To sleep, O Alexina!
Dindino and cavalier.

Alexina *replies:*

I've fall'n asleep all fairly.
Dindino and dindella.
I've fall'n asleep all fairly.
Dindino and cavalier.

One of those who are circling round Alexina *puts upon her head, from behind, a handkerchief; then they sing:*

Guess now, O Alexina,
Who is it that has crowned thee?
Guess now, O Alexina,
Who is it crowned thee?—Guess!

And if Alexina *guesses who has thrown the handkerchief to her, she gives up her post to this little girl, and they begin the game again.*

LULLABY

NINNA NANNA

"*Sega segante, Le pecorine bianche.*"
Saw, and wood a-falling,
White lambkins all a-calling;
The dove its egg doth keep. . . .
May Jesu give thee sleep!
Sleep so drowsy's here.
The Fairings of New Year.
New Year's at the Fair,
A garland on his hair,
With weeny flowers of jessamine. . . .
Hush-a-bye, O Baby mine!

SONGS TO AMUSE LITTLE CHILDREN

"DINDILIN DINDILIN"

Touching the baby's forehead, chin, eyes, mouth and nose, one sings:

This is the mountain high!
There doth the chestnut lie.
This is the eye so fair,
This is his brother there.
This is the church below,
These are the monks,—a row,
This is the bell—wee thing!
Ting-ting, ting-ting, ting-ting.

"QUESTO DICE"

Play with the baby's fingers.

This one says: There is no bread!—
This one says: What shall we do?—
This one says: Go, buy it, you!—
This one says: A bit's here, see!—
This one says: Since I'm the tiniest, give it to me!—

A RIGMAROLE

UNA FILASTROCCA

Sun, O Sun, come here,
Has said the cavalier;
The cavalier of Rome,
Who bears the crown is come.
Of silver is the crown,—
Cost hundred thousand down,
Cost hundred fifty told.
She sings, the lamb a-fold.
He sings afar, the cock!
The hen doth answer there.
See Menechina fair
Up to the window tread,
Three crowns upon her head!
Three gallants pass in sight,
With horses three, all white.
White the saddle, look!
White is the jessamine. . . .
Lord, send us sun to shine!

CHILDREN'S RHYMES

I

"*Lucciola, lucciola, vien da me.*"

Firefly, firefly, come thou to me!
The bread of the king I will give unto thee;
The bread of the king and the queen I'll bestow.
Firefly, firefly, come thou below!

II

"*Sore, sore, andate a letto.*"
(*Burning a piece of paper*)

Sister, Sister, go to bed!
The Abbess has put out the light,
She has done it out of spite.
Sister, Sister, go to bed!

III

"La signorina coll' ombrellino."

The little lady with the sunshade fine
Goes to the barrel, but there is no wine:
Goes to the bread-hutch, but there is no bread.
The little lady is of hunger dead.

IV

"Ohimè!—disse il Maturo."

Oh dear! said Maturin,
Lent's killing me outright.
Salad with hard eggs in!
Oh dear! said Maturin.

V

"Santa croce bi-a-ba. La maestra mi vuol' da'.[1]

Alphabet and A B C.
The mistress wants to give it me,
She wants on me the stick to lay. . . .
Alphabet, away! away!

RIDDLES

I

A shivery woman old,
Up at a window cold,
She wags a tooth, and all
The people she doth call.

(The bell in the tower.)

II

A little bird that crosses the sea,
Its wings held straightly out they be;
Held straightly out its wings and its beak,
Italian, French and German 'twill speak.

(The letter.)

III

I am little,—I am black;
I cross the sea though boat I lack;
I with the king at table dine;
I have more wealth than e'er is thine.

(The fly.)

IV

I've a bottle fine,
That holds two sorts of wine:
'Twill neither ope nor close
Unless you give it blows.

(The egg,)

V

A sheet all patched somewhere is spread,
No needle's passed through it, nor thread.

(The cloudy sky.)

VI

I've a plot that's worked upon,
Ox nor plough ne'er went thereon.

(The roof.)

VII

To-night,
At midnight,
Breaks out: *Arise! Arise!*
He's bearded all, yet ne'er a beard one spies.
His feet have spurs, yet he's no cavalier;
His head is crowned, and yet no king is here.

(The cock.)

[1] In children's primers the alphabet is preceded by the sign of the Cross; hence it takes the name of *La santa croce.*

VIII

A great big thing doth show,
That lies the sea below,
Yet melted does not grow.
Guess, guess what thing is this.—
We're asking what it is.

(The sun.)

IX

I've a thing here by my side,
It has rings, but ne'er a bride.

(The chain of the chimney.)

X

High lady of the palace fair,
I fall to earth, but die not there:
I make me black, though I was white:
All take me up with great delight.

(The snow.)

XI

I am the fair one of the palace field:
I fall to earth, and yet I am not killed:
I make a light for that High Lord above,
And I am served with carefulness and love.

(The olive.)

XII

Green was I first, and green am I re-born,
And o'er my head I carry a fair flower.
By women ta'en and bound I was one morn,
And prisoned in the water many an hour;
Then mid the torturing blocks and nails was thrust,
But all the peoples sing my praises must.

(The hemp.)

CHILDREN'S SACRED SONGS

PRAYER FOR PROTECTION

Gesù Nazareno,
Liberateci dal baleno!
Santa Barbara benedetta,
Liberateci dal tuono e dalla saetta!
Gesù in campo
Liberateci dal tuono e dal lampo!

Blessed Jesu Nazarene,
Save us from the lightning sheen!
Holy Barbara us all
Save from thunder-bolts that fall!
Blessed Jesu in the field,
Us from thunder, lightning, shield!

AT SIENA

"Santa Caterina, Fosti rosa senza spina, Giglio d' amore, sposa del Signore."

Hail Saint Catherine this morn,
Thou wast rose without a thorn,
Thou a lily wast of love,
Bride of our great Lord above.
Grant to me such favour kind
That at death I may not prove
One who lived in mortal sin!
May my spirit blessing win,
Blest in heaven and blest through life!—
Free us here from every strife!

THE HOUR OF THE INSTITUTION OF THE EUCHARIST

Suona l' un' ora.
San Pietro la suona,
Gli Angioli la cantano,
La Madonna l' adora.

Beata quell' anima
Che spira a quest' ora!
Spirasse anche la mia,
Anderebbe con Gesù e con Maria.

One o'clock rings.
Saint Peter doth ring it,
The angels, they sing it,
Madonna prays o'er it.
Blessed that soul
Whose breath sinks before it!
If with mine it were so,
With Jesu and Mary 'twould go.

CANTO RELIGIOSO

MARIA MADALENA [1]

Maria Madalena,
Che di là da la cassata (?)
Da Gesù fu 'ncoronata,
Delle grazie fu ripiena.

Comminciava da fanciullina
A patir 'n sul fior degli anni:
E da tanto che l' era piccina,
Non aveva neppure sett' anni.

Alla scuola se n' andava
Colla po' di colazione:
Visitava li carcerati,
Pregionier delle persone.

Ni diceva:—cara madre,
Questi saranno li miei patimenti:
E nel ciel saran contenti,
Ni faran salì' le scale.

Il buon dì de la Nunziata,
Ricevuta la vittoria,
(Cosi parla la su' storia)
Quando fu comunicata.

Volle andar da un confessore
Che ni desse un pan divino
Per amar Gesù bambino:
Lo teneva sempre nel cuore!

Il demonio ni diceva:
—Se potessi ben seguitare!—
E Gesù ni rispondeva:
—Sei con me, non dubitare!

Si scateni pur l' inferno:
Chè per te la stanza è chiusa;
Oramai sei risoluta,
Ama-d-Dio sempre, in eterno!—

SACRED NARRATIVE

MARY MAGDALENE

Holy Mary Magdalene
From her box the ointment spread,
So did Jesu crown her head:
Full of grace she must have been.

She began as little maid
Sufferings in her flower of years:
Troth, she was so small, 'tis said,
She had scarcely yet seven years.

To the school she went each day
With the little lunch she bore:
Visited the prisoners poor,
Who in jail, kept closely, lay.

For she said: O Mother dear,
These shall be my suffering:
And in Heaven their joy they'll bring;
Stairs they'll make to mount from here.

[1] Giovanni Giannini: *Canti Popolari della Montagna Lucchese* (Torino: Ermanno Loescher, 1889), p. 287.

At Annunciation glad
Being given the victory great,
(So her story doth relate)
When Communion she had had.

From a priest she sought to win
Loaf of bread divine [in store],[1]
Jesu-babe to love the more:
Him she held her heart within.

Once the demon said to her:
—If I might but follow thee!
Then did Jesu answer her:
Have no dread, thou art with me!

Hell its chains may e'en lay by:
Closed to thee its rooms remain;
Henceforth thy resolve is ta'en
God to love eternally.

A SACRED STORY FROM ROMAGNA

"Maria Madalena da li razz[2]
L' era patrona d' un gran bell' palazz."

Mary Magdalene, saint in light,
Was lady of a palace bright.
Mary Magdalene was most fair,
And she sat herself by her window there.

She sat herself by her window nigh,
And all saluted her who passed by.
Our Lord, who passed, saluted her:
The Magdalene, heedless, did not stir.
But when our Lord His way had gone,
The Magdalene fell to thinking thereon:
—My Lord saluted me most kind,
And I, rude creature, gave Him no mind!
If He will pardon me, now I will find.
When she had walked through all that day,
False Judas met her on the way.
—O Magdalene, where dost thou go?
—To my Lord, for I would of His pardon know.
—O Magdalene, turn from thy going,—behold
He will not pardon thee,—me He hath told.—
The Magdalene on her way went yet,
And the Virgin Mary straightway she met.
—O Magdalene, whither hastest thee?
—To my Lord, for I fain would pardoned be.
—O Magdalene holy, go on, go on:
He has told me that thou hast His pardon won.—
The Magdalene then Jesus found,—
Pale, she flung herself on the ground:
—And my Lord, a great mass of sins I bring,—
Tell me, my Lord, of Thy pardoning!—
With her falling tears she washed His feet,
With her tresses fair she dried them meet.
—O Mary Magdalene, sin thou no more,
For already I've pardoned thy sinnings before.

[1] The meaning is obscure. The giving of *Pain Béni* is not customary in Italy, I am told.

[2] Refer for the original, with notes of translation in Italian to *Rifiorita di Canti Tradizionali*, by E. Levi, p. 306. This is not in any way a Tuscan Song, but I put it as a pendant to that strange little rough sketch of the people's fancy—the preceding story.

A SACRED RIDDLE

IL GRANO

Io son preso e son legato;
Son battuto e flagellato,
E di spine incoronato.
Non son uomo, non son Dio:
Ma se giungo all' esser mio
Sarò uomo e sarò Dio.

THE WHEAT

I have been taken, have been bound;
I have been beaten all around,
And with thorns I have been crowned.
Not as man, nor God, I grew:
But if I reach my Being True,
I shall be Man, and God, for you.

ACCEPIT JESUS PANEM
ET BENEDICENS FREGIT
ET DEDIT EIS

DUE LAUDI SPIRITUALI

TWO OLD HYMNS OF THE PEOPLE'S USE

INCLUDED IN

SCELTA DI LAUDI SPIRITUALI

(Florence, Revised Edition, 1612)

AND ALSO IN

CORONA DI SACRE CANZONI

(Second Edition, 1689)

PASTORELLA DI NATALE

Fra Animali, e fra Pastori
Il Signor delli Signori
Fa la stalla d' ogni stella,
E del Sole assai più bella.

Fra li rivi, fiumi, e fonti,
Per le valle, e per i monti
Vò cantar, che sto fanciullo
È mio sol dolce trastullo.

Fra giardini, e verdi prati
Vò cantar, ò voi beati,
Che gustate i frutti e fiori
De' suoi santi e dolci amori.

Fra la Terra, e Cielo e Mare
Canterò, che voglio amare
Quest' amor, che mi mantiene,
E ch' è sol tutto il mio bene.[1]

AN OLD CHRISTMAS HYMN

'Mid the beasts, with Shepherds round,
Lo! the Lord of lords, uncrowned,
Makes the Stable fairer far
Than the Sun and every star.

By the brooks, the rivers, fountains,
By the valleys, by the mountains,
Of this Child I'd sing the joy,
For He is my dear employ.

Meadows green and gardens through,
Blessed folk, I'll sing that you
'Mid the fruits and flowers may rove
Of His sweet and holy love.

Through the Earth, and Sea, and Sky
I will sing, for fain would I
Love this Love that me upholdeth,
And that all my treasure foldeth.

[1] For a tune see one of the Music pages.

QUIS NOS SEPARABIT

A Charitate Christi

Nè forza d' acqua, nè forza di foco,
Nè gran martirio, nè pena e dolore
Può tanto quanto può Giesù amore.

Nè alcun crudel Tiranno, o Eretico empio,
Nè sdegno grande d' uno Imperadore,
Può tanto quanto può Giesù amore.

Nè del Mar gran fortuna, nè tempesta,
Nè infiammata fornace con furore,
Può tanto quanto può Giesù amore.

Nè Tigre over Leon, o Drago atroce;
Nè mal di sorte alcuna, o disonore,
Può tanto quanto può Giesù amore.

L' amor sol di Giesù vince ogni cosa,
N' esser già mai può vinto, nè ferito,
Se non da quel, ch' à lui è sempre unito.

WHO SHALL SEPARATE US?

Not force of water, no, nor force of fire,
Nor torture sharp, nor pain, nor trouble dire,
Hath any mastery like the Love of Jesu.

Not cruel Tyrant, Infidel profane,
Nor mighty Emperor's wrath of fierce disdain,
Hath any mastery like the Love of Jesu.

Not tumult of wild Seas, nor tempest's blare,
Nor furnace belching flames that toss and flare,
Hath any mastery like the Love of Jesu.

Not Lion, Tiger, Dragon spreading fear,
Nor any kind of ill, nor shaming here,
Hath any mastery like the Love of Jesu.

Alone in Jesu's Love is victory found:
Ne'er shall that soul be vanquished, nor have wound—
Unless from Love—who fast to Him is bound.

APPENDIX III

THE TUSCAN *RIPRESA* AND THE GAELIC *REPEAT*

The House
of the Dream

ISLE OF SKYE AND HILLS OF THE OUTER HEBRIDES

"Many a poor black cottage is there,
Grimy with peat smoke,
Sending up in the soft evening air
Purest blue incense,
While the low music of psalm and prayer
Rises to heaven.

"Kind were the voices I used to hear
Round such a fireside,
Speaking the mother-tongue old and dear,
Making the heart beat
With endless tales of wonder and fear,
Or plaintive singing."[1]

"*And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.*"[2]

1 From "Skye," by Alexander Nicolson, LL.D.
2 End of the verse beginning:

"From the lone sheiling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us and a waste of seas;"—

Anonymous "Canadian Boat Song" (tr. from the Gaelic).

APPENDIX III

THE TUSCAN *RIPRESA* AND THE GAELIC *REPEAT*

I DO not know whether there is anything very like the *Ripresa* of the Tuscan Rispetto amongst the Folk Songs of other lands than Italy. The true *Ripresa*, that in which an idea or a word from the third or fourth line of the initial quatrain is taken up again and led on to further development, or, at the least, to reiteration, in a couplet or couplets, each new couplet repeating the former with inverted grammatical structure or other slight changes—this, no doubt, is a purely Tuscan invention.[1] But in some Rispetti there is not this return on the quatrain: sometimes the place of the *Ripresa* is taken by a mere added *Coda*, which usually consists of a couplet followed by one or two others repeating it with the variations necessary for the new rhymes or for some final poetic expression. In any case, simply in the habitual echoing mode of the closing of these Tuscan love-songs there is a "way" that brings to memory things far remote from them—namely, the old religious songs found in the Highlands, and especially about the North-Western shores and the Hebridean Islands of Scotland.

Repetition, as distinguished from the refrain which may accompany it, is in one form or another characteristic of all the old Scottish Gaelic poetry, literary or improvised, and probably it has been greatly in use amongst all the Celtic peoples.[1] Indeed, as it is a tendency of nature and an instinct of art, it may well be native to the poetry of all poetical races.[2] In the songs of the Bible, as one form of Hebrew Parallelism, it has its place along with the Refrain that is so frequent in the Book of Psalms and in the rhythmical parts of the Prophets. In many old Irish and Scottish Gaelic poems the opening line or lines are found again, perhaps slightly varied, at the end. So in

[1] The Venetian *Vilota* has usually a simple repetition of the first line by the fourth, the last:

> "Love, when I die, I leave this testament,
> That for my death no candles may be lit;
> I do not wish for weeping nor lament;
> Love, when I die, I leave this testament."

[1] v. "The Dance of the Sword" (Ancient Breton) in E. A. Sharp's *Lyra Celtica*; A. P. Graves' *Welsh Poetry Old and New*, p. 143; Mackenzie's *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, p. lxvii (with many Scottish Gaelic examples); Eleanor Hull's *The Poem-Book of the Gael*, which has many early Irish examples amongst its translations.

[2] It is found to-day like an ebb and flow in Tagore's most exquisite translations of his Indian poems: "You came down from your throne and stood at my cottage door" begins one, and it ends: "With a flower for a prize you came down and stopped at my cottage door." *Gitanjali* [*Song Offerings*] (Macmillan, 1913).

APPENDIX III

Ossian, the long poem entitled *Cathlin of Clutha* begins with "Come, thou beam that art lonely, from watching in the night!" and closes with, "Come from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam!" Somewhat akin to this, though with more of elaboration in its beauty, seems the structure of David's Lament over Saul and Jonathan, taken from the lost Book of Jasher for the Second Book of Samuel. Dr. King, in his *Early Religious Poetry of the Hebrews*, renders thus the opening stanza:

"Thou róebuck of Israel! piérced on thine
ówn mountain-heíghts!
HÓW ARE THE MÍGHTY FÁLLEN!"

and the second-last of the strophes sends back the cry:

"HÓW ARE THE MÍGHTY FÁLLEN!
In the midst of the battle!
Áh, Jónathan! piérced on thine ówn
mountain-heíghts!"

Then again in the end of the final strophe the Lament returns:

"HÓW ARE THE MÍGHTY FÁLLEN!
the war-weapons perished!"

The Rev. Kenneth Macleod (now minister at Strathloch, Pitlochry, Perthshire), who has recovered and translated many Gaelic Traditional Songs found in the Western Isles of Scotland, has kindly sent me some notes on Gaelic Repetition. He distinguishes between "Literary or Structural Repetition," in which the repeat forms an essential part of the verse, as when in poems consisting of a series of octaves or quatrains the last two lines of one verse form the first two of the next, and "Artistic Repetition," which, in the case of poems preserved only by tradition, may or may not have been part of the original literary poem or folk song—for "a reciter or singer with a strong sense of rhythm 'repeats' oftener than others." "A perfect folk-song," he says, with regard to Artistic Repetition, "ends with the first verse or with the first line or lines. Thus folk-singers, if they have merely a fragment of the song, do not go back to the first verse; but, if they consider their version perfect, they invariably end with the first verse or line, sometimes slightly varied." Some of the forms that have been used in Literary Repetition are the following, figured according to the sequence of the verse-lines: 1112 (frequent in Lullabies); 1231; 123455; 12345656; 123456788. In his third division, "Musical Repetition," Mr. Macleod notes that "in labour-songs of one-line verses[1] each verse is invariably sung twice, with some difference in the air, each repetition being followed by a different chorus." A Musical example is given at the end of this book in "the Death Croon," the words and music of which were learnt by Mr. Macleod in his native Isle of Eigg, partly from Janet Macleod and partly from Raonaid Campbell. The Music and the old Gaelic words, with his English rendering and accompanying pages of folk lore, form one of his contributions to that treasury of beauty, Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's *Songs of the Hebrides*, and by the kindness of these two collaborateurs

[1] Such as the Waulking (or fulling) Songs of the women, Milking, Churning and Spinning Songs, and some of the Rowing Songs of the men.

I am allowed to take it from their book as a gift to Italy—a little gift in return for all that we have received ("little, but roses," I think). Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser tells in her Introduction that "the legitimate license used by some of the older folk singers takes the form at times of *ad libitum* repetitions of the easily separable motives of a tune." But the tunes themselves "were framed for repetition." "The women of the Hebrides fashioned songs that are as rich in colour as the wools they steeped in lichen and heather, . . . subtle, too, at times as the interlacements of Celtic illuminative art."

A very elaborate structure, like a progressive intertwining of strands, is to be found in folk songs of the interior of Sardinia; those, for instance, that are usually printed by collectors as of seven lines (the fourth a repeat of the first) being, as sung, extended to fifteen lines by a series of repetitions. Each of the three unrhymed lines which form the *istérria* or introductory part of the poem is in its turn repeated to open, and to set the rhyme for, one of the three succeeding strophes. Of these strophes the first, the *torrada*, contains the real lyrical address of the poem, and out of the *torrada* the first *camba* (strophe of repeats), and the second also, are made up by adding in each case three of its lines, but in different order, to the opening line borrowed from the *istérria*. Thus the song "Una cámpana lena," given in the end of the Introduction as of seven lines, would be sung in this way, chiming throughout its four strophes:

A bell of softest pealing,
It bids my heart rejoice;
From darkness it doth waken.

A bell of softest pealing,
Belovĕd, 'tis thy voice:
My pain away is taken,
My wound 'tis healing.
It bids my heart rejoice;
My wound 'tis healing,
My pain away is taken:
Belovĕd, 'tis thy voice.
From darkness it doth waken;
Belovĕd, 'tis thy voice:
My wound 'tis healing,
My pain away is taken.

Far more of interweaving is there here than in the Tuscan *Rispetto*, yet the comparatively simple *Ripresa* of the *Rispetto* seems more systematic than that particular Gaelic Repeat with which it may yet be compared in its function of closing and finishing the verse, the Repeat that is characteristic, though not invariable, in Traditional Hymns and Invocations such as those that form the contents of the late Dr. Alexander Carmichael's beautiful book, *Carmina Gadelica*.[1] In these old Gaelic poems the repetition is simply of the concluding line or lines—often with some very slight change—and in poems of more than one verse it is perhaps most generally found only at the end of the last verse. This repeat does not, I think, have the

[1] Edinburgh: T. & A. Constable, 1900. Mrs. Carmichael has most generously allowed me to draw from this invaluable store. Dr. Carmichael writes in his Introduction: "Some of the hymns may have been composed within the cloistered cells of Derry and Iona. . . . These poems were composed by the learned, but they have not come down through the learned, but through the unlearned—not through the lettered few, but through the unlettered many—through the crofters and cottars, the herdsmen and shepherds, of the Highlands and Islands," p. xxx.

structural importance in the hymn that the *ripresa* has in the *rispetto*. It has indeed been noted that in such examples of old Gaelic religious poetry as are preserved in manuscripts the repeat is comparatively rare, and it seems not unlikely that in some of the hymns of unknown but probably literary origin that are preserved by tradition, the repeats may have been added by the people who continuously used them: added with the same instinctive seeking after beauty and finish, the same impulse of an emotion that dwells on its object, as have led them so habitually to repetition in the songs made wholly by themselves. If this has happened, it might perhaps be reckoned as on parallel lines with that addition of the *coda* or *ripresa* which, according to the theory expounded by Professor D'Ancona, was made by the people of Tuscany to primitive Sicilian quatrains adopted there.

But not only is the Tuscan *ripresa* more structural, and more constantly used than is this Gaelic repeat of the final line or lines, along with its formality and constancy it carries a different impress of feeling. The *ripresa*, in all its naïveté, seems to come as the creation of an exercised art; it is a thing that is *made:* made partly out of the lover's desire to reiterate praise or lament or appeal, partly out of pleasure in the lovely words themselves, partly, perhaps, out of an unconscious seeking after some musical sequence. The Gaelic repeat of the close has more the sound of that involuntary reiteration that is not made for being listened to, but that sometimes falls away at the end of some brief utterance of emotion—from a little child, perhaps, or from an old man meditating, or someone by weakness or stress brought low and alone into Nature's depth: it is like the double *Amen* of the murmured prayer. Between the Tuscan ending and the Gaelic there is a certain similarity in the fact of return; but the Tuscan takes one in remembrance to the measured bar and the cadence of music—takes one at least to the song of the thrush in the Spring-time, sung "twice over"; while the Gaelic takes one to the backward-returning lapse of the incoming wave—takes one, perhaps, to the beat of the fisherman's oar:

"Dia liom a laighe,
Dia liom ag eirigh,
Dia liom anns gach ra soluis,
Us gun mi ra son as aonais,
Gun aon ra as aonais.

"Criosda liom a cadal,
Criosda liom a dusgadh,
Criosda liom a caithris,
Gach la agus oidhche,
Gach aon la us oidhche.

"Dia liom a comhnadh,
Domhnach liom a riaghladh,
Spiorad liom a treoradh,
Gu soir agus siorruidh,
Soir agus siorruidh, Amen.
Triath nan triath, Amen."

God with me lying down,
God with me rising up,
God with me in each ray of light,
Nor I a ray of joy without Him,
Nor one ray without Him.

Christ with me sleeping,
Christ with me waking,
Christ with me watching,
Every day and night,
Each day and night.

God with me protecting,
The Lord with me directing,
The Spirit with me strengthening,
For ever and for evermore,
Ever and evermore, Amen.
Chief of chiefs, Amen.

The Repeat is found in each of the four verses of a "Hymn of the Procession"—*Laoidh an Triall*—the Procession, that is, of the first day of May, when the people take their cattle and sheep and goats up to the "sheilings," or summer-huts, on the mountains and moorlands for pasturage there. "All who meet them on the way bless the 'triall,' and invoke upon it a good day, much luck and prosperity, and the safe shepherding of the Son of Mary on man and beast." "Having seen to their flocks and to the repairing of their huts, . . . and the frugal feast being finished, . . . every head is uncovered and every knee is bent as they invoke on man and beast the 'shepherding of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob.' . . . As the people intone their prayers on the lonely hill-side, literally in the wilderness, the music of their evensong floats over glen and dell, loch and stream, and is echoed from corrie and cliff till it is lost on the soft evening air." The "Hymn of the Procession" ends thus, invoking the Divine Presence to be with them on the hills where they will stay, as on the plains that they have left:

"O Father! O Son! O Spirit Holy!
Be the Triune with us day and night,
On the machair[1] plain or on the mountain ridge
Be the Triune with us and His arm around our head,
Be the Triune with us and His arm around our head."

The people of certain of the Outer Isles of the Hebrides—South Uist, Eriskay, Barra, with the greater number of those in Benbecula—have belonged to the Church of Rome since it drew into itself the old Celtic Church of S. Columba and the Culdees. They invoke, as in this *Laoidh*, besides the Trinity, "Valiant Michael of the white steeds"; "Mary beloved, Mother of the white Lamb," S. Bride of the Isles (Bridget)—according to an ancient Celtic legend, carried to Bethlehem by angels to be foster-mother to the Infant Christ—"the shepherdess of the flocks"; S. Columba "of the holy deeds," guardian of their cattle. On other Islands, Outer and Inner, after the people had accepted a simpler form of Christian worship the invocations were made to the Trinity alone—to "the Trinity of my love"; or distinctively to "the Holy Father of Glory, Father kind, ever-loving, ever-powerful"; to "Christ of the Wounds," "the Shepherd of the Poor"; to "the Spirit of guidance, the Comforter of might." There, with the Psalms of David in their Gaelic metres, might be sung such words as these: "Wash us . . . . Like the down of the mountain, like the lily of the lake. In the steep path of our common calling, Be it

[1] Machair = a low-level plain or shore.

easy or uneasy to our flesh, Be it bright or dark for us to follow, Thine own perfect guidance be upon us. . . . Be Thou Thyself on our helm and at our sheet. . . .

"Shield and sain us from every wound;
Be about the beginning and end of our race,
Be giving us to sing in glory,
In peace, in rest, in reconciliation,
Where we shall shed no tear, where we shall die no more,
Where we shall shed no tear, where we shall die no more."[1]

[1] v. *Carmina Gadelica*, vol. i, pp. 191, 23 and xxx. "Although these compositions have been rescued chiefly among Roman Catholics and in the islands, they have been equally common among Protestants and on the mainland." The spirit remains. But alas! in all the Islands, Inner and even Outer, as on the mainland and over the Highlands, these special utterances, these old Traditional Hymns, have nearly died out. Yet, during the forty-four years when Mr. Carmichael was making his great collection, they were still to be found in use. A note of his as to a "Rune (*Rann*) before Prayer" tells how "Old people in the Isles sing this or some other short hymn before prayer. Sometimes the hymn and the prayers are intoned in low tremulous unmeasured cadences like the moving and moaning, the soughing and the sighing of the ever-murmuring sea on their own wild shores. . . . I have known men and women of eighty, ninety and a hundred years of age continue the practice of their lives in going from one to two miles to the seashore to join their voices with the voicing of the waves, and their praises with the praises of the ceaseless sea."

"I am bending my knee
In the eye of the Father who created me,
In the eye of the Son who purchased me,
In the eye of the Spirit who cleansed me,
In friendship and affection."
. . . . . .

Ver. i, "Rune," vol. i, p. 3.

"The Shepherd that keeps Israel, He slumbers not, nor sleeps."

In the following "Prayer for Travelling"—*Ora Turaias*—the repeat occurs only in the last verse. The family and friends joined the traveller in singing the hymn and starting the journey:

"Life be in my speech,
Sense in what I say,
The bloom of cherries on my lips,
Till I come back again.

The love Christ Jesus gave
Be filling every heart for me,
The love Christ Jesus gave
Filling me for every one.

Traversing corries, traversing forests,
Traversing valleys long and wild.
The fair white Mary still uphold me,
The Shepherd Jesu be my shield,
The fair white Mary still uphold me,
The Shepherd Jesu be my shield."

"Siubhal choire, siubhal choille,
Siubhal fraoine fada fas,
Moire mhin-gheal sior dha m' chobhair,
Am Buachaill Iosa m' dhion 's a chas,
Moire mhin-gheal sior dha m' chobhair,
Am Buachaill Iosa m' dhion 's a chas."

"House Protecting" shows the little changes that are sometimes made in the Repeats:

God, bless the world and all that is therein.
God, bless my spouse and my children,
God, bless the eye that is in my head,
And bless, O God, the handling of my hand,

What time I rise in the morning early,
What time I lie down late in bed,
  Bless my rising in the morning early,
  And my lying down late in bed.

God, protect the house, and the household,
God, consecrate the children of the motherhood,
God, encompass the flocks and the young,
Be Thou after them, and tending them,
What time the flocks ascend hill and wold,
What time I lie down to sleep.
  What time the flocks ascend hill and wold,
  What time I lie down in peace to sleep.

The exclamation with which the repeated line is often introduced occurs in this Prayer for Morning:

"O God who broughtest me from the rest of last night
Unto the joyous light of this Thy day,
Be Thou bringing me from the new light of this Thy day
Unto the guiding light of eternity.
  Oh! from the new light of this Thy day
  Unto the guiding light of eternity."

The same is seen in one of the hymns called "Soul-Shrine." ("'The Soul-Shrine,' *Coich Anama*, is sung by the people as they retire to rest"):

"Be Thyself the guiding star above me,
  Illume Thou to me every reef and shoal,
  Pilot my barque on the crest of the wave
  To the restful haven of the waveless sea,
  Oh, the restful haven of the waveless sea."

It is also found in a "Blessing of the Smooring" (*Beannachd Smalaidh*), the housewife's Rune as she "smothers" the peat fire for the night. This one begins:

"I am smooring the fire
  As the Son of Mary would smoor,[1]
  Blest be the house, blest be the fire,
    Blest be the people all."—

and the ending is:

"Oh! may the angels of the Holy One of God
Environ me all this night,
Oh! may the angels of the Anointed One of God
Encompass me from harm and evil,
  Oh, encompass me from harm this night."

In the two verses of a "Blessing of the Kindling" the Repeat is longer:

"I will kindle my fire this morning
In presence of the holy angels of heaven,
In presence of Ariel of the loveliest form,
In presence of Uriel of the myriad charms,

1 "In the symbolic ceremony of 'smooring' (Scots.) the fire, the embers are evenly spread in a circle on the hearth, which is generally on the middle of the floor. This circle is then divided into three equal sections, a small boss being left in the middle. A peat is laid between each section, each peat touching the boss. . . . The first is laid down in the name of the God of Life, the second in the name of the God of Peace, the third in the name of the God of Grace. The circle is then covered over with ashes sufficient to subdue but not to extinguish the fire, in the name of the Three of Light. The heap, slightly raised in the centre, is called *Tulla nan Tri*, the Hearth of the Three." Then "the woman closes her eyes, stretches her hand, and softly intones one of the many formulæ of the smooring consecration."—*Car. Gad.* v. I., p. 236.—Sir Walter Scott refers to the custom of "resting the fire," where turf was used, and he speaks of "the secret seeds of fire."

Without malice, without jealousy, without
envy,
Without fear, without terror of any one
under the sun,
But the Holy Son of God to shield me.
Without malice, etc.

"God, kindle Thou in my heart within
A flame of love to my neighbour,
To my foe, to my friend, to my kindred all,
To the brave, to the knave, to the thrall,
O Son of the loveliest Mary,
From the lowliest thing that liveth,
To the Name that is highest of all.
O Son of the loveliest Mary,
From the lowliest thing that liveth,
To the Name that is highest of all."

A "Resting Blessing," *An ainm Tighearn Iosa*—one of the simplest in address—is given as of three verses, with two fragmentary concluding lines belonging evidently to a fourth. In these verses there is not the Repeat, but there seems to be a sort of "going backward" that has a far-away likeness to the structure of the Sardinian Folk Song. The fragment at the end seems to show connection with the second verse, but the simple form of transposition is seen clearly in the first and third lines of the first and third verses, while the other two lines remain in the third verse almost as in the first:

"In the name of the Lord Jesus,
And of the Spirit of healing balm,
In the name of the Father of Israel,
I lay me down to rest.
. . . . .
"In name of the Father precious,
And of the Spirit of healing balm,
In name of the Lord Jesus,
I lay me down to rest."

These hymns, the Gaelic and the unrhymed translations, are all chosen from amongst many like them in *Carmina Gadelica*. To show the Repeat in a poem that is not a hymn, but a kind of visionary narrative, may be my excuse for having in my book a lovely old Gaelic traditional poem recovered in the Isle of Eigg by Mr. Kenneth Macleod, and rendered into English by him, a "Rune of Hospitality":

"I saw a stranger yestreen;
I put food in the eating place,
Drink in the drinking place,
Music in the listening place:
And in the sacred name of the Triune
He blessed myself and my house,
My cattle and my dear ones.
And the lark said in her song:
Often, often, often,
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise;
Often, often, often,
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise."

Perhaps it is not necessary to find an excuse for adding this other—which is full of Repeats—the "Pilgrim's Rune":

"King of the Elements, Love-Father of Bliss,
In my pilgrimage from airt to airt,[1]
From airt to airt,
May each evil be a good to me,
May each sorrow be a gladness to me,
And may Thy Son be my foster-brother,
Oh may Thy Son be my foster-brother.

1 A Scoto-Gaelic word meaning point or direction.

"Holy Spirit—Spirit of Light,
A pilgrim I throughout the night,
Throughout the night;
Lave my heart pure as the stars,
Lave my heart pure as the stars,
Nor fear I then the spells of evil,
The spells of evil.

"Jesu—Son of the Virgin pure,
Be thou my pilgrim-staff throughout the lands,
Throughout the lands,
Thy love in all my thoughts, Thy likeness in my face,
May I heart-warm to others, and they heart-warm to me,
For love of the love of Thee,
For love of the love of Thee."

To end up with let us take this—out of the *Carmina Gadelica* again—from the *Carraig nan Al*, "the Rock of Rocks," a two-versed invocation. (Here in the final verse the translator uses the Scots word "Pasch" for Easter, and that will bring us back again in thought to Italy with its *Pasqua;* though the Gaelic too, with its *Laiodh*, and its *Ora*, and its *Anama*, proclaims some kinship there.)

"The peace of the Father of peace,
The peace of the Christ of pasch,
The peace of the Spirit of grace,
To ourselves and to our children,
Ourselves and our children."

"Sith Athair an aigh,
Sith Chriosda na pais,
Sith Spiorad nan gras,
Duinn fein us do 'n al ta og,
Duinn fein us do 'n al ta og."

FROM *SONGS OF THE HEBRIDES*

THE DEATH-CROON

"In the days of the old Celtic Church these Croons were chanted over the dying by the *anam-chara*, the soul-friend, assisted by three chanters. There is still preserved amongst the people a fragment of one that was sung over the graves of St. Donnan of Eigg and fifty of his disciples, all martyred by the Queen of the Isle in the sixth century. . . . Later on the rite passed into the hands of the elders of the community and of mourning-women. . . . To this day the Helper-woman of the Isles chants her runes, not only in the house of birth, but in the house of death—the friend of the folk in the coming and going of life, held greatly in honour.

"'The mist, the dew,
The dew, the mist,
The mist, the dew
In the eye of my love,[1]
In the eye of my love.
Thou who didst open the young eye,
Close it to-night in the sleep of death,
In the sleep of death.'

"As recently as eighteen years ago, a Death-Croon was chanted over a dying person in the Island of Eigg."

For lack of space, on the page of music two of the verses have had to be left out there. In the fifth the "soul-friend" chants the invocation: "Sleep of seven virtues on thee, sleep of seven moons upon thee, Sleep of seven slumbers on thee," and the cantors follow with their twice-repeated "Softly sleep, softly sleep, free from woe"; in the sixth the soul-friend speeds the soul onward through memories carried from Earth of its sacred gifts: the "Dream of Mary and God in her side, Dream[2] of Columba in sainted Isle, Dream of the one that was ever a child:[3] All these dreamings, dear love, be thine," and the cantors sustain and urge the tender valediction, "All these dreamings, dear love, be thine, all these dreamings, dear love, be thine."

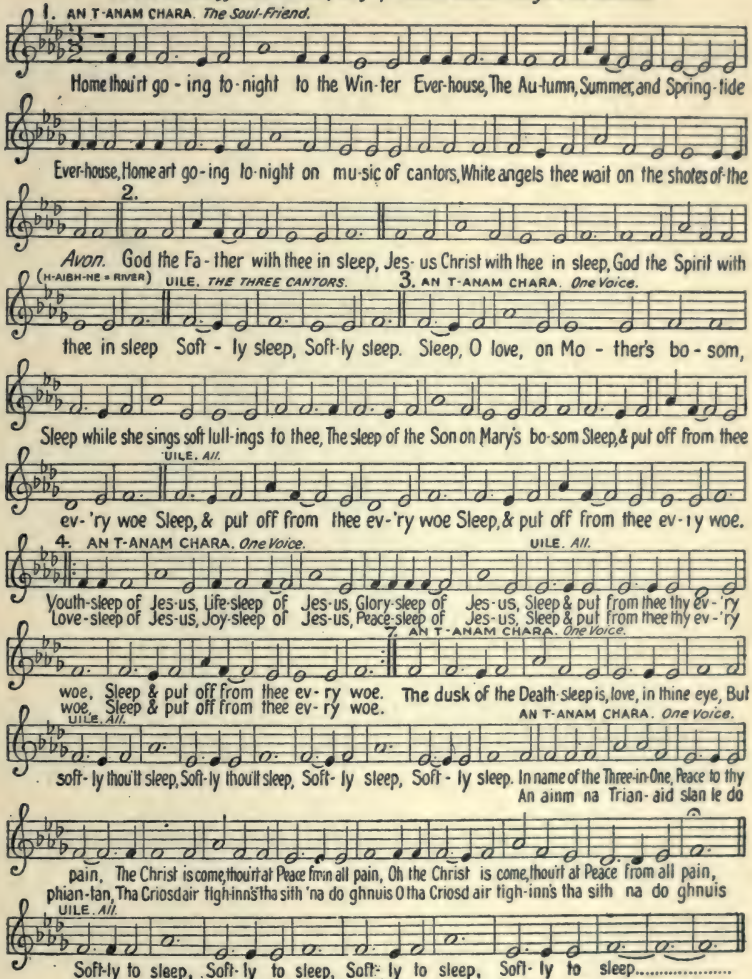
[1] The Gaelic has many phrases of endearment for all that is beloved.

[2] This thrice-repeated "dream" is the invocation of three dreams for the soul.

[3] "The literal translation is: *The Dream of a child who will not grow to age.* Our folk-idea is that such an one has wonderful thoughts and dreams not given to others."

ANCIENT *CROON* OF THE PASSING (AN CRONAN BAIS.)

From the Isle of Eigg. As traditionally sung by Kenneth Macleod. *Songs of the Hebrides.*



VALE

UMBRIAN SONG

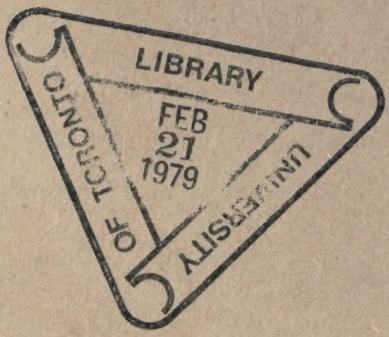
Oh! che bello canta' verso la sera!
'L sole s' abassa e la stella se leva;
Oh! che bello canta' 'n ver' la mattina!
'L sole se leva e la stella s' enclina.

BY EVE AND MORN

How fair it is, a song at Eventide:
The Sun doth sink, the star doth upward glide;
How fair it is, the song at Break of Day:
The Sun doth rise, the star doth sink away.

FACTUMQUE EST VESPERE ET MANE DIES UNUS

THE DE LA MORE PRESS LTD. 32 GEORGE
STREET HANOVER SQUARE LONDON W.


LIBRARY
FEB
21
1979
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

PQ
4218
T8W37

Warrack, Grace Harriet
Florilegio de canti
toscani

W. H. SMITH & SON'S LIBRARY,
186 STRAND, LONDON